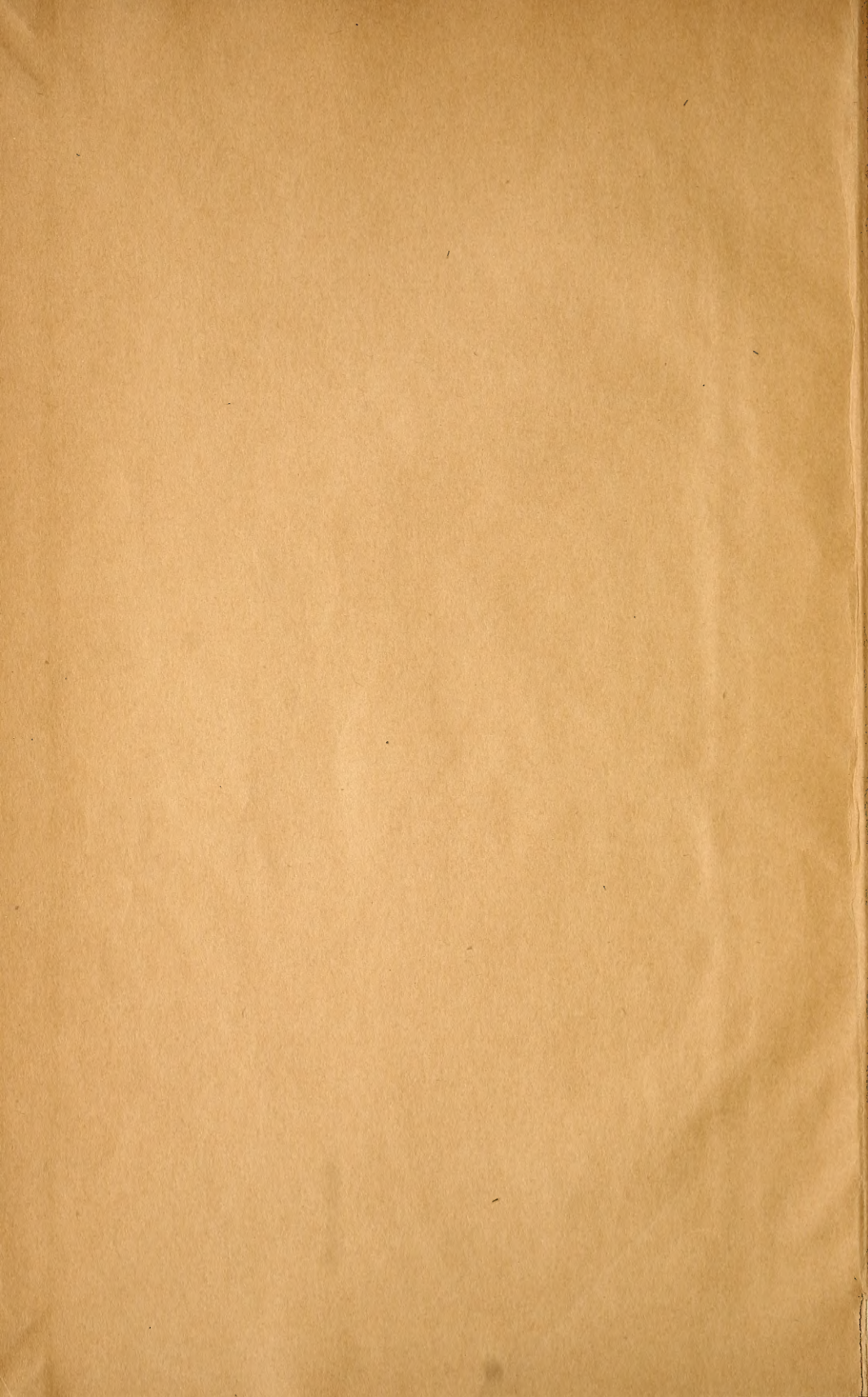


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The Attributes of Good Citizenship.*

HISTORY is interesting to every intelligent citizen, dealing as it does with the records of the rise and fall of nations.

The story of their life fascinates the mind, peering through the dim twilight of the past in the hope of finding in that vast realm some indication of the secret troubles that brought about their ruin. Modern readers of the annals of powerful empires that have at times ruled the world may look upon them as clothed in the misty atmosphere of lingering tradition; nevertheless, their historical narration brings into clear relief the facts and events that constituted the life and times of their own greatness.

Not only history, but the immense and magnificent architectural ruins which excite the wonder and amazement of tourists, give mute and conclusive evidence of the power and greatness of old governments. It is the foundation upon which their masterdom and magnificence rested that especially commands our attention and investigation; for as no building is stronger than its foundation, so too is it with a nation.

How wonderful is the history of Greece, which found the culmination of its progress in queenly Athens: and equally remarkable the history of Rome, whose sovereignty included the wealthiest countries of three continents! Her mighty name cast a spell of reverential fear upon tribes and peoples as diversified in language, customs, race and religion as they were numerous. Some of these had been leaders in the world of art, science and

*The following essay is the work of Vincent Burke, '15, which won first prize in the national essay contest of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

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literature, when the majestic "Pax Romana" was as yet unknown. With all her power, Rome did not resort to the use of armed force alone to establish and maintain her mighty organization. The altar of peace was given a place of honor in the Roman Senate House next to the Fortuna Urbis, the golden symbol of the Empire's sovereignty. This was indeed a striking proof of the respect and prominence given by her to the ideal of peace. The secret of her success in governing so many subjects lay not in her strength, but in her system of equal law, moulded by her own constructive skill under the influence of Greek genius and subtlety. The system of her government which gave equity and citizenship to all Roman subjects may be regarded as the greatest gift bestowed by Rome upon our civilization; yet this gorgeous legal fabric had a flaw that caused the gradual unraveling of its threads and its final disintegration. The much desired privilege of Roman citizenship was given to all subjects except the slaves. Thus, this great empire, whose external life dazzled the brilliant imagination of a Gibbon, rested upon a foundation of slavery which led to a national immorality and dissoluteness that gnawed at its very vitals until it was dissolved in death. It may be truthfully said that Athens and Rome were pyramids of social strength with apexes of gold shining in the sunlight, but their bases were buried in the unsubstantial, black, rank soil of slavery. It was ever thus in the rise and fall of nations; as then, so now, just as the worry and crime and unhappiness of the individual can be traced back to a moral cause, so also at the root of all trouble threatening a nation's happiness or a nation's existence lies a moral cause.

The maxim that "history repeats itself" may not unreasonably cause an intelligent observer of historical cause and effect to inquire if modern governments will suffer a similar fate. True, on all sides we see the same dissoluteness, the same worship of false gods of materialism and immorality which characterized decadent Greece and Rome. But this is one side of the picture; look now upon the other. Since the dawn of Christianity the world has had a kindly guiding spirit leading it to higher, nobler levels. The pagans of Athens and Rome never enjoyed this supernatural help. You may now object that if Rome did not have Christianity, she had a standard of virtue to which her citizens were faithful and which gave to them the ideals of truth, justice and love of country. Yes, but history asserts that her citizens, though splendid in promise, were quick to decay. In

comparing paganism with Christianity, it inevitably happens that the scales balance in favor of the latter. For century after century the influence of its morality and virtues has swept onward like a tide, with an occasional ebb, but never ceasing to give happiness to humanity. Hence it is, that, among all the attributes of good citizenship, none is so necessary as Christianity.

From the common interests and relationships of society, which is a permanent and constant union of rational beings for the purpose of obtaining the same object by means of common effort, numerous and necessary obligations must need arise. These obligations are more binding on a Christian citizen, for when they do not come within the pale of civil law they are judged before the tribunal of his conscience. What greater influence is there upon man's intelligence and will than the moulding, guiding power of our holy faith? Dangerous and deadly results inevitably ensue when an attempt is made to separate religion from morality, and herein lies our immeasurable and supreme advantage over pagan civilization. Shattered hopes, vain ideals strew the paths of their dead tribes which never enjoyed this supernatural boon. Hence we see how inextricably interwoven with human happiness, virtue, freedom and good citizenship, are the principles of religion.

The members of a State taken singly are reflected in the government taken as a whole. As water finds its level, so too does a nation rise and sink according as its citizens vary in virtue. The worth of a State depends upon the worth of its constituent individuals. The internal and not the external possessions of a man are the true measure and standard of his value. In this way, so to speak, the government no less than every citizen has a soul to save, and, as a consequence, the spiritual element must not be carelessly overlooked nor lightly ignored in considering the attributes of good citizenship. We know of the absence of religion among the pagan nations in their declining days. We read of the fearful rapidity with which baseness and corruption developed among them with such reckless abandon that by contrast present day evils seem small. The historian easily sees a relation of cause and effect between this irreligion and this concomitant immorality. Religion, therefore, is vitally important in raising our minds to the true conception of liberty and providing us the powerful impulses that spur us toward the fulfillment of our duties.

Our Nation affords its citizens the highest degree of liberty.

It also imposes as a correlative to our numerous rights an equal number of duties. The very fact that our country grants great privileges gives rise to peculiar problems and conditions in which every person is a distinctly real and powerful factor. Popular government which requires the recognition of the principles of liberty and obedience must likewise demand of its citizens special, necessary qualifications, in order to preserve its national strength and organization. The notion that government by the people and for the people is a panacea for all the ills that nations are heir to, has long ago been proved a fallacy; and the false assumption that the general mass of mankind are well qualified to be capable citizens has been discarded. Human nature has not yet attained the standard of ideal excellence as outlined by God Himself, nor have the ideals of government reformers been realized. Upon every patriotic citizen, then, devolves the obligation to acquire and cultivate the supernatural virtues, with the aids afforded by religion.

The kernel of upright, good citizenship is in true religion, for a faithful, practical follower of the true faith is necessarily a good citizen and the possessor of its attributes. And good citizenship involves certain other predominant qualities that should be found in every man, namely, good character, obedience to authority and service to the State.

Character,—or a life entirely dominated by principles,—is essential to good citizenship, for it underlies all duties. It is the crowning jewel and glory of one's life, the motive power of a nation, because morality makes government, immorality destroys it. Napoleon said that even in war the moral outweighs the physical by 10 to 1. We admire men of intellectual brilliancy, yet it is evident to all that character rather than knowledge is power. Character should be the ambition of all. It should be one of the highest objects in life, not only because "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," but because it is the aristocracy and heraldry of man which prince and pauper alike may well obtain. The citizen who has a high standard of living is best able to fulfill his obligations, for "who aimeth at the sky shoots higher much than he who means a tree." No man is free from the duty of forming and maintaining a good character. One evil person may seem to be a mere drop in the ocean of humanity, yet he is just as dangerous to a community as a single rotten apple in a barrel of good ones. A person of humble position cannot excuse himself on the plea that this obligation rests only

upon those who have public duties to perform, for every citizen, regardless of the part he plays in the drama of life, must do the best within his power. A position of authority necessarily entails additional responsibilities. This is then a greater reason why the humblest citizen should have a sterling character, because the high places of our government administration are open to all men who truly represent the bulk of the people. The leaders of a nation indicate its character. The good and noble will be nobly ruled, the wicked and depraved, ignobly. A true patriot need not yell himself hoarse, nor burn his fingers with fireworks in honor of the Stars and Stripes; no, he does much more in a safer, saner way by building up a pure, lofty character which not only confers greatness and power upon himself, but gives increase of glory to his country.

The next attribute in order of importance is obedience to authority, for without it society could not exist. It is the element of authority that binds all organization, that makes society strong and gives it life in the same way as the soul does to the body. Obedience to authority does not merely consist in passively refraining from acts contrary to the law. It is an active, commanding force that summons us with clear trumpet-calls to service in the home, in the field and in the halls of legislation—to services as diverse as they are numerous. This disposition of willingness to assume one's allotted share of the work in the governmental machinery is an important attribute of a good citizen. Not alone to public office are we called, but to the minor duties of juror and witness; duties which are so distasteful to our average citizen. There is, too, the solemn, sacred duty of voting which is doubly important in a nation where government is in the hands of all the people. One of the worst enemies of our country to-day is the man, who, for a trifling reason, neglects to vote; he is almost as reprehensible as the man who buys votes at the election polls or hinders legislation by means of bribes. The welfare of our government depends, in the last analysis, upon the individual. Each man is partly its ruler, each vote a unit of strength in resisting the terrible dangers that now threaten us. It is the duty of good citizens to battle against the destructive doctrines of fanatics who are striving to haul down the banner of liberty and substitute a red symbol of false law and license. To-day there are masses of people willing to submit blindly to the dictates of a few and ready to bow to any demagogue who fills the social atmosphere with the poisonous breath of socialistic

doctrines. Hence, the necessity of obedience to proper authority and the obligation of voting according to the dictates of a well-formed conscience.

Since good citizenship is of such inestimable value, nothing is more worthy of our attention and cultivation than the attributes which distinguish it. Sincere and earnest minds have suggested many means for obtaining them, but none seem more efficient and influential than the educative system of our Catholic lyceums. In itself a lyceum is a government in miniature. It is even greater than a merely civil government, for it inculcates not only the duties of good citizenship, but the duties of a practical Catholic life. Opportunity was once defined by a famous mind as "a favorable occasion, time or place for learning or saying or doing a thing. It is an invitation to seek safety and refreshment, an appeal to make an escape from what is low and vulgar and to take refuge in high thoughts and worthy deeds from which flows increase of strength and joy." In this sense a Catholic lyceum is essentially a place of opportunity. If we follow and adhere to its rules and guidance, it is possible for us to form and maintain in ourselves the attributes of good citizenship.

As our glorious country offers unequaled opportunities for the development of the highest citizenship, the cultivation of its attributes should be the end and aim of every patriot. We must, therefore, endeavor to make righteousness prevail, for "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." We must strive to form good, stalwart personal character, to give obedience to authority and service to the State. And finally, we must be well grounded in religion, which is the basis of all thrift, sobriety, honesty and ardent love for God and country. The very effort to follow these ideals will make our Nation better and give her her place as a great world power.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Security.

TWO golden days for me are free from care—
My spirit sees them but in quiet prayer—
Whose burdens, secrets, promise, mystery,
Are locked fast in the great eternity.

Oh, yesterday, dead sister of the morrow,
With all its joy and care, its hope and sorrow,
Scenes that inspire, and transient joys that pall,
Is far beyond the reach of my recall,
Save for sweet memory's odors lingering,
Alas! and for remorse's bitter sting!
No action, thought or deed, or false or true,
No playful prank of fate can I undo.

To-morrow, fated sister yet unborn,
Holds roseate hopes as bright as yester-morn;
Holds burdens, too, and perils, many a sorrow,
That Worry from the future needs must borrow.
But all will be disposed by love divine:
To-morrow is with God; to-day is mine!

Seize, then, the day whose moments will not tarry.
If we our battles fight and burdens carry,
To-day's temptations manfully resist,
God ever will our faltering steps assist.
He is the strength that makes the toilsome way
Of plodding pilgrim hopeful, bright and gay.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Brook.

LITTLE brook that flowest by,
Under vine and willow,
Fair thou lookest on the sky,
Hastening to the billow.

Brooklet, thou and I are one,
Both in mood and motion;
Fair the fields, but brief the run
To the soundless ocean.

D. J. DONOGHUE.



The Champion.

THE city of Bordeaux was in a fever of excitement. Streamers, banderoles, and pennons, bearing the colors and the arms of Guienne and Bordelais, mingled with those of the house of Anjou, decorated all the narrow, crooked streets, hanging from every flowered pinnacle and every grinning gargoyle. Knights and squires strode pompously in and out of taverns and shops, or clattered over the cobblestones, displaying the magnificence of their palfreys. At the corners of the great square of the Cathedral of Saint-André, little knots of men stood in animated discussion. All along the quays of the Garonne, throngs of citizens and country folk were gathered, watching the coming of a three-masted vessel hailing from far-off England. Her mainsail bore the letters H and E painted large on either side of a coat-of-arms in which the yellow broom-flowers of the Plantagenets held a conspicuous place. The built-up prow and stern, and the lower deck amidships, were crowded with brightly-dressed men, some of them clad in armor. This much could be seen while the ship was still several miles out in the broad estuary.

Among the watchers on the wharves a rapid-fire conversation of question and answer was going on. One group on the Quai Sainte-Croix, consisting of two men and a boy, all garbed in the costume of the middle class, was particularly animated. The boy plied his father and his uncle with questions unceasingly.

"And canst thou tell me, father," the lad was saying, "what are the letters painted on the great sail of the vessel?"

"H for Henry and E for Eleanor, his queen. Knowest thou not, Robert, that for nigh these ten years, Henry, Count of Anjou, sits on the throne of England, and rules, besides, many provinces of France, including our own?"

"Ay, father," replied the boy. "I do remember: and a right noble and clear-sighted ruler he is, they do tell me." After a

moment's thoughtful pause, he proceeded, "And these knights, that come to dispute the prowess of our Bordelais, are they Saxons or Normans, father? and who is their leader?"

"Tut, tut, child! Give thy father time to answer thy questions. There are both Saxon and Norman knights aboard the vessel, and their leader, Robert of Loring, has both Saxon and Norman blood in his veins. He went to the Holy wars in the time of that holy man, Bernard of Clairvaux. It is now three years since he returned to England from Bordeaux. When a young man, he had sought opportunity to engage in the lists on the fields of France. Although fully qualified and considered by many as the greatest knight that ever drew a lance, he was refused admission by every band to which he applied."

"And rightly so, by Saint Martin!" interjected the younger man, "for, look you, John d'Aulnay, his talent, which you rate so highly, is mightily surpassed by his arrogant pride. Think of a churlish Saxon seeking to humble the chivalry of France!"

"Patience, gallant Henry," interposed the other. "It is but natural thou shouldst resent such an ambition, but Sir Robert's strength and cleverness are by this time beyond dispute. It was at Bordeaux especially that he met with unmerited derision, when he asked to be enrolled in the main company of the district of Médoc. He now returns to Bordeaux surrounded by a company made up of the flower of English knighthood."

"And, father," put in the boy, "hast thou heard how Robert of Loring chose his men?"

"During these three years, so runs report, he has tried hundreds of aspiring knights, and after careful search and zealous labor he has finally rested his choice on a number who, he thinks, can acquit themselves with honor against any foe."

"With honor, indeed!" exclaimed Henry, in derision. "The fools have even pledged themselves never to return to England if they should meet with defeat." And he added, airily, "I see some scores of English homes henceforth without a master! Fox-Eyes shall teach them some tricks of his."

"We shall see, we shall see," returned the other. "Tomorrow's combats will tell the tale. Come, Robert, thy mother hath a tasty supper waiting. Come thou too, Henry of Sens. It is long since thy sister hath cooked for thee."

It had been arranged to hold this notable event on the day after the arrival of the challengers. It was evening when the

company landed and they found difficulty in forcing their way through the crowded streets. The dim radiance of infrequent oil-lamps but faintly revealed to the curious throngs the figures of the knights and horses that they were to see in action on the following day. At the head of the long line rode a number of heralds and torch-bearers. Behind these came the knights in full armor, holding their lances in the air. Their horses, too, were armored and richly caparisoned, and the jingling of their harness added music to the procession. Near each champion proudly rode a youthful squire carrying his knight's shield.

The crowds on the street corners and in front of the shops showered compliments on the visitors, as well they might; but at the same time they would not admit any superiority over their chosen countrymen, and jokes and laughter filled the air at many a crossing. Naturally Sir Robert of Loring—albeit indistinguishable by any mark—was the butt of much of this pleasantry; but pleasantry and praise were alike wasted on the Englishmen, unaccustomed as they were to the many dialects of the *Langue d'oc*!

Morning of the great day dawned bright and clear, and the hour for the tournament quickly arrived. It was an enormous crowd that covered the vast plain of Lande aux Ecailles, spreading southwestward from the banks of the Garonne. Approximately in the centre of this agitated assemblage the lists seemed but a narrow strip of green, marked off with vari-colored banners and fluttering pennons.

The Bordelais party lined up at the southern end of the field, the Englishmen at the northern extremity. The laws of the tourney were proclaimed; the trumpets sounded; and, with a mighty rumbling, ending in a deafening clash, the two parties met in the centre of the field. When the dust of the encounter was lifted, it was seen that neither side had gained any appreciable advantage. On the one side William of Lewes and Alban of Hertford had acknowledged defeat; on the other, Mont-Bridier and de Ribérac had gone down before the practiced lances of their opponents. The crowd grew almost frantic over the closeness of the contest and the uncertainty of the issue. Finally the Count of Armagnac, who occupied the seat of honor, threw down his truncheon in signal that the combat should cease. There was a general cry of dissatisfaction; and, on the suggestion of some of his courtiers, the Count decided to leave the issue of the day in the hands of Sir Robert Loring and the *Sieur*

de Limoges. The two had long been rivals. The Sieur de Limoges, known as Yeux-Renard, on account of his wonderful address, had been one of those that took most delight in holding Loring up to ridicule on his last visit to France.

A great hush fell over the multitude as the two leaders rode into the lists. A double issue was at stake: for their personal fame as well as their party's honor depended on the outcome of their contest.

Sir Robert was the larger of the two. He rode a gallant grey steed and was clothed in silver armor; a blue and white banderole fluttered from the head of his lance. His adversary was mounted upon a large black horse. He wore shining brazen armor and a scarlet mantle hung from his shoulder. As the glove fell from the marshal's hand the two knights charged, and the clash of metal upon metal was terrific. Neither of the men was thrown from his mount by the impact, such was their strength and agility; and they circled about looking for an advantage. They struck severe blows, and fire flew from their shields. A faint cheer would rise from the English party in the northern section of the lists when their favorite would strike a fair blow, and the slightest advantage gained by the Frenchman brought forth a roar of applause from the thousands of his adherents. Here and there an Angevin was heard to shout for the English—"Anjou! Anjou! Fleur-de-genet, haut!" but louder grew the answer, "*Ha! les lys de France! Ha!*"

"Yeux-Renard" well deserved his nick-name. Many a time he took the big Englishman by surprise, and he evaded the latter's blows with wonderful agility. By and by Sir Robert seemed to weaken. His antagonist made several quick rushes at him, until it looked as if the black charger must be exhausted. This was indeed the case. Loring had proven slyer than the Fox-Eyed Knight, and had drawn him into a trap: for by a quick thrust of his lance as the Sieur de Limoges rushed towards him, he broke his adversary's lance and threw him, senseless, from his over-worked horse, which rolled helpless on the field.

A shout of applause from Loring's party, in front of which he had overthrown the Frenchman, rent the air, announcing the victory of the challengers over the Bordelais, and especially the vindication of the claims of the gallant Robert of Loring.

With the Master.

IN the crowded mart, in the church apart,
Must I feel the pulsing of Thy Sacred Heart.
All alone with Thee e'er I seem to be,
Even when Thy creatures are pressing upon me!

Flushed faces near, pale ones that appear,
Seem but reflections of Thy visage dear.
Eyes of rippling brown, eyes of blue cast down—
How like to Thine, that love and mercy crown!

Brows with placid mien, brows that frown, unclean,
Speak to me of Thine, Lord, thorn-girt but serene.
Hands that toil away, feet that idly stray,
Piercèd hands and feet in likeness dim display.

Ever on my sight breaks the lovely light
Shed around on multitudes by Thy love's might.
King, exemplar, chief! hold my heart in fief
Until Thy clear vision ends all mortal grief.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



The Clues That Fitted.

I WAS about to board the south-bound train for Wildsprings, when a hand was roughly laid on my shoulder. I looked up and, to my surprise, saw that my interceptor was a prominent man from the detective bureau. I, too, was a sleuth, and though young, prided myself on my fitness for the delicate calling. "Report at headquarters in ten minutes," he commanded.

Upon arriving at headquarters, I was informed that the First National Bank had been robbed. The directors had requested that the case should be entrusted to me. I hurried to the bank. There sat Marvin Sumner, president of the bank, facing the depleted vault and wearing the expression of a lunatic. "A neat job—a neat job, indeed," he kept muttering to himself.

Seeing me, he arose and extended his hand, but speak he could not. I immediately asked all present to withdraw, that

I might work undisturbed. I had taken but a hasty survey of the place, when a small pocket-knife, which was lying in the corner, attracted my attention. I picked it up, and saw the letters J. D. D. neatly engraved on the handle. What was this? Was Josslyn Dawson Day, owner of the store adjoining the bank building, possibly one of the robbers? Well, time would tell. I decided to watch this man for a day or two, whilst collating all the facts that might have a bearing on the case.

The first day of my observations passed uneventfully. On the second morning, however, three men emerged from a side door of the store in question. They walked hurriedly down a local alley, and I was able to notice peculiar bulges about their persons. I was about to follow them, when I saw them enter an automobile and ride away. The driver of a taxi was loitering about the corner of the street. I ran up to the cab and entered. "Follow that automobile as fast as you can," I commanded. "I'll do nothing of the kind," the chauffeur responded curtly, "I came here at the summons of an old lady." "I demand compliance in the name of the law," I insisted, at the same time, showing my badge. This put some "ginger" into the fellow, and in a few seconds we were in hot pursuit of the automobile.

"Faster, faster!" I urged. We were now on a long, wide avenue, and could see the automobile going with tremendous speed. "A hundred dollars reward, if you overtake that automobile," I yelled to the driver. He put on more power. Just then the object of my pursuit turned into a side street. Without slackening our pace, we went around that bend on two wheels, and I myself was tossed from one side of the cab to the other. We were close upon the automobile when a "blue-coat" stepped up and commanded the driver of my cab to stop. "Go on, don't mind him," I said. He did not.

We were now turning into streets and out of them so often, that I was becoming accustomed to having my head knocked against the side of the cab. Again we were on a long street, the automobile far ahead of us. Suddenly the automobile stopped, and its occupants, leaping to the ground, ran into a house. "Chauffeur, stop in front of that house," I directed. I ran up to the door. It was locked. By smashing a window of the lowest story, I secured an entrance into a room. Darkness veiled the surroundings. Hastily but thoroughly I explored every room on this floor, but no traces of a tenant could be found. I mounted the stairs leading to the second floor, to meet with the same dis-

appointment. Another ascent of stairs, and I was at the top of the building. But my search was in vain. No evidence of an occupant anywhere in the house!

I came out and saw that a few officers had followed our automobile. I explained the case to them. "Did you search the cellar?" one of them asked, "surely someone must be in the house." For answer I dashed back into the house, followed by a few men, and descended into the cellar. All in vain!

I returned to headquarters. Great was my astonishment when I was told that the store beside the bank had also been robbed. A revolver was shown to me with the letters J. D. D. engraved on it, in the very same style as those which were engraved on the knife! It was found at the side entrance. I gave what details of my adventures I thought necessary.

I went home, and entered my study. Having lighted a cigar, I sat down in an armchair and pondered over the incidents of this case. Suddenly a thought came to my mind, which seemed to collect together all the scattered threads of evidence I had amassed.

Accordingly, early next morning, I went to the Dawson Day Store, and asked to see the proprietor. I was informed that he had gone to New York on business a few days before. Again I was baffled.

The papers gave a detailed account of what had happened the last few days in this case. It was also stated in another column that Josslyn Day was out of the city. That afternoon a report was sent to detective headquarters, that Day had been seen several times in the neighborhood of Knott Street, during the last three days. He was cleverly disguised, but his characteristic limp betrayed him. Knott was the street down which I had followed the automobile. This was another thread that fitted well those I already had in my loom.

A week passed, without any further developments. I kept a close watch on the Knott Street house, but evidently the robbers were "lying low." The papers gave up discussion of the two mysterious robberies, and Josslyn Dawson Day "returned to the city." I immediately called upon him, and was courteously received. Casually, I mentioned his loss. He knew that his store had been robbed, but he said that he was in New York at the time. "You lie," I shouted, looking him in the eye. "You robbed your own store to avert suspicion. The house on Knott

Street will soon give up its golden store, sir," I added, with a triumphant grin. It was only a hazard on my part, but it struck home. Immediately his face blanched. Still he stoutly and indignantly protested innocence. But when I told him that he had been observed in town the same day, and that I was authorized to arrest him on the charge of robbing the First National Bank, he immediately confessed and delivered himself into custody.

EDW. J. NEMMER, '16.



The Winning Run.

IT was one of those hot, sun-baked afternoons in early September, when everyone was applying his handkerchief to a dripping brow. Fans sat back on their benches sweating, panting and fanning themselves with unused score cards.

Anyone could keep that score in his head—4-1 in favor of those other fellows; the hits could be easily counted, and the rest as well. Occasionally a groan would be heard as a batter "fanned"—not himself, but the air.

The little manager knew that the opposing pitcher could no longer strike his men out, though they were weary. He finally put his best batter up with instructions to "hit it towards the tree."

"The tree" was a large oak that marked the dividing line between a two-base hit and a home run.

If the ball went to the right, it meant a two-base hit because of the bad ground the fielder would have to cover. If it went to the left, it meant joy to the batter and his supporters.

On this occasion, Jones sent the ball towards the tree at such a rate that it would bound back to the infield, if it hit the tree.

Three hundred pairs of eyes watched the ball as it seemed to strike the tree, but it went to the left by a foot. The two men who had "walked" and the one who had singled preceded Jones across the plate, but he had made the score "five to four."

JOHN J. SCULLY, 4 H.



Wienerwurstanfang.

IN the year of grace 1156, the hamlet of Klosterneuberg, in the neighborhood of Vienna, was overrun by great packs of dogs who bothered the inhabitants at their weaving and gardening, and frightened the children at school and at play.

The mayor of the town, together with many of the leading burghers, offered a liberal reward to the person who would rid them of this canine plague; but many days passed since the proclamation had been posted at the door of the Ostermarch Rathskeller, and no one had yet attempted to try for the reward. The mayor and the corporation had almost given up in despair, when there came from the country about Olmütz, in the Duchy of Bohemia, a carver of quaint statues. Some of his figures were grotesque in the extreme, but not one of them was as odd-looking as he. One side of his face was no match for the other, either in contour or in expression; but a whimsical smile usually played over his features.

On hearing of the reward, this interesting character offered his services to the mayor and promised to free the town of its plague in three days, "provided," he insisted, "I shall not be obliged to tell what I do with the dogs." This was instantly and heartily agreed upon in writing. The carver signed in graceful Gothic characters the name, Gottfried Holzschnitzer, and then, bag on shoulder, trotted off in the direction of Tulln, to prepare a place for the dogs until he could devise a way to get rid of them—for, as a matter of fact, he as yet knew not how he would dispose of the canines.

Next day Holzschnitzer returned to Klosterneuberg on horseback, drawing after him a sledge covered with raw meat. The dogs, attracted by this feast, followed him in howling disorder. He led them out into the country and shut them up in a large space fenced off for that purpose. By repeating this process several times, Gottfried the Carver cleared the town of its plague much to the gratification of the inhabitants.

The next day he started for Klosterneuberg to receive the reward, leaving his place in charge of his son, Franz, during his absence.

In the afternoon the boy was enticed away by his new-found playmates, and, forgetful of his father's orders, went out, leaving the back door of the shop open.

The day being warm, the dogs became restless, poking here and there to find egress.

At last their efforts were rewarded in finding a loose board in the fence, and one after the other made his escape, overrunning the grounds. By and by several of them, attracted by the smell of meat, made their way to the shop, where the meat used to entice them was still lying about.

Having devoured all the meat within their reach the dogs looked around for more, and spying some scraps on the edge of a slide which led to the meat-grinder in the basement below, made a dive for it. So great were their numbers and so eager were they for the treat that those in front were pushed into the opening. As they did so, they overturned several boxes of spices, and dislodged a bunch of garlic hanging overhead, all of which rolled down with them. Barking and yelping they went sliding down to the grinder, which made short work of them, leaving in their place a fine selection of highly-seasoned meat.

Attracted by the noise the boys hurried to the scene in time to see the last dog disappear through the opening. They scampered down to the basement to ascertain what had become of them, expecting to find a mangled mass of bones and flesh scattered around. Imagine their surprise when they found nothing except quantities of finely ground meat heaped up in a vessel that caught the meat after it had been separated from the bones. Their curiosity was mightily aroused by the shape and color of the meat, and especially by its agreeable odor, which was entirely new to them; they therefore set about frying some. Realizing with delight that it had a pleasant taste when hot, they cooked more, sat down and began to gorge themselves with it.

Having received his reward, together with the good graces of the people, the wood-carver started for his temporary home. Arriving there late in the afternoon, he found every dog gone, and his meat shop ravaged by some unknown power.

He could not divine how it had all happened; he went, therefore, in search of his son, whose negligence he believed was the cause of it all. Finding him in the basement with his com-

panions enjoying their treat, his curiosity overcame his anger in his eagerness to know how Franz had come upon that queer kind of meat. All he could hear was "M-m, hot dog is good! Hot dog is good!"

Franz explained, as far as he was able, the queer events which had happened during his father's absence and then made bold to ask him, "Daddy, come and try some 'hot dog', come and taste the new meat and see how good it is."

Having tasted it and noted its flavor, the carver smacked his lips in undisguised satisfaction. "Aha!" quoth he, "here is the fortune I have long sought in vain!" After taking another mouthful, he exclaimed, "Even when it gets cold it stays hot!" It was the pepper, of course, but Gottfried didn't know it.

Gottfried now dispatched his son to round up several of the dogs that had escaped the trap. Quickly he killed and skinned them. After that he put them into the grinder, receiving at its nether end the same kind of meat that was found at first. Next he formed this into links, loaded his wagon with it, and started off for the market. His first day brought him a good profit. A second and a third he tried with the same happy result.

The people, there could be no doubt, liked this new meat; the butchers and peddlers, even from the surrounding towns, bought of it. Holzschnitzer's business grew and expanded till it was altogether too large for that little country shop of Klosterneuberg. He was forced to move to the city of Vienna, where he built a large factory which employed many hands, while he, becoming very rich, lived in the most elegant style.

Before long he was raised to the ranks of the nobility, as Margrave of Lambrecht. He took for his coat-of-arms six links of wurst arranged in a Bouchier knot surmounted by a dachshund rampant.

On account of the growth of the business, it became necessary that a name be applied to this new product so that the people might know it better. He therefore called it "Wiener-wurst" which is Old High German for Vienna Pudding.

THOMAS S. RILEY, '19.

The Modern Girl.

WE knock and criticize her,
We scold, apostrophize her,
We wish that she were wiser,
More capable and kind.
Her path we're always stalking,
To criticize her talking,
Her clothes, her way of walking,
Her manners and her mind.
We say, "Oh, highty-tighty!
You're frivolous and flighty,
And all your ways are mighty
Undignified to see."
She ever sings and chatters,
Formalities she shatters
And laughs at serious matters
With unabated glee.
We chide and we correct her,
We shadow and detect her,
Resolve we must reject her,
With all her smiles and tears;
But find on looking o'er her—
And learning to adore her—
She's just like girls before her
For twenty-thousand years.

J. McDONOUGH,
Economics.



Looking Backward.

AS I sit and dream by the window
My heart is in ill-defined pain;
My thoughts are inclined to wander
To the days that I spent at Duquesne.

I am back there again on the campus
Where the base-balls fly hither and yon,
And I'm lonesome because I'm no longer a part
Of the scenes that I once gazed upon.

I can see the 'Varsity playing
Grove City, Westminster and Tech,
And I watch as the ball goes a-flying
In the air till it is but a speck.

And now I am back in the class-room
At English and Latin and Greek
With the dear kind professors who taught me
And spoke as the wise man can speak.

And now, as my futile dreams vanish,
I join in the loyal refrain,
Long life and success in endeavor,
Be your crown, *Alma Mater*, Duquesne.

JAMES F. KERNAN, ex-'17.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Introducing the Staff.

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fly."

We might say instead:

"One by one the men are going,
One by one the years roll by."

THE opening of a new scholastic year has launched us upon a new lap in life's long course. Many of our dearest friends and comrades have already completed their allotted distance within the sphere of youthful preparation and are now engaged in that part of the stadium that brings them more into the strenuous competition of human effort. We no longer hear the cheering voices of those in whose steps we followed and on whose guidance we relied, especially in connection with the literary work that finds its expression and its fruit in the pages of our MONTHLY.

The editorial chair has been left vacant—and with it many of the places so capably filled by those who have graduated into higher and wider spheres of work. Especially is this true of our late esteemed editor, Vincent S. Burke, upon whom so many well-merited compliments were lavished by other college journals in the course of the last scholastic year. To succeed him is indeed a burden which may well terrify even the most earnest and ambitious of embryo editors. But, while fully understanding in what estimation other periodicals have held our predecessor, and although many new and inexperienced writers are on the present staff, we trust, however, to equal, if not surpass, all former

records, and to live up to the expectations of our fellow-editors, to whom we now extend our best wishes, and our most cordial greetings. On the other hand we hope to be favored, not only with the same standard of journals that have graced our sanctum in the past, but with the same spirit of honest criticism and friendly comment that will encourage and build up, rather than depreciate and destroy.

Our fellow-students, our parents, the alumni, and all the well-wishers of the University, look to us, the staff of '15-'16, to make our paper worthy of the twenty-two volumes that have preceded it, and worthy of the school whose growth it has chronicled and whose mouthpiece it has been. To them also, albeit with trembling pen, we pledge our best efforts in the year that is before us.

EDWARD J. NEMMER, '16.



Do It Now.

NOW that classes have been resumed and we are all deeply engrossed in our studies, it may not be amiss to say a few words about success in school. There is not one of us that does not start the school year with the explicit resolution to study earnestly and sincerely; yet, when the results of the examinations are published, not a few will have fallen below the required standard. The cause of this failure is not lack of interest, or unwillingness, but an imperfect method of study.

To be a successful student, it is not necessary to pore over our text books till after midnight, nor is one required to forego all pleasure or amusement for the sake of additional time for study, but what is essential is constant application. By that we mean that each day's work must be done daily. A single lesson in itself is easily mastered, but if the task is postponed from day to day, it forms, as it were, a huge barrier built across the road to success,—a barrier which must be destroyed, if we are to reach the goal of victory.

It is a very bad habit among students to put off from day to day the work which should be done immediately. And we invariably find it true, that the longer we postpone the neglected work, the more difficult it is to accomplish it, until at last we find ourselves loath to do it at all. The result is that we must

"cram" and "grind" during the examination weeks, thereby expending our physical powers and wrecking our nervous system to make up the work which should have been done weeks before. If we would only take for our motto "Do it now," we should find fewer failures in our ranks.

E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16.



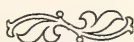
Prospects for Peace.

THE propensity to speculate is general. It is inherent in man's nature. For manifold ends he is ever ready to theorize about the unknown and the recondite, to peer into the mysterious recesses of the future, to advance and maintain his opinion regarding the solution of its problems.

On every side this tendency shows itself at the present time, when the chances for the termination of the world war are the subject of speculation. A year of sanguinary strife, a year of unparalleled calamity, has left us in possession of solutions of the peace question, countless in number, exhaustive in scope, but, in the final analysis, abstract, suppositious and impracticable. From conditions and experiences that are real, their authors have drawn conclusions which *ought* to equal results, but *do not*.

How different, and how concise also, is the opinion lately expressed by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons! Without evading the question or attempting to spin a theory, he leaves us with a positive impression when he says that "violent things usually spend themselves quickly. Hence the war, at its present state of violence, cannot last much longer."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Georgia Law.

THE legislature of Georgia has recently passed a law prohibiting the teaching of negroes by people of white color. There can not be the slightest doubt that this piece of legislation is aimed directly at the work of the Catholic priests and sisters among the colored people of the state. It does not, however, at all surprise a close observer of the course of events in Georgia from the remotest period down to the present time.

Hatred of the negro and of the Catholic Church have always been characteristic of Georgia; and the connection between the two hatreds is not hard to explain, as the Catholic missionaries—Spanish and French—were the first to interest themselves in the education of the slaves, and the first to insist on giving them opportunities to practice religion. The "Code Noir", promulgated by the French king, obliged every planter to have his negroes instructed and baptized. It allowed the slave, for instruction, worship and rest, not only every Sunday, but every holy day of the Catholic Church. It forbade cruelty under severe penalties.

The English Catholics of Maryland manifested a like interest in the negroes. The first school for negro girls established in the District of Columbia was conducted by Mary Becraft, a Catholic negress, who afterwards joined the Sisters of Providence.

These few facts, quoted from Dr. C. G. Woodson's "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861," a work that has just come from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, are sufficient support of the opinion advanced above. They are also a potent incentive to all Catholics to support the Negro Missions, which furnish the only solution there can be, to the so-called "negro problem."



Exchanges.


OUR pleasant vacation has come to an end and we turn once more to the pleasant though laborious task of reviewing our many exchanges. Standing as we are on the threshold of our sanctum, and contemplating another year of critical activity, it behooves us to extend a hearty and sincere welcome to our exchanges, both to those whose tripping meter and more dignified prose have held our profound interest in the past and to the strangers whose beautiful covers beam upon us as new faces reflecting a depth of thought and a pleasing personality.

Understanding the impartial nature of all criticism worthy of the name, we appreciate fully the peculiar character of the task we are about to assume. We know that the road to be traversed is not free from difficulties, that it is not altogether a pleasant path shaded by wide-spreading elms and perfumed with the fragrant emanations of countless roses. On the other hand, we can see, awaiting us, obstructions of many kinds; we realize that, in the course of our work, we must not only proportionately weigh

every sentence passing under our view, but also carefully consider our every expression before sitting it down as indicating our true judgment.

But we assure our exchanges, with a determination to succeed and to keep this ideal of the critic in our mind's eye, we must feel optimistic concerning our relations during the coming year and we are confident that with their considerate co-operation, they will all receive from us notice that will be attentive, respectful and impartial.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

On September 8th, the old halls, quiet for the space of two months and more, awoke to the echo of old-timers' mutual greetings and newcomers' varied exclamations.

Starting The first two days of the week had been
in Again devoted to registration.

Appropriately, the students gathered first of all in the chapel for a Solemn High Mass. At this function Rev. M. A. Retka, C. S. Sp., was celebrant, Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., deacon, and Rev. Charles B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp., subdeacon.

After the Mass, the Very Rev. President welcomed the students in a happy speech, brimming with proverb and anecdote, and assigned them to their respective class rooms, where short sessions were held.

The registration of new students surpasses by a few even that of the University's banner year, 1911. On account of so large an enrollment, it was necessary to make three divisions in the first high and two in the second.

There is also a large number of Prep-Medical and Prep-Law Students.

REV. JOSEPH A. POBLESCHKE, professor of classics in the College Department, has been assigned by his superiors to a

mission at Lafayette, in distant Louisiana.
Faculty His place is being filled by REV. MICHAEL A. RETKA.

There is no other change in the staff of the College Department.

Last year's prefects, who have re-entered the Holy Ghost seminary at Ferndale, Connecticut, have been replaced by Messrs. KOCH, POPOW and KIRKBRIDE.

Quite an array of new professors is seen.

Mr. GEORGE B. BINLEIN, B. A., a veteran professor of English and Commercial branches, has been added to the staff of the Commercial Department. Mr. Binlein is a Pittsburgher, but took his college course in Dayton, O., at St. Mary's College. He taught successfully at Kenrick High School, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Louis College, San Antonio, Texas; and St. Mary's College, Dayton, O.

Mr. JOSEPH A. BROGAN, B. A., an experienced teacher and disciplinarian, is devoting his talents to the boys of the Preparatory Department and High School. Mr. Brogan took his degree at St. John's College, Washington, D. C., and did post-graduate work in English and Pedagogy at Columbia, N. Y., and Ammen-dale, Md.

Mr. JOHN J. WALSH, B. A., is professor of Latin and Mathematics in the High School Department. He is a graduate of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Mr. HERBERT SULLIVAN, a B. Sc. of Pitt, has charge of the Chemistry and Biology classes.

Three graduates of the University have returned to their *Alma Mater* in the capacity of professors, after absence more or less protracted. They are Messrs. ALBERT F. YUNKER, B. A., honor man of the class of '13; JOHN R. O'KEEFE, B. A., of the class of '14, and JOSEPH S. SZEPE, B. A., honor man of the class of '15. To Mr. Szepe have been assigned Classics and Mathematics; to Mr. Yunker, English, German and Mathematics; and to Mr. O'Keefe, Mathematics.

Mr. MICHAEL F. MCMANUS, B. A., a graduate of St. Bonaventure's College, will initiate a division of the first high into the mysteries of Latin. He is also teaching the Second High English.

The University is fortunate in securing, as instructor in the arts of expression in the main building, Mr. CLINTON E. LLOYD, who for the past three years has had charge of the classes of public speaking and dramatic art in the down-town school.

During vacation extensive improvements for the comfort and convenience of the students were made. The rooms and corridors were all brightened up and three new Improvements recitation rooms were furnished in view of the increased numbers expected.

The rooms were also renumbered according to the system used by hotels and office buildings.

A novel sight greeted the boys on their first entrance on the grounds. The campus had the appearance of a wheatfield where mowing was in progress. As a matter of fact, several workmen were busy plying the scythe to remove the last vestiges of the grass, whose growth, due to the excessive rains, had been phenomenal. As a result, some of our Junior Boarders were deprived of their customary frolics in the tall grass.

The class officers were elected during the second week of school. They are the following: President of the Senior class, Michael P. Hinnebusch; Junior, Philip N. Students' Buchmann; Sophomore, Raymond J. Baum; Senate Freshman, George Mihaljek; Fourth High, Leonard P. Kane; Third High, John J. Borgman; Second High A, P. C. Lauinger; Second High B, Alfred A. Pachel; First High A, Raymond P. Connolly; First High B, Harry E. Walsh; First High C, Paul J. Bosko; Fourth Scientific, Paul J. McGraw; Third Scientific, Dennis A. McDermott; Second Scientific, Herbert G. Burgman; First Scientific, John F. Connelly; Third Commercial, Regis E. Malone; Second Commercial, Carl R. Ackermann; First Commercial, James T. Sweeney; Second Preparatory, Ben B. Hilldorfer; First Preparatory, Thomas A. McLuckie.

The Class Presidents, together with the entire membership of the college classes, constitute the Students' Athletic Committee, also called the Students' Senate. They met and organized on September 24.

FRANCIS G. STREIFF, '17.

LAW SCHOOL

The Duquesne University Law School entered on its fifth year September 20. The enrollment of first year men is 100 per

cent. in excess of any previous enrollment, and the studious spirit shown by these young men augurs well for a banner class of '18.

For the convenience of young men working in attorneys' offices, the sessions will be held daily from 5:30 to 7:30 P. M., instead of the earlier hours of previous years.

Class Hours The Preparatory classes for young men who expect to register as law students are conducted this year from 7:30 to 9:30 P. M. Latin, Mathematics and the English branches, as prescribed by the State, are the subjects taught.

The Faculty of the last four years remains practically intact. Mr. John P. Egan, LL. B., is an additional instructor in Blackstone, and acts as secretary. Mr. Frank J.

Faculty McKenna has replaced Mr. Charles D. Gillespie, resigned, as lecturer on Decedents' Estates and Orphans' Court Practice.

All concerned have been most gratified to learn from the graduates of last June that they were all

Success of successful in the final examinations set by
Class of '15 the Pennsylvania State Board of Law Examiners, and are consequently entitled to practise at the bar of this State.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

The Day School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce began its sessions on Monday, September 20, after an address by the Dean, William H. Walker, LL. D. Two

Back to Work years' classes are now engaged in preparing for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics. The Evening School resumed its sessions on the following Monday, September 27. The present enrollment is considerably in excess of last year's attendance, and applications are still coming in. In fact, although new quarters were opened to accommodate the increased numbers, the fifth floor of the Vandergrift building will soon be too small for the crowd that invades it each night of the week. There is about that crowd, too, an air of "meaning business" that is unmistakable. It is noted with satisfaction that the instructors and lecturers are among the best that the city can boast of.

A limited number of business men began in the summer months to prepare for the C. P. A. examinations to be held in the fall: more applications were received than

Summer Class due consideration for personal instruction would permit the faculty to accept; doubtless these will again apply when the examinations are over.

A very neat and detailed bulletin of the School of Accounts has been issued, and can be obtained on application to the Dean, 323 Fourth Avenue.

Alumni.

THE new lease of life taken on by the Alumni Association since the accession of the officers for 1915 was shown on two notable occasions towards the close of the past school year, namely, the *third* Alumni Smoker of the year, May 27, and the Alumni Game, June 11.

Those present at the previous smoker, April 20, were depended upon to bring their quota of fellow-alumni to the meeting, no invitations being sent out by the Secretary; and the result was a gathering that, both in numbers and in enthusiasm, fully realized the hopes of the officers, and, in addition, thoroughly enjoyed the programme of music and sport contributed by the undergraduates and Alumni. The pyramids, which had capped the climax of the big public entertainment at the Lyceum, May 19, were repeated by Father McGuigan's squad of "chesty" boarders for the exclusive pleasure of the Alumni. Four short bouts with the gloves, in which, happily, no knock-out blows were delivered, followed. (Details withheld, as say the transatlantic dispatches). Several songs by Perry Crowl, '10, and his quartette, added a pleasing variety to the programme. A short business session was held, at which the revised constitutions and by-laws of the association were read by Gregory Zsatkovich, '07, Esq., chairman of the revision committee, and were approved with some slight changes.

It was one of the pleasant features of this little gathering that the prospective graduates were invited to come and get acquainted with the "old boys." We opine also that, as a result of this somewhat "previous" introduction to the Alumni, no break in their attachment to *Alma Mater* will occur.

The Alumni Game turned out to be a very good contest, as a reference to the July "Athletic" pages will convince anyone inclined to be dubious about Alumni games in general. This fact was owing largely to the energy and persuasive powers of John Dompka, '10, who selected the players. A good downpour of rain in the second inning did not discourage either spectators or players, and their perseverance was rewarded with generous sunshine before the ninth inning had been reached.

On both these occasions, the Alumni reporter was busy circulating with his "pad" among those present. Many of the interesting items that follow were thus gathered.

J. D. FORD, '97, is an important official of the Excelsior Express and Standard Cab Co. He made his annual pleasant

business visit to the University early in June. Needless to say, both the business and the pleasure end of the call turned out agreeably to all concerned.

VALENTINE J. OLDSHUE, '92, city editor of the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, has been in Europe for the past two months, touring France and Italy. As it was a vacation and not a business trip, he has kept as much as possible away from the seat of war.

SOME months ago we mentioned the appointment of REV. EDWARD B. KNAEBEL, '04, C. S. Sp., as central director of the Association of the Holy Childhood for the United States. Under him the Association has already taken many strides forward. The "Annals" have assumed larger proportions, and are much more attractively gotten up, both as to appearance and as to matter. By personal visits and through the Catholic press, FATHER KNAEBEL has brought the work to the attention of thousands that had heard but little of it till now. Especially notable was an article in "America" by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. Monsignor de Teil, director-general of the Holy Childhood, and Monsignor Tiberghien, his associate, spent some months in the United States and Canada, and were everywhere much encouraged by the bishops. On their return to Rome, the Cardinal Secretary of State, in the name of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV., addressed a letter to the American Cardinals, expressing his "paternal benevolence" toward the work, and desiring "to see the Holy Childhood established in every school and college in the United States."

LOUIS COTULLO, '07, is now a cleric with the Italian Franciscans, whose seminary, owing to the destruction by fire of their house at Catskill, N. Y., is temporarily located in East Liberty. He expects to advance to the holy priesthood during the coming year.

ALEXIUS SZABO, '08, whose travels in Europe our readers have been able to follow, has opened a studio in the Bessemer Building. He is specializing in portrait painting. A "Crucifixion" from his brush was exhibited in Wunderly's windows for some weeks, and called forth many favorable comments. A visit to his studio would be well repaid.

There was a partial reunion of the class of '04 on the day of the Alumni game. FRANK PIETRZYCKI, Fathers KNAEBEL and MALLOY met for the first time in many years. Mr. PIETRZYCKI is

still living on the South Side, where he has a little family of his own. He is connected with the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., and his work often brings him in touch with Dr. CHARLIE DUFFY, who is a surgeon in the employ of the same concern.

JOE CREIGHTON, '07, who did the twirling for the Alumni team, has been teaching in the south and serving on the Georgia State Board of Examiners for the Civil Service. He has been playing football for the University of Georgia, and baseball for the Atlanta team. He has in consequence developed not only a brawny arm but a healthy tan; but the old smile shines through!

It was a pleasant surprise to see, attached to the beautifully drawn cover-page of the Knights of Columbus "Chocolate Soldier" programme, the signature of BRADY McSWIGAN, '05-'07. BRADY'S talent for drawing was remarked already during his "Prep" days, and has developed since along unusual lines. The modern French school of line drawing seems to have his preferences. We learn that, though still a student at Tech, he has contracts to illustrate several theatrical programmes.

THEODORE McDERMOTT, '05-'08, Ph. G., has called at the University several times this year. He is the very efficient manager of one of the Erskine Company's drug stores, located at 4546 Penn Avenue.

FRANK DRISCOLL, '05-'06, is clerking for the Jackson Motor Supply Co. His old-time chum, JAMES GALLAGHER, is in the station master's office of the B. & O. Another contemporary, OTTO STEEDLE, is connected with the McConway-Torley Co., Manufacturers of Steel Castings. Still another, "TEDDY" GALVIN, is a purveyor of that necessary commodity, cow's milk. CLAIRE McDERMOTT, of the same crowd, has an important position in the offices of the Bernard Gloekler Co. WILLIAM FLOYD, another, may be reached at the Westinghouse Electric Co. Finally, JOSEPH L. MCGOVERN, the only benedick of the bunch, is looked upon as "their best salesman on the road" by the Jackson Motor Supply Co.

THEY say that HAROLD ROGERS, '10, is the most useful man in the employ of the Universal Portland Cement Co. At the time we go to press he is handling fourteen clerical jobs for them, doing everything from typewriting to billing.

AT the recent ordinations in St. Vincent's, Rev. HENRY GILBERT, '12, was promoted to the holy priesthood. He cele-

brated his first Holy Mass, surrounded by a number of Duquesne men, at St. John the Baptist's, on June 27. He has been assigned as assistant to Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lambing, at St. James', Wilksburg. Our best wishes accompany him in his new and weighty duties.

AT St. Mary's, Baltimore, GEORGE P. ANGEL, '12, JOHN F. CORCORAN, '12, and PHILIP DUGAN, '12, were ordained deacons on May 29.

ACCORDING to a recent report, GREGORY ZSATKOVICH, Esq., '07, was happily married in St. Joseph's Church, Youngstown, O., during August. His bride is Miss Leona Kotheimer, daughter of the late Dr. J. B. Kotheimer. It is needless to say that we wish him a long wedded life and a blissful one.

Rev. RALPH L. HAYES, D. D., '05, is a very successful missionary of the Pittsburgh Apostolate. Father Hayes is also the editor of "Questions Answered" in the Pittsburgh *Observer*.

THE following members of last year's graduating class have entered upon the study of Theology at St. Vincent's: JAMES L. LAVELLE, VINCENT S. BURKE, LEO A. MCCRORY and VINCENT M. STANCELEWSKI.

JOHN A. URLAKIS, '15, is enrolled among the medical students at the University of Pittsburgh.

Messrs. WILLIAM C. FIELDING and WILLIAM HEIMBUECHER, *aequales* with the above have not as yet advised us definitely concerning their future professions, but we hope to have some interesting information about them in the near future.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, also of the same class has been retained by *Alma Mater* as a professor.

Mr. SZEPE is also engaged in the study of Law.

IN connection with the increase of the Faculty we might also mention Messrs. ALBERT YUNKER, '13, and JOHN R. O'KEEFE, '14.

JAMES KERNAN, of last year's Sophomore class, can be found among the first year philosophers at St. Vincent's.

THE general superintendent of the Carnegie Steel Co. at Homestead enjoys an efficient as well as a jovial secretary in the person of EDDIE BUTLER, '12.

ON the rolls of the first year dentists at Pitt appears the name of EDWARD CRONAUER, of last year's special class.

"MIKE" SHORTLEY is going to Catholic U., where he will be in the good company of PAUL CARTWRIGHT, who has been there for the past year.

JAMES D. HOWARD, of last year's Prep medicine, will enter Pitt. James came into the limelight as a result of his excellent pitching for Detroit.

EDWARD J. SULLIVAN and MAURICE SEARLE, the boys from DuBois, of the same class, will also enter medical schools.

OUR little friend JOHN T. LITTLE has moved to Omaha, Neb. He is a Freshman at Creighton University.

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY COMMERCIAL CLUB.

Commencement Day last June was marked by the birth of a new organization among the graduates of Duquesne University. The Commercial class of 1915 assembled in the Dutch Room, Fort Pitt Hotel, where they partook of a sumptuous banquet. It was a family affair, not a formal social event. So great was the enthusiasm displayed by the class of 1915, and so strong was the desire shared by all to bind themselves together, that a permanent organization was effected. The Club was called "Duquesne University Commercial Club", officers were elected, and the date of the first regular meeting was determined upon.

The officers of the Club are: President, Paul J. Madden; Vice-President, Joseph A. Butler; Secretary, Edward T. Mooney; Treasurer, Frank Malone.

The first meeting was held in students' dining hall, Duquesne University, at 3 P. M., Sunday, September 19th, with few exceptions, all the '15 graduates were present.

It was decided not only to join the Duquesne University Alumni Association in a formal way at an opportune moment, but also to appoint several committees to look after the interests of the new organization.

The following committees were named: Publicity Committee, Charles C. Clifford, Chairman; Paul J. Madden, Edward T. Mooney; Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, Joseph A. Butler, Chairman; Frank Malone, Regis C. Hague; Booster Committee, Andrew Marsula, Chairman; Joseph O'Shea, Elmer Murphy.

VICTOR KENNEDY, '18.



ACADEMICS.

ALTHOUGH at the present writing we are having mid-summer weather, the football season has drifted around again. The king of sports in his triumphal procession can brook no interference even from the mighty elements. Hence, we are pleased to announce that the 1915 gridiron season is in full swing on the Bluff campus. The clarion call for candidates was hailed with acclamations, and from the horde of warriors who are daily bivouacking near the athletic barracks a formidable gridiron army will be produced.

The veterans who passed unscathed through so many battles on the Campus Duquesniculus (like the Romans of old on the Campus Martius) have been banded together again by their courageous leader. It is true that six of the old familiar faces are missing, but from the choice material at hand the prospects for a championship team are exceedingly bright. The remaining veterans from last year's eleven are: Connelly, Obruba, Capt. Kane, Jake Mosti, Anton, McGraw, Magarrall and O'Connor. J. Connelly, O'Connor and Magarrall, form a veritable wall of adamant. The elongated cotton-topped Obruba is as good as ever at right end. The new material for the primary defense is very encouraging—Topping, Flanagan, O'Brien, Bechtold, Gallagher, Beers, McGuinness and Ferrick. The secondary defense men will not be found wanting. "Muggsy" McGraw, the agile little quarter-back, who piloted the team to victory for the last three seasons, still possesses that indefinable quality of ubiquity. Anton and Kane, two speed merchants and adepts at the forward pass, will be the half-backs. Farwick, W. Krill, and E. Mosti—a trio not easily found elsewhere,—are reliable full-backs and good punters. All the candidates are zealously co-operating with Fr. Hannigan, the manager, to form a winning combination.

Although the schedule was handled rather late, still the best

high school teams of the vicinity are represented on it. The schedule is as follows:—

October 1—Duquesne High School at home.

October 8—Homestead High School abroad.

October 15—Crafton High School abroad.

October 22—East Liberty Academy abroad.

October 29—Pending.

November 5—Carnegie High School at home.

November 12—Carnegie High School abroad.

November 19—Pending.

November 25—Pending.

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.

INDEPENDENTS.

The Independents, a team composed of boarders only, have reorganized and expect to eclipse the brilliant record of last year. Most of the 1914 Independents are back at school, so it will not be an arduous task to get the machine into fast, smooth working order. The candidates are Bruno, Caldwell, Donnelly, Dyson, Fuchs, Haendler, Hafermann, Hildorfer, M. Krill, Kichta, Leopold, Madden, McIntyre and Reynolds. Father Rossenbach will be their Faculty manager, and Herman Fuchs is captain.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors performed so admirably on the diamond last spring that it was decided to give them an opportunity to win their laurels as gridiron warriors also. Coach McGraw had scarcely placarded his call for candidates on the bulletin board, when he was surrounded by an enthusiastic horde of youngsters with powerful lungs. Avoirdupois is an unknown quantity among the Juniors. Speed, therefore, will be the main asset of these "Dukelets". The following is a list of the candidates: Aland, Bechtold, Bott, Caye, Davies, Edw. Egan, William Egan, Feeney, Fisher, Garrigan, Glynn, R. Kane, Meister, Murphy, McGuigan, Pastorius, Power, Rylands, Sheran, Wajert, White and Whyte. They will be managed by Father Zindler, who is arranging a very interesting schedule.

KENNETH A. LEOPOLD, 3 H.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

The science of football has developed wonderfully in late years. It is no longer brute force that is championed. The open style of play is here to stay. It is particularly this open game

that makes football such a thrilling contest, and elicits so much admiration from the spectators.

The undergraduates have always manifested the proper college spirit by their attendance at the games both at home and abroad. Continue this good record. Cheer your idols on to victory. If you have good lungs just vociferate; if, however, your lungs are defective the open-air culture will do you a world of good. If you do not believe the writer ask Ray Baum, the cheer leader. The only fee that Ray charges is manliness and willingness. Just a parting word of advice, "If you can't boost, don't knock."

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.



Duquesnicula.

THERE was a time when we just loved to get up to recite in Elocution class. We fell up the steps to the stage, grinned our way to the middle, snickered into the eyes of our forty-odd class-mates—they seemed to be nothing but eyes on such occasions—and got stalled before we had delivered two lines of "The Barefoot Boy" or some equally momentous proclamation. Well, if you had a grain of sympathy for us then, you ought to have a barrel of it now. We just love this job. The proof is we are succeeding ourself in it.

Haven't we got that "editorial we" down pat?

If you want this colyume to be worth while, fellows, keep us supplied with material for it. We know full well that enough things are perpetrated to fill the magazine each month, but they don't reach the Bureau of Information.

Bureau of Information—yes, that's what we are going to call it. Here is some information already:

In one of the Prep classes, the instructor noticed a strong odor of peppermint one morning. It seemed to be all over the room. After fruitless investigation, he whispered to Jimmie D., whose father keeps a candy store:

"Jimmie, have you any candy?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

"Have you given any to the other boys?"

"No, sir."

As the instructor turned away Jimmie caught his sleeve and said, with a sudden light of comprehension in his eyes, "I'll bring you some to-morrow, sir."

It is curious how preconceived notions will influence a man. Frank Fisher was persuaded that a certain professor "had it in for him." Another boy was trying to disabuse him of the idea. "He's just as kind to you as to anyone," he insisted. "Yes," replied the other, "but you ought to see the way he frowns at me when I am not looking at him!"

A prefect really "had it in for" "Panama" Kerr one day, for "Panama" had been very naughty. "Really, I don't know what I had better do to you," said the P., biting his lips in indecision.

With a little sigh of relief, the culprit snapped, "I'm awful glad you don't, sir," and scampered off, taking it for granted that the affair was happily concluded.

We have to support such precocities, you know! There was one in the class of Commercial Geography yester-week, and this is the evidence:

TEACHER—What is the capital of North Dakota?

JOHNNY JOYCE—It has two capitals, sir.

T.—How so? Will you name them, please?

J. J.—Why, N and D, to be sure!

Johnny has been dodging compliments ever since that forward pass.

This one, we think, would be called a fake kick:

PROF. IN THIRD HIGH—What terrible affliction did Milton have in his later years?

TOM FORD—He was a poet, sir.

Of course, Tom was a little distracted at the time.

Some Bureau of Information, hey?

Shall we call again?

You're quite welcome.

Goo' bye!

JOHN L. DOBBINS.

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Number 2.

What Shall The Harvest Be?

NOW is our time for planting;
The springtime of life lingers still.
It is now the season enchanting,
That knoweth least sorrow or ill :
But if now we hap to be sowing
The seed of folly—beware !
In the evening of life we'll be mowing
Thro' fields of regret and despair.

Cometh the time of the reaping,
The harvest to fullness is grown,
But alas ! for those who've been sleeping,
What a harvest is theirs ! With a moan
They cut, they bind and they gather
And pile up great stacks, in the field,
Of the weeds they produced. They had rather
Live wrongfully : such is their yield !

Over and done is the reaping,
The harvest is gathered at last;
On board the ship Death we are keeping
Watch as it saileth past
The border of Here and Hereafter :
Our harvest was fruitful and large;
As we glide o'er the waves, comes soft laughter
And a welcoming home to our barge.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.



“Who Is My Neighbor?”

IN the bustle and turmoil of this day of busy competition, it is not usual for one to ponder the above question. Everything in the world around us has some affinity with something else. Even from the beginning there has been established a general correlation in the different orders of creation. Nevertheless, strange as the assertion seems, the sympathy or affinity, if we may so call it, between man and his domestic animals is often more defined than that between himself and his fellow-man.

Mortals have ever shown a strange incapacity to appreciate their obligations towards one another. To realize the truth of this affirmation, we have but to read of the question that Cain asked his Creator concerning his brother's keeping. Nor did the other sons of Adam easily find their neighbor during the long centuries from Cain to the coming of Christ; for, when the Lord was explaining the second great Commandment, he was interrupted by the Pharisee asking, “Who is my neighbor?” So, dear readers, our essay, dealing with a question of the ages, is not so out of date as at first blush it may appear to be.

From the age of the Pharisees we come to our own times. What do we find? Apparently, universal enlightenment. We look about us and see gigantic structures. Steam and electricity amaze the world. Man with his aeroplane defies the laws of gravitation. His submarine scrapes the bottom of the ocean. Yet all these wonders are but the result of the application of known laws of Physics and of Chemistry. But has man's moral and spiritual character developed with the same admirable success? In the domain of commerce and in the daily intercourse with his neighbor has he applied the great law of charity? Alas, we must confess that our charity has not abounded more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees!

Well, then, who is my neighbor? Where shall I find him? I need not go far to find him. He is at my side, he breathes the same air that I breathe. The same sun lights both our paths. If I put my egotism aside, I shall realize that we possess in common

the same human nature. We are alike made happy by kindness and encouraged by a word or a glance of appreciation; and alike we are wounded by ingratitude. We both have, at times, anguish of mind and difficulties with the things of the world; and at such crises we turn mutually to each other for aid in carrying our burdens.

It is noticeable in the present age that the conception of brotherhood varies all the way from absolute unconcern to Socialism. Ambition for self-predominance is merely a manifestation of pride—the pride that comes before a fall. This it is that has caused disorder in the economic system and has lodged both the rich and the poor in a rudderless vessel that is slowly but surely gliding on to Materialism, Socialism and Infidelity. Who will dare to say that the awful condition now so unhappily obtaining in Europe sprang out of the fullness of charity?

Our philanthropy is a sham. The rich do not apparently believe with Kipling that we are "men in a world of men," but extend their gracious hands to beings of an inferior race; or, to use Bulwer Lytton's description of some of his characters, "they are very good to the poor, whom they look upon as a different order of creation and treat with that sort of benevolence which humane people bestow on dumb animals."

To come down to things that are concrete we shall treat separately the different ties that bind man with his neighbor. First, is the family, taken as the foundation of society. In a well-ordered home the common blood and the common interest aid greatly in the sustaining of the rights and honor of the different members. Parents are revered, the strong assist the weak and the young are educated. It is indeed true that charity begins at home, but we need not insist that it sometimes has there a very puny beginning, and hardly gets beyond the stage of incipency.

Now-a-days the strength of the family circle is continuously growing weaker, with the result that large numbers of helpless ones are thrown upon the cold world while relatives hover about an ample table and a cozy fireside. Regular mutual correspondence and the visiting of kin are no longer practiced as they were formerly. Little wonder then that uncles and aunts, nephews, nieces and cousins, meet on rare occasions, almost as strangers to one another.

The age of the old-fashioned father and mother has largely (but, thank God! not wholly) passed, and the new era of "isms" based on scientific research, has dawned. Children are en-

couraged to be heard as well as seen. It should cause no surprise, if, after receiving such training, they are hasty in asserting their independence. The knock of opportunity at the parental door is too faint to be heard, and they hasten off to seek fame and fortune among strangers.

The events that afterwards enter into these youthful lives are indeed sad. Numbers of our youth leave home in such a manner that they find themselves in the grim clutches of the law. When this is the case a peculiar instinct tells them that they have been very wicked. Yes, they must be, for are they not numbered amongst common criminals? Home is far away and disgrace is staring them in the face. Surely these are our neighbors whom we must redeem before their imaginations and their environment carry them on to despair and a career of crime.

Other conditions cause families to scatter, with the inevitable result that multitudes are cast on the charity of others. If this charity were to respond to the demands made upon it, conditions might not be so lamentable; but when the state is compelled to make laws obliging children to support aged parents, one begins to realize the pitiful predicament of the unfortunate ones.

We have neither space nor inclination to enter into a detailed account of the disasters that follow desertion and divorce; but the mere mention of this great menace to morality and a mere allusion to the present uneasy condition of society, largely due to divorce, should sufficiently demonstrate that those who participate in such scandals are but little concerned about "who is my neighbor."

In close connection with the family is the neighborhood. What a vast amount of charity can be practiced in so small a space! It is really a fact that many works of mercy are performed in neighborhoods, especially in those made up of the poorer classes. The mother in the "next house" takes suddenly ill and in no time her crying children bring the "lady next door" to the bedside. Or again, the father is out of work, and at once neighborly assistance in various forms brightens the dark days.

It often happens, however, that because of bigotry and prejudice, neighbors become estranged from one another. The children fight, and the parents get into bitter wrangling. But perhaps the time comes when a chance meeting in strange places effects a real appreciation of what their acquaintance should be. They remind each other of home, and their stern formality waxes into affability; exchange of reminiscences helps both to beguile

the hours of a tiresome journey which would otherwise be long and dreary.

Beyond the neighborhood, a man meets his neighbor in the business world as employer and employe, as merchant and patron. Together, they perform their duties as citizens. The attorney recognizes his neighbor in his client and therefore he is honest with him. The physician comes nearer to him as the "good Samaritan" than any of the others, consequently he should act well his part.

It is, however, in these relations of man with man, and of group with group, that the greatest unneighborliness and the greatest uncharity show themselves. Instead of charity, there is monumental selfishness on both sides. Instead of justice, there is often an injustice that cries to Heaven for retribution. Instead of mutual confidence, suspicion, distrust, and vicious calumny sow broadcast the seeds of discontent. Instead of pursuing the arts of peace, men propagate a spirit of militarism that would arm every man against his brother and set the nations watching each other like vultures eager for a chance to pounce upon their prey. "*Who is my neighbor?*"—one whom I distrust; one of whom I try to gain the advantage; one who may serve me and my ends, but in whom I have no further interest!" Such is the social creed of multitudes in this un-Christian day of ours.

Finally the last social bond which unites men more closely and causes their sympathies to run in a common current, is fellowship in religion. While the Church teaches the necessity of good works and of charity in a special manner towards "those who are of the household of the Faith," yet many Catholics by good example and timely encouragement lead even their non-Catholic neighbors to the Truth. Of course, there are many things which, through human frailty or oversight, are left undone, but it seems no exaggeration to say that the majority of Catholics appreciate the responsibility of assisting their less fortunate brethren. The history of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the activity of the Extension Society bear testimony to the truth of our words, not to mention the scores of other organizations whose scope is less national—but whose spirit is equally Catholic.

In our diocese in particular we have the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine whose members forfeit what little leisure they have during the week or on Sundays in order to instruct children, and, in many cases, adults, in the principles of religion.

Nor are their efforts confined to this charity alone, but a practice is made of visiting the sick and of providing a decent and Christian burial for the poor who are fortunate enough to come under their ministrations before passing into eternity. There is no need of insisting, therefore, that one can easily make the acquaintance of his neighbor if he but care to meet him.

No one is compelled to turn preacher to exhort others to charity, but everyone can inspire charity in others. A true friend and a charitable one does not flout the defects of his neighbor; his ears are deaf to gossip, although, when he can give an excuse for another, he does so, praying that the same charity be shown towards himself. Such a one is careful not to say things that irritate. When in company, as Cardinal Newman gracefully describes the situation, the man of charity "has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd." If he be a superior, he so deals with those under him as to bring out all the good that may be in them. He never disputes, but makes it known that it is his duty in charity to govern with firmness and with kindness. In being thus considerate he proves himself not only a Christian but also a gentleman, and appears to be at peace with himself and with the world. Would that all might imitate such a model, and hearken also to the words of Lowell:

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

I. VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



On Parade.

IT was a bright October day,
And 'twas a glorious sight;
There in the suffragette parade
McNally marched, in white!

The people voted this parade
The finest ever seen;
And towering o'er the others was
McNally, nice and clean.

The marchers stepped their liveliest,
The crowds were well behaved;
But that's not much to wonder at:
McNally 'd really shaved.

The band was playing stirring airs;
There rose a wondering cry:
McNally wore a collar fresh,
Ay, and he wore a tie!

McNally marched on unconcerned:
Forsooth, why should he care?
And when he raised his hat, 'twas seen
That he had combed his hair.

The suffrage p'rade is history now;
The clans no longer rally:
Our duds need cleaning, wet or dry,
And so does John McNally.

If I were worth a million bucks
I'd bet them all to ten,
Not till another suffrage p'rade
Will Mac dress up again.

JOSEPH L. MCINTYRE, '18.



The Rivals' Agreement.

FATHER STAUNTON and his fellow-assistant, Father Brady, were in the library of the rectory. A small table-lamp threw a glare of light on the desk at which they were seated, leaving in shadow the rest of the room, save one corner in which a small red flame cast a life-like glow on the mild and beautiful countenance of Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*.

Through an open window the tender fragrance of pansies and the more pungent odor of rosemary found entrance, and filled the little room—

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance,
And there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

The quiet of the library was occasionally disturbed by the ruffling of papers and magazines into which the two priests were eagerly delving.

"Ah! Here is the number we have been looking for, Father Dan," exclaimed Father Staunton, as he drew from a stack of college magazines one that had often been thumbed before. "June, 1908. Seven years ago this very night we graduated from the University."

"It has really been that long, has it? How the time does pass—'Swift as a shadow, short as any dream!'" quoted Father Brady, who had accompanied Father Staunton through the various stages leading to the holy priesthood.

"To be sure, 'the years are bearing us swiftly on through our pilgrimage here on earth,' as you said in Sunday's sermon. But here I have the account of our Commencement. There were sixteen of us admitted into the dignity of Bachelors of Arts. See, here is the portrait of Will Roberts—Billy Bob, in other words. He was Valedictorian, you remember. Good old Bill! it is strange that we never hear from him."

"Yes it is," assented Father Brady, as he drew his chair nearer the table to get a better view of the picture. "We hear regularly from most of the others. I received the last letter from him at the seminary some time during the winter following our

parting. You heard from him about the same time, didn't you?"

"I believe I did. He wrote then that he intended to set out for Europe to develop his magnificent talent for painting, and I know that Bill will make a success of his work.

'Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes,'

as Emerson puts it."

"There is no doubt in my mind about that, Father Joe," returned Father Brady. "He was an artist to his finger-tips. I still have some of the masterpieces that he gave me at college. Why, this *Madonna della Sedia* is one of them, come to think of it! And Bill was an all-round student, too. My, but you two used to run close in your class-work!"

"Yes indeed, the rivalry between us was keen at times; and, do you know, Father Dan, it acted as a spur to both of us. But he always had a little the advantage of me. At our graduation he left only the oratory medal for me, and he jokingly remarked that oratory did not amount to much anyway, otherwise he would have taken that too."

"Bill was a great joker, and you remember that he wagered with you that his fame would be spread throughout the world, with his paintings decorating the mansions of the rich, whilst you would probably be preaching to some insignificant audience in an isolated corner of the earth."

"I do remember that," said Father Staunton, "and possibly it has turned out so, although we haven't heard much of him. He always showed great ambition, and my best wishes are with him still. But Father—you'll excuse me—I have still to rehearse the instruction for the closing exercises of the retreat to-morrow, and I must be about it."

"By the way, how has the attendance been?" queried Father Brady.

"Fine," answered the young retreat-master, who never failed to conduct a successful retreat. His persuasive earnestness and practical wisdom had made him the most sought-after master in the East. "My, but I did have them listening this morning to that sermon on Death! That is the one that brings many of the lost sheep into the fold again. There is nothing so powerful as truth—I believe it was Webster said that."

"There goes that bell again," remarked Father Brady as he

rose to answer the call. "Come right in," he commanded, as he opened the door.

"Dan Brady! I mean, Father Brady!" exclaimed the stranger as he entered. "How are you?"

"Why, it's our old friend Bill. What a coincidence! Father Staunton and I were speaking of you this very evening. Step right into the library."

"Look whom we have with us," said Father Brady, when they had entered the library.

"Welcome, welcome!" exclaimed Father Staunton, as he grasped the hand of his long absent friend. "At last we have met again, and that on the anniversary of our parting."

"Is this the anniversary of our Commencement?" asked Will. "I have almost forgotten those old times. Your sermons, Joe—*Father* Joe—have brought back to me many of those sweet memories. And after that sermon this morning I determined to come and see you."

"Have *you* been making the retreat?" asked Father Staunton in surprise. "How do you happen to be in the city?"

"Yes, I am making the retreat. And I have been in the city for several years. You certainly have heard of me these last few months, haven't you?"

"No, we had lost all track of you," was Father Brady's answer. And it caused Will to look surprised.

"Here is my card," he said, as he handed one to each of his friends. And they read,

W. Aldine Roberts, Artist.

They looked at each other in astonishment and exclaimed almost together, "Are you the great artist, Aldine Roberts, whose works we have been admiring in two of our city galleries?" "It's queer we never guessed at it!—and here it is too, on the Commencement programme, 'William Aldine Roberts'."

"Yes," he answered, "my works are at present on exhibition in the Institute."

"Let me congratulate you, William," said Father Brady, patting him on the back as in the old days of boyish intimacy. "You have certainly become famous—it takes my breath away to learn that the renowned Aldine Roberts is identical with our Billy Bob of a few years ago."

"It hasn't taken you long to mount the ladder of fame," added Father Staunton, beaming all over.

"Well, Father Joe, I *have* won a name for myself," modestly replied the young artist. "But what is fame and honor and wealth to one who has heard a sermon like yours this morning, 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world?' I tell you frankly, Father, those words struck deep into my heart. On the tide of glory and wealth I had been carried far from my God; and you have brought me back to Him. I once made a wager that I would achieve a greater place in the world than you. But the place you hold is far and away above that I have attained to. I command, perhaps, the admiration of the world's elite; you have earned the love of erring men and innocent children. Never again will I consider myself a competitor with you."

Father Staunton had turned away, and the eyes of the trio were brimming with tears.

PHILIP N. BUCHMANN, '17.



To Shakespeare.

THE rot of centuries has cast its dust
 O'er many bones, since you began to write,
 And most have disappeared within the night
 Of blank forgottenness, where many must.
 On books of fame has gathered dull red rust,
 Entombing them from feeling and from sight;
 Effacing golden seals once glittering bright—
 A mass of leaves with heavy mould encrust.

But you remain! enthronèd far above
 The common scribes, forgotten in a day.
 Enshrined within the public heart is love
 Possessed by you; but which no other may
 Hope to usurp. You stand alone—supreme!
 And to us mortals you immortal seem.

J. E. MONTEVERDE, '17.

Total Abstinence, the Cure for Alcoholic Excesses.

(Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, 1915.)

MOST of you have long ere this seen the disastrous results of alcoholism, and have experienced, directly or indirectly, some of its dire consequences. If such has been your good fortune that no relative, no intimate friend, has been harassed by this fatal curse, or has succumbed to its persistent attacks, you may well be grateful. But even if the case is so, not even one of you has been able to ignore the presence of this misfortune in the world round about us. Who has not beheld the drunkard reeling homeward to annoy his family, which he should hold so dear? Who has not seen the human beast, lying in some gutter, deprived of those attributes that alone distinguish him from the brutes,—sensibility and rationality? Who has not witnessed the man delirious from alcohol, crouching, shivering, shrinking from fearful phantasms, the creations of his own diseased imagination?

Is a subject that so affects the whole human race unimportant? Far be it from us to underrate the importance of the temperance movement. "Some men," says Wendell Phillips, "look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism or vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age."

The drunkard is a slave,—not such as might proudly follow the triumphal chariot of a Caesar, but a base, unmanly slave. In commencing to drink the consuming fire of alcohol, he was the master; he could tell himself when to stop; he could prevent himself from imbibing too freely: but at length, his weakened will succumbed to the power of the master, to the sway of the despot. What misery, what desolation has he not caused? His is a story of starvation and destruction!

Shakespeare has Macbeth say:

"Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny. It hath been

Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne

And the fall of many kings."

The drunkard is bound, not alone in body, but in soul as well. Many sins can be laid at the door of alcohol and its evil influences. Frauds, thievery, murder—all, all are instigated by the fierce promptings of the alcoholic spirit in man. Why, why

should men thus voluntarily lay themselves open to sin by filling their veins with intoxicating poisons? Herbert, in "The Temple", cries out,

"He that is drunken
Is outlawed by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins,"

And Seneca, the Roman philosopher, the professor and adviser of Nero, affirms with telling emphasis, "*Nihil aliud est ebrietas quam voluntaria insania*. Drunkenness is nothing else than voluntary madness."

Our slave of drink is not content with being bound in body and in soul to this arrogant and exacting master; he is not satisfied with committing nameless offenses against his Maker, against the Guide of his destinies, he needs must set up for himself a false god, a golden calf, before which he may pay homage! Christians are wont to be horrified at the ancient pagans for their inordinate worship of such deities as Bacchus, Venus and others of their filthy ilk. But in what, pray, are our alcohol victims, professing Christianity, better than the polytheists of old? Who will deny that the man who spends most of his time—and the springtime of his life—in practicing the rites of Bacchus, is a devotee, a worshipper, an adorer of that false divinity? Does he not deliberately take the whiskey bottle, or the wine decanter, place it upon a pedestal, and falling down in adoration, say: "Thou art my God"? Well does the great Milton call drunkards the sons of Belial, in "Paradise Lost"!

"And when night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

Finally, the wine-cup so degrades man's soul that he becomes even worse than the brutes which he despises. Beasts, even though they are placed in a lower stratum of the natural order than is man, seldom act contrary to Nature's precepts. When they thirst, they imbibe Nature's beverage: when their thirst is quenched, they cease drinking, showing more discretion than men who will "have another one for sociability's sake," even though they do not want it. Shakespeare has put the following words on the lips of Othello: "O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"

Such an encompassing evil must have some proportionate

cause. What may that cause be? what can it be? McDonald Clarke tells us in "The Rum-Hole".

"Ha! see where the wild-blazing Grog-Shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell.
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible Light-House of Hell!"

Herein is expressed pretty exactly the condition existing, in America at least, if not elsewhere. Were it not for the saloon, intoxication would not be so prevalent as we know it is. It is an incontrovertible fact that the liquor habit is fostered by the treating system that one finds in the saloons of our times. Were a man to drink when he so desired and then be content, conditions would not be so bad as they evidently are. The treating system forces a man to drink when he has no palate for it. Were saloons properly conducted, were the regulations complied with, were drink refused to minors, to women, and to men already under the influence of the poison, the saloon as an institution might be tolerable. But, at present, it is intolerable, and ought to be abolished. Now—understand me correctly—by this I do not mean absolute prohibition, for I am well aware that a man cannot be coerced into doing that which he himself does not will, he will not abstain from liquor unless it is his own preference to do so. An appeal to the individual to be a total abstainer brings about the best and most lasting results, as is evident from experience. If an army of voluntary total abstainers could be levied, it would be able morally to attack the drink evil and carry the day.

"An ounce of prevention," they say, "is worth a pound of cure." To win a young man to total abstinence before the first drink has paved the way for others is a thousand times better than to reform a man already worn out in body, no less than in soul, by the ravages of his intemperate appetite. Cicero, in *De Senectute*, well says, "*Libidinosa etenim et intemperans adolescentia effoetum corpus tradit senectuti*—A sensual and intemperate youth hands over a worn-out body to old age."

Let us, then, follow the advice of Longfellow, in "The Golden Legend":

"Touch the goblet no more:
It will make thy heart sore
To the very core."

Let us no longer be "the sons of Belial flown with insolence and wine;" let us preferably be abstemious, knowing that in practicing such a virtue we are going far towards fulfilling the

end for which we have been placed on earth. When we have persuaded ourselves that such is the proper course, when we have become total abstainers, then shall we have triumphed over our animal nature; then shall our offenses against Almighty God be infinitely mitigated; then shall we have unshackled ourselves from the fetters that bind so many to this despotic tyrant; then shall we have cast down the statue of Bacchus to become once again the adorers, the servers and the worshippers of the One, True God!

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



In a Trance.

SO this then was the great Superior! A green expanse, dazzling the eye that would measure its swelling bosom, yet it was comforting to city-tired me. For I longed to glory in the ever-novel beauty of budding nature along the shore, rather than to devote my gaze to the gleaming water. I churned with willing paddle.

Steadily, I pushed my little shell around cape and headland and across crescent coves, startling the reed-birds as I went. Their presence only confirmed the sense of solitude along the strand; their flight only added to a perfect picture.

But, as I rounded the extremity of a promontory that had ventured farther than its mates into the lake, a strange spectacle confronted me. There lay, a few rods off shore, a vessel of the most weird appearance. Tattered sails rotted on her masts, doors and shutters flapped upon her cabin's sides and planks were missing from its roof. Stray rope-ends swing from rattling spars; and rust lay thick upon her stanchions and anchor chains, while, hard by, a splintered stump told of a mast that had "gone by the board." The whole brought to my mind the "painted ship upon a painted ocean" and its withered appearance after baking under tropical suns. More strange than the ship itself, was the fact that some unseen power seemed to hold it back from destruction upon the strand.

The while I was making these observations, I drew nearer; but slowly, for I was somewhat awed at the unwonted spectacle, hardly crediting the testimony of my senses.

Finally, my perverseness brought me into full sight of the deck as it lay broadside to the shore. I thought I was prepared for anything by now, but I nearly swooned at my next glance. There stood a fiend, in plain view, gloating over a young girl prostrate at his feet. With his right hand he waved a dripping sword at a young man's corpse that lay, spread-eagle, on the deck. An officer, by his dress, and he had probably led his crew against the intruder, for strewn about, were various ancient weapons and headdresses, and a freshly shattered railing told of a hasty retreat over the side. This scene had compelled me to stop, but I now began paddling furiously, planning to reach the deck by a hanging line and save the girl if it were in my power. Now was no time to reason if the scene were real: I would discover that soon enough, once the deck was gained.

The ship had held my whole attention till now, and not once had I glanced shoreward, whence came the cry, at once startling and illuminating:

"Hey there, keep back, you boob. You'll queer this picture!"

Chagrined, I looked toward the strand where appeared the "ship's company" rollicking in mirth; for they had been observing my trance for some time.

JOHN J. SCULLY, 4 H.



Archbishop Glennon Entertained.

COLUMBUS DAY, Tuesday, October 12, was a great day in the history of Pittsburgh. The principal event of the day was the banquet held by the Pittsburgh Chapter of the Knights of Columbus in honor of their patron, the discoverer of America. The banquet was a glorious success from every angle, the Knights having been honored on that occasion by the presence of the Most Reverend Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, who delivered an address on the "Discipline of Peace".

On the following day, His Grace, having accepted the invitation of our Very Reverend President, honored the University with a visit. As he entered the hall, three rousing cheers were given, and the orchestra struck up a lively air. Jerome D. Hannan then stepped forward and, in behalf of the student body, addressed the distinguished guest as follows:

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP:—

In extending to you this heartfelt welcome, of which our plaudits and our cheers are but a feeble and inadequate expression, we feel deeply honored and privileged to have thus in our midst one of the most illustrious of the Church's prelates in the West. In your person we behold the living heir to the traditions of a glorious past. You bring to us, here, at the forks of the Ohio—here, to this centre of world-wide industry—to this gateway from the East that is still the connecting link to the highways of the Continent—you bring to us the memories of those noble and heroic pioneers that bore the cross for the first time from the St. Lawrence and the Lakes to the banks of the Father of Waters. We realize also, with legitimate pride, that, in your person, the Church and the State have found a worthy successor to the men that gave to the Metropolis of the Middle West a great part of its renown—that you have readily taken up the heritage of learning, of eloquence and of patriotism handed down to you by the Kenricks, the Ryans, the Hennessys and the Keanes—and that you have crowned their labors by the erection of the magnificent temple that will be for ages the glory of St. Louis.

We are happy to be able to look up to you as one of the bulwarks of our Church in this country, as one of the champions of truth and right and good citizenship, before whose lucid exposition of our Catholic principles and ideals, prejudice must disappear as darkness and shadows before the rising sun.

And while thus paying the tribute of our admiration to those achievements of yours in the past, we cannot but think, as we see you in the enjoyment of a yet vigorous constitution, that Providence has still in reserve for you great works to be accomplished—and we pray, with sincerity and enthusiasm, that you may long be spared, to shed lustre, with ever increasing splendor, upon the priesthood and the Church in our beloved country!

The Very Rev. President then welcomed him, on behalf of the Faculty, saying:

YOUR GRACE,

Mr. Hannan welcomed you to the University in the name of the student-body. It is a duty and a pleasure for me to bid you a hearty welcome in the name of the Faculty. I regret that all our students and all our Faculty cannot be here this morning. You see before you some four hundred students and their

Faculty, those in the college of Arts and Sciences, but I wish to state that in our school of Law, in the school of Finance, Oratory and Education, down town, we have another four hundred young men with their Faculty, who hold their sessions in the afternoon and evening. I feel more than grateful to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, to the Rt. Rev. Monsignori and to the Rev. clergy here present, who have come to join us in giving Your Grace a welcome to our University.

We all follow with the greatest interest the successful career of Your Grace in the Catholic city of St. Louis. It is a pleasure for us to read of the great Cathedral you are erecting, which report says is to be one of the most beautiful in the County, surpassing in size and beauty the Cathedral in Pittsburgh, of which we are so justly proud. We have also read of the large and magnificent seminary which you recently opened for your archdiocese, and of the District Catholic High Schools of St. Louis, which are to serve as a link between the primary schools and your Catholic University.

We, Catholic Educators, look up to our hierarchy as our leaders and our divinely appointed guides in the great work of Catholic education, and in this work Your Grace takes a prominent place. It is a pleasure for me personally to recall the royal reception Your Grace gave us at the Catholic Educational Convention in 1904. It was in that year and under your auspices that the Catholic Educational Association of the country took definite and complete form, when the Primary, College and Seminary Departments were united, to form one perfect system of Catholic education.

It is then a pleasure for us to welcome Your Grace, such a leader in Catholic education to the only Catholic institution for young men here in Pittsburgh, to Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost.

His Grace, in reply, expressed great satisfaction at being among the younger students and laid down a few principles that they would do well to make their own. "If you are not good workers now, you will never be," he declared. "To fail now is a tragedy; to fail now is to fail forever. You ought to approach your studies sympathetically. Too many students look upon the lessons assigned as a task, a burden, an imposition. On the contrary, you ought to come to school with the purpose of learning.

"The curriculum of studies in a Catholic university sweeps

the entire horizon. There is not a mystery of nature, not a secret of science, not a truth of revelation that is not laid open to you. It is truly a liberal education that you are receiving. The only limits put to your achievements are those of your own talents and of your own efforts.

"If our Catholic schools of secondary and higher education have not sent out a larger number of men of high character, of comprehensive knowledge, capable of leading, it is because these schools are of recent growth. The Catholic student has received the training in the love of truth, the love of law, the love of justice, that fit him for the broad duties of citizenship. Yours is the duty to go out, to sustain these principles in public life. Don't let the professional politician outclass you. If the Catholic student does not solve the great problems of our day, the problems will not be solved. Grow up into men of faith, men of courage, men clean of hand and clean of heart."

In concluding, His Grace paid a tribute to the achievement of our own beloved bishop, when he said that though St. Louis had the greatest Byzantine cathedral, Pittsburgh had the most imposing Gothic cathedral in the country.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



The Death of Bishop Conaty.

IT was with the deepest feelings of genuine sorrow that, in common with the entire Catholic people of the country, we received the tidings of the unexpected death of the Right Reverend Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., former Rector of the Catholic University, and late Bishop of Los Angeles. Not only should we deem it already incumbent on us to mourn his loss to the Church of the United States, as that of an eminent and illustrious prelate, as well as of a sterling patriot and representative citizen of national influence, but we feel that his former position as leader and pioneer in Catholic educational work entitles him to a still more hallowed place in our memory and sympathy.

We, also, who have had at frequent intervals the privilege of closer ties with him in the past,—we who have enjoyed his society and his genial presence on those occasions when he accepted our hospitality—can well realize what his loss means to

those who were of his immediate household and of his spiritual flock, including the entire Church of Southern California. To his *Alma Mater*—Holy Cross—and the intimate friends and co-laborers of his earlier days, whose grief is the most eloquent tribute and the most expressive eulogy, we also extend our deep-felt sympathy, while making ours, too, the sentiments of his own children mourning for their departed father: "The southern people have lost a beloved friend, the Church a great leader, and he will ever linger in the minds of all who knew him as a noble type of the true Christian gentleman."



Buckle Down.

WORK hard! Can't get it?
 Bluffed you—would you let it?
 Forget it, kid! Buckle down and grind.
 When the storm is at its highest,
 Why, it's then the break is highest,
 And the sun is bound to shine again, you'll find.

Hard work? You have to do it,
 Shirked it? Then you'll rue it.
 You just have to buckle down and grind.
 Naught is gained by shirking;
 Success is won by working:
 It's the motto of the straight successful kind.

Let no one ever scare you!
 Let no one ever dare you!
 Grit your teeth! Buckle down and grind.
 Success is your's for taking;
 Your life is in your making:
 And you're the one that counts, my lad, you'll find.

JOSEPH E. MONTEVERDE, '17.

Mother.

THE bright charm of virtue that graced you from youth
Impelled me to yearn for the pure font of truth;
Still lights up my pathway, to brighten the years,
And will crown every link of my ros'ry of tears.

The tones of your voice that oft caroled in prayer
And waked my life's music, ring soft thro' the air.
The rich vein of beauty that with the years grew
Still lingers to foster remembrance of you.

At the altar, when loved names together I wreath,
Your name that's so sacred in prayer will I breathe.
But the grandeur of Heaven, that Angels know best,
Is yours for the eons, O mother thrice-blest!

M. F. McMANUS, '17.



Sursum.

FALL of the year, the season of gloom:
Everything seems to speak of the tomb.
Robins are gone and the leaves are brown;
Naught is left of earth's flowery crown;
Every blossom is faded and dead.

Know, complainer, gay spring doth but wait:
Trees will be verdant and birdies elate;
Everything will be bright and glad.
Lift up your heart, then; wherefore be sad?
You can be joyous and hopeful instead.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Night Companions.

THE day is done, shadows lengthen as the sun hides itself in the western hills. Deeper grows the gloom until utter darkness fills the world and night with all its accompanying mysteriousness is upon us. The most majestic spectacle vouchsafed to mortal eyes is spread before us. Never was the roseate dawn so soothingly fair, nor dying sun so serene. Points of light leap out from space, few though bright at first, then multitudes are seen, various of size and brilliancy, until the sable vault above us is studded with countless gems.

Denizens of this little planet, we busy ourselves running like officious insects grubbing in the earth, hurrying, scurrying, getting and spending, crawling, weary at last, into our graves when the fevered, aimless quest is over.

Meanwhile above us circle the stars. And yet we have little or no acquaintance with those angelic globes of light whose "line is gone out unto the ends of the earth." Night unto night uttereth speech, but, alas, how strange to us. We follow not Orion in his martial strides, know not Arcturus nor Polaris, are not friends of the Seven Sisters nor the blazing Bull, and do we recognize never the swinging Dipper nor his counterpart Cassiopeia. What the vast panorama means to us we care not. But at least it means something inconceivably nobler, grander, and more expressively divine than our little Tellurian entity.

There are dwellers by the seashore that think of nothing but fishing and the gathering of driftwood; there are those who live in the templed woods and have no thought but of cordwood and

game; and in the soaring mountains they dwell whose ideas rise never above the herds of grazing cattle. Yet, while all of us live beneath the outspread wonder-sky, how little of its spiritual call, its message of immensity do we absorb into our petty cycle!

The least we can do is to gaze sometimes at the splendid pageant of the sky, and let a little of its infinite feeling penetrate into our sordid souls. To be companions of the empyreal night, and open up our mortal spirits for the inrush of sidereal calm. But a drop from that star-crowded ocean, the mirror of God's omnipotence, would cool and purge our restlessness and give us something of that universal poise we so sadly need.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Dignity of the Suffrage.

WHEN we read of other countries, or of other cities, where from time to time, the sanctity of the ballot has been violated by unscrupulous politicians, we are prompted to wax indignant, and to cry out against the vulgar "ward-healers", with whom alone we associate such degrading maneuvers. But now that, within our immediate neighborhood, we have been forced to witness an almost widespread and reckless abuse of ballot-box, on the part of the very men who had been chosen as its guardians, we must acknowledge, with some degree of concern, if not with shame, that the reproach of corrupt practices, so often vaguely hinted at, in the past, has come home to our citizens in a more concrete form, and with more foundation, than we would have deemed possible.

We look, with legitimate pride, upon the suffrage as one of the soundest bulwarks, and one of the most efficient instruments of freedom and democracy, and rightly so—but it is only when that suffrage is intelligently and honestly expressed that it can be entitled to a place of honor. When abused from above, or disregarded from below, it may become a weapon of tyranny and oppression. No citizen, therefore, can afford to be callous to its fate, or to its misuse. None can be indifferent to whatever measures may be necessary to insure its efficiency, and to surround it in the eyes of the people, with the necessary safeguards, as well as with the atmosphere of dignity which it should enjoy.

In this connection we heartily commend the editorial remarks of one of our city papers, which very properly criticizes the practice, so prevalent in this neighborhood, of conducting elections in the most disreputable polling place, of the respective precincts :

There is something incongruous in reading the morning after an election that the President of the United States cast his vote in the vacant store next the pool-room. It may sound democratic, but it certainly is not inspiring. Polling places under the present system are selected for various reasons, certainly never with a thought of inspiration to the voters.

The polling place should have the most nobly significant housing the community can give, says the Bureau of Education, and the schoolhouse is the primary capitol of the Republic. Elections, whether for the selection of men or the decision on measures, are an examination in public intelligence, and the schoolhouse is the natural and logical place for them to be held. The flag waving over the building, the rooms where they were taught the first lessons of government, would recall to the voters the loftier ideals of patriotism that are not invoked by casting a ballot in possibly questionable surroundings.

The argument that it might interfere with the work of the schools counts for little if it is recalled how frequently the schools are dismissed for the day for much less important reasons. But in many cases it would not be necessary to do so since one room would be sufficient, and the spectacle of their elders performing their patriotic duty would be an inspiration to the children, and at the same time the presence of the children would have an impressive effect upon the voters. (*Pittsburgh Dispatch*).



The Debating Season.

IT fell to the lot of the class of '16 to inaugurate the debating season in the University, and well did they acquit themselves.

One thing only marred the pleasure of the evening, namely the relative smallness of the audience. But this defect will no doubt be soon replaced by a more encouraging spirit of appreciation when the new students and their friends come to find out from their own personal experience how highly practical and interesting these debates may become.

Several mass meetings have been successfully held to arouse the good old college spirit among the students. But remember, fellow-students, following the team is but one of many ways of manifesting your devotedness and loyalty to the University. College spirit, as we understand the term, consists in the interest in all matters pertaining to the school. Therefore, do not overlook our Sunday evening entertainments. The programme is invariably a select one, consisting of musical numbers by the students' orchestra, by choruses and soloists, declamations, dialogues and an occasional playlet, the whole winding up with a well-prepared debate on some leading question of the day.

Come on your own "class night", and let your friends see what your class can do; come also on the other nights, because you are part of the school, and proud of it!

EDWARD J. NEMMER, '16.



One Way to Convert China.

THERE are many priests in this country who try to reach the souls of Chinese working here. Some one of these priests, if he happens to read the incident narrated below, will be surprised to discover how far-reaching his efforts have been.

"I was busy at my work," writes an English Sister of Charity in China, to the Foreign Missionary Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., "when suddenly at the door appeared someone unknown to us. His clothes were certainly not made in China, yet his face told me that he belonged nowhere else. I began to feel puzzled as to what language I ought to use in addressing him, when he said, 'I come from America.'"

"Naturally an animated conversation followed. Our visitor had been in Missouri, and, there, had been converted to the Faith. On his return, he found his family still pagan, and the work of winning them to the Church now lay before him.

"One cannot but feel happy in seeing how zeal in America has laid here the foundation-stone for the conversion of perhaps a whole village. Those who have begun the good work must now continue it by their prayers."

Students engaged in the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine may also look forward to results in places as remote as these.

—COMMUNICATED.

Exchanges.

WE are greeted this month with a grand and varied array of exchanges. The real work of the year is about to begin and, shrinking somewhat from the responsibility of criticizing our newer exchanges, we have naturally taken up some of those whose pages delighted us during the year that has just passed, putting off until next issue the task of introducing our critical ability to those who have not yet experienced it.

One of the first arrivals in our Sanctum is the ever welcome *Villa Sancta Scholastica*. It has been our good fortune to have reviewed this excellent quarterly in the past and we eagerly grasp it with the anticipation of much intellectual pleasure. You know there are two sides to the critic's life. Some fancy that he is nothing but a cranky, fault-finding individual, fitted possibly for his own position, but certainly intolerable elsewhere. This surely is not the case, because, though a critic may read everything with an eye to detect whatever of fault may be found therein, it is evident that he is just as willing to recognize what is good, what is picturesque, and what is beautiful in his particular sphere of art. And so, when we behold this splendid exchange arriving in our midst, we rejoice at the prospect of discovering therein some new literary splendor. Since we are interested in philosophy, we are naturally attracted by "Petitions of St. Augustine". It follows well the philosophic trend of thought of that great Father of the Church and affords ample material for meditation. The spirit of humility, characteristic of him after his conversion, is maintained throughout. The "Caverns of Luray" fulfills nobly its purpose as a descriptive essay. The author is happy in possessing a sympathetic knowledge of her subject, and is no less felicitous in her choice of words. She deserves credit for abandoning the monotonous style that so often characterizes compositions of this kind. A massive essay is that appearing under the caption, "Motivation in Hebrew Education". It overflows with quotations from the Pentateuch and other books of Holy Writ, principally Wisdom and Ecclesiastes, and from many secular authors as well. The reader may obtain some slight idea of how thoroughly and how learnedly the subject of Hebrew education is dealt with when he learns that the number of direct quotations therein is no smaller than eighty-five. The article shows a mind intimately familiar with Scripture and a mental capacity of co-ordinating the many phases of Jewish training therein recorded. The author is to be complimented for

the skill and discretion with which the subject has been presented.

The editors of *The Holy Cross Purple* are to be congratulated upon the general excellence of the present issue. Besides the wonted orderly and neat arrangement of material, there are included in this number splendid full-page photographs of two deceased alumni of the institution, Bishop Conaty and George Henry Lloyd, the latter, Holy Cross's first graduate and first honor man. Brief, but thorough, accounts of the careers of these two eminent men are also to be found within its pages. Under the title, "Thorubosopolis" appears a satirical, semi-allegorical condemnation of self-conceit. The exaggerations, however, though well-drawn and original, are weakly sustained. "My Lady's" and "Estelle: A Seashore Idyl", poems written in a lyric strain by the same author, refresh the reader with their unexpected conclusions. The rhythm and metrical construction show skill and adeptness in poetical composition. "The Hunter's Song", rich in illustration, smacks consistently of the pathless forest. "A Word to the Freshmen" is the caption under which appears a somewhat lengthy editorial containing a wealth of reserved, sage and prudent admonition to those who are entering upon the path of college life. It strives to inculcate principles of manhood and personal humility, which, in common language, are often designated by the term, college spirit. In fine, it exhibits not only a clear insight into personal character but a philosophic trend of mind as well. The Alumni notes are lengthy, and rightly so, for *Alma Mater's* paper is often the only force left to bind together the students of the past and to keep alive in them those desirable qualities of amiability and responsibility and loyalty that characterized them during their college days. Too many college editors overlook the value and importance of this department, and *The Purple* is to be complimented for its activity in this respect.

The Niagara Rainbow for October overflows with rich material, but one thing is lacking. There are only a few specimens of poetry to be found throughout the whole magazine. Now, few and brief as they are, the quality of the verse is good and causes us to wonder why more of the same sort has not been penned. "Island Reveries", a serial historical essay written in vindication of Mary Stuart, claims easily first place among the various articles. The author shows a close intimacy with

historical data, a depth of thought and a clear, concise style. Three articles of some length deal with a subject that is at present holding public attention, the European war. They are respectively entitled, "A New France Being Born in the Bitter Pains of War", "Impressions at the Front" and "The North Sea in War Time—No Longer the 'German Ocean'". The two former are composed in a concise, philosophical style, while the last is somewhat discursive. Two descriptive articles under the titles, "A Haunt of Beauty—The Lakes of Killarney" and "In Normandy: Land of the Plantagenet King" describe in glowing terms the picturesque features of those regions. "Twelfth Night", an excellent critical essay, exhibits evident familiarity with the drama in general, and with Shakespeare in particular. Did space permit, we might go on indefinitely enumerating the many features of this interesting exchange, but we must be content with what has already been said, with the added assurance that the interspersing of a few more poetic effusions will add considerably to the value of this exchange.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The first meeting of the Students' Athletic Association took place in the library on September 21. The following officers were chosen for the coming year: President, Athletic Jerome D. Hannan, '16; Vice-President, Association Francis P. Anton, '16; Secretary, E. Lawrence O'Connell, '16; Treasurer, Thomas P. Nee, '16; Advisory Board, Francis M. Hoffmann, '16; Raymond J. Baum, '18; and Leonard P. Kane, 4 H.

Under the leadership of the President, three enthusiastic mass meetings have already been held. That these meetings have borne fruit was palpably shown at the Crafton and East

Liberty games, in the fact that the Duquesne rooters actually outnumbered the followers of the home teams, and, needless to add, out-voiced them.

From September 28 to October 1, the students were engaged in the spiritual exercises of their annual retreat, under the direction of Rev. William P. Curtin, rector of
 Retreat St. James' Church, Sewickley.

The response of professors and students alike during this retreat elicited cordial congratulations from the retreat-master; his instructions were of a character to make a life-long impression on his audience.

The Students' Total Abstinence Union met on October 6, and after hearing a report from the Society's delegates to the National Convention, elected the following officers for
 Total Abstinence the year 1915-16: President, Thomas P.
 Union Nee, Senior Class; First Vice-President,
 Charles J. Deasy, Junior; Second Vice-President, Raymond J. Baum, Sophomore; Secretary, Mark P. Flanagan, Fourth High; Treasurer, I. M. Mamaux, Commercial; Librarian, E. Kennedy McAfee, Second Scientific; Marshal, Leonard P. Kane, Fourth High. The meeting was attended by two hundred and fifty students.

On October 8, the "Red Masquers" held their first meeting of the year. Edward J. Nemmer, '16, was the Club's choice for President; Raymond J. Baum, '18, for Vice-President; E. Lawrence O'Connell, '16, Secretary; Joseph L. McIntyre, '18, Treasurer; Francis P. Anton, '16, Publicity Man; Jerome D. Hannan, '16, Stage Manager; Thomas A. Drengacz, '17, Property Man.

It was decided to present, as their first performance, two playlets, in the neighborhood of Thanksgiving Day. The committee appointed to arrange the programme, after much reading and discussion, hit upon "Tommy's Perplexing Predicament" and "The Blackville Booster Club", and rehearsals are now in progress under the direction of Father Malloy, Moderator.

On the occasion of his recent visit to the city, Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis graciously accepted an invitation to visit the University on October 13. He was met by the Bishop, the Monsignori and senior pastors of the diocese, and escorted to the University, where he arrived shortly after
 Noteworthy was met by the Bishop, the Monsignori and
 Visitors senior pastors of the diocese, and escorted to
 the University, where he arrived shortly after

11 o'clock.

He was received with rousing cheers by the students, and after being formally introduced by our worthy President, was greeted with an apt salutatory by Jerome D. Hannan, '16, who represented the student body. He addressed the students in return, and a half day was given in his honor. A more detailed account of the proceedings will be found elsewhere in the MONTHLY.

Forty-five minutes of mingled humor, pathos and philosophy were enjoyed by the students of the University in a delightful entertainment by Mr. Thomas A. Daly, poet, editor and lecturer, on October 18.

Mr. Daly captivated his hearers from the time he uttered his first sentence until he resumed his seat. He regaled them with the most delicious humor and amusing stories in the Italian-American dialect and the reading of some of "Polly's" poems. We have long admired Tom Daly as an author; we must also concede him the honors as an entertainer.

The Senior Class inaugurated the series of winter concerts on October 17. A good crowd was in

attendance, and voted the class splendid entertainers. We append the programme:

March	Sagamore, <i>Purdy</i>	Orchestra
Declamation	Marco Bozarris	T. A. Drengacz
Reading	Pictures of Memory	I. V. Kennedy
Gavotte	Ethel, <i>Bruce</i>	Orchestra
Selection from "Quo Vadis", The Fight with the Aurochs			
			E. A. Nemmer
Two Sea Ballads	(a) Missing, <i>Schmid</i>	Rev. J. F. Malloy
	(b) Out on the Deep, <i>Lohr</i>	
Accompanist, J. Bernard Lynch			
Recitation	Dukite Snake	E. L. O'Connell
Class Song	Elusive Love	Seniors and Juniors
March	Battle Royal, <i>Allen</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE:—Resolved, That All Public Revenues Should be Raised by a Single Tax on Land Values.

Chairman, T. P. Nee

Affirmative, T. J. McDermott and F. M. Hoffmann

Negative, M. P. Hinnebusch and J. D. Hannan.

There was a very complete and clear discussion of the question, and the decision went by a small majority to the opponents of single tax.

A well-pleased audience was present for the Sophomores' first entertainment on October 24. Great interest was taken in the debate, which was decided unanimously in favor of the negative speakers. The programme was as follows:

March	Majestic Harmony, <i>Isenman</i>	. . .	Orchestra
Recitation	The Legend Beautiful, <i>Longfellow</i>	. . .	Joseph M. Ganter
Selections	(a) Serenade d'Amour, <i>Blon</i>	. . .	
	(b) Sympathy, from "The Fire Fly", <i>Friml</i>	. . .	Orchestra
Declamation	The Baron's Last Banquet	William F. Galvin	
Medley	Norway and Come Back to Dixie	. . .	
	<i>Fischer and Wenrich</i>	. . .	Orchestra
Skit	Mazie, the Motor Maid	. . .	Raymond N. Baum
Songs	(a) Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night	. . .	
	(b) Mother Machree	Charles J. Donnelly, Soprano	
		Accompanist, J. B. Lynch	
Two-Step	My Little Girl, <i>Tilzer</i>	. . .	Orchestra

DEBATE:—Resolved, That Monarchy is a More Efficient Form of Government Than Republicanism.

Chairman, Dennis J. Mulvihill

Affirmative, Stanislaus Gawronski and Anthony G. Nickel

Negative, William F. Galvin and Dudley J. Nee.

The Orchestra, under the direction of Professor Charles B. Weis, is making friends for itself by the hundreds. The membership at present is as follows: Violins, Professor Weis, A. Allchurch, Albert Brown, Thomas P. Ford, A. G. Gloekler, J. Kennelly, J. Harvey, Francis X. Kleyale, Ellsworth Meiers, Eugene C. Mosti, James S. Mulgrew, Andrew T. Walta; Viola, Mr. Binlein; Cello, Rev. J. A. Dewe; Clarinet, Mr. P. Cronin; Flute, James P. Braithwaite; Cornet, Joseph P. Fay, James Graham, George Weis; Drums, Rev. E. N. McGuigan; Piano, J. Bernard Lynch.

The students in the main building on the Bluff number over three hundred and seventy; every day old students are returning and new ones entering.

Attendance The courses in elocution under Professor Lloyd, in drawing and painting under Professor Randby, and in music under Father Dewe and Professor Weis, are being patronized with unusual enthusiasm.

FRANCIS C. STREIFF, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

That school downtown is growing; it deserves lots of credit. There are nearly three hundred rah-rah boys—that is they would be rah-rahs if they had the time—but they haven't. That's a lot to be thankful for.

Those day students—there are over thirty varieties of them—are the hardest working students in the world; at least they think so and they should know. They start at nine and end at four, with one hour for lunch. They study ardently, assiduously, without thought of levity, without dreams of pleasure.

It has been said that they spend their evenings at home.

They've organized—all progressive people do—and they've elected their class presidents. There are two, all told. The successful executives (the corner-cops of wisdom as 'twere) are J. J. Lappan, '16, and J. E. Monteverde, '17.

Assassinations are in order.

The students are going in for public speaking. That attainment added to the results of their thorough business training will get them somewhere—the guard-house, maybe, the poor-house, never!

F. P. A., '16.

**Alumni.**

SEVERAL items telling the doings of some of the "old boys" have reached our Sanctum. So interesting are they that they put those concerned into the class of Who's Who and Why".

WE notice with great pleasure the new undertaking of REV. THOS. F. COAKLEY, D. D., '03, in instituting a course of lectures on Church History dealing principally with the activities of the Church during the so-called Dark Ages. Anyone who can appreciate the worth of having an ever ready knowledge of this important subject will surely take advantage of this opportunity. These talks are given every Tuesday evening in the Cathedral School. Non-Catholics receive a cordial welcome.

WE are happy to learn that REV. JOSEPH MARTISZUNAS, of the class of '12, is now a priest of the Fort Wayne diocese.

JOSEPH SAURIS, who belonged to the same class, will shortly be ordained at the Polish Seminary, Detroit.

THE Church of the Immaculate Conception, Wellsville, O., was the scene of a pretty wedding on October 7th, when our former entertainer and star athlete, "GRAT" DUGAN, '11, took as his bride Miss Rose Broderick, a sister of his old classmate, PATRICK BRODERICK. If our wishes are fulfilled, as we hope, the young couple will enjoy a long and happy wedded life.

ANOTHER to enter the ranks of the newly-weds is NORMAN C. HUCKESTEIN, '07. NORMAN's life partner was formerly Miss Helen Weis. The ceremony was performed before a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary's Church, North Side, October 27. We extend to them also our heartiest felicitations.

THE famous DRAKE TRIO, who contributed so much to the life of the place six or eight years ago, as gymnasts and glee singers, have made good as tobacco salesmen. They represent the American Tobacco Company, makers of "Tuxedo"—FRANCIS at Pittsburgh, RALPH at Greensburg, and LAWRENCE at Butler.

A YOUNG man from Donora tells us that "JOE" NOROSKI, Ex-'12, is a deservedly popular personage in that little town. Joe has charge of the Foreign Department of the Union Savings and Trust Co. Rumor has it that two banks in that busy little suburb desired his services, but Joe chose the one we mention.

GEORGE COLUMBUS, Ex-'10, is a rising young real estate man on the South Side. We expect a great "deal" from George, one of these days.

WE chanced to run across NORMAN HEYL, '11, the other day. From what we could gather Mr. Heyl is quite a busy man in the offices of the National Tube Co.

LOUIS COOK, Ex-'11, is Advertising Agent for the Carnegie Steel Co., with his office in the Carnegie Building.

IT is with great pleasure that we announce the recovery of CORNELIUS BEGGY, Ex-'13, from a serious operation. For some weeks great fears were entertained for his life, but he is now out again among his host of friends.

ALOYSIUS MUEHLBAUER is a Sophomore in the University of Pittsburgh Medical School. The credits obtained at Duquesne enabled him to enter the local school as a second year man.

A NEATLY engraved card recently received bears the following announcement:

DR. A. P. DZMURA desires to announce the opening of his office, October 15th, 1915, 809 Westinghouse Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. His practice is limited to Internal Medicine.

It will be remembered that the University of Pittsburgh sent Dr. Dzmura to Europe for a special course.

I. VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.

ATHLETICS

THERE is a contagious atmosphere of real college spirit in the school at present. Not only is the student body well represented at the home games, but they travel abroad in great numbers with the teams, cheering their idols on to victory, and in rooting duels they have on each occasion discomfited those of the opposing camp. The bond of union has been drawn closely between the institution on the Bluff and the downtown schools by their mutual interest in sports—this interest largely promoted by that live wire, Frank Anton, former Academic manager.

This same college spirit has also clothed itself in football togs in the form of ex-Academics. The Nee brothers, Drengacz, and Baum, among others, have repeatedly and on their own initiative lined up against the Acs for scrimmage practice, and have taught their proteges the art of tackling, spilling, and handling the oval acceptably.

The Red and Blue has three representative gridiron teams this season, viz.: the Academics, the Independents, and the Juniors. The Academics have met one defeat—all will admit that it was not an inglorious defeat. The Independents, under the watchful eye of Fr. Rossenbach, have a clever combination, while the Juniors, with two able directors, Fr. Zindler and Fr. McGuigan, are making an enviable record.

ACADEMICS.

The Acs were listed to open their season with Duquesne High School on October 1, but weather conditions rendered play-

ing impossible. The disappointed followers of the team had to defer their hopes of seeing a good contest until the following week.

ACADEMICS 18—HOMESTEAD 0.

Showing a versatile attack in which forward passes played a prominent part, the Academics defeated the Homestead high school eleven at Homestead, October 8, 18-0. The teams were evenly matched and an interesting contest ensued.

ACADEMICS 12—CRAFTON 0.

Brilliant football featured the annual meeting of the Academics and the Crafton high school eleven at Crafton, October 15. The game was hotly contested from start to finish, and the Bluffites won out only through the superiority of their forward passing. The contest was crammed full of scientific football that delighted a large crowd of the supporters of both teams.

EAST LIBERTY 20—ACADEMICS 2.

Fighting hard, but unable to withstand the fierce line plunging of the East Liberty Academy backs, the Duquesne University Academics lost their first gridiron contest in four seasons, October 22, to the husky East End eleven on Brushton field, 20 to 2. The skillful passing game of the Academics netted them many long gains, and, had it not been for the poor condition of the Brushton field, on which the game was played, the Dukelets would have scored one or more touchdowns in the third period. Twice, once in the first and once in the third, the Dukelets were within the East Liberty 10-yard line, but lacked the punch to put it over.

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.

JUNIORS.

Early in the season, the Juniors organized with students selected from the High School classes. Father Zindler made a willing sacrifice of his time to manage the young hopefuls and to secure them games. Father McGuigan cordially accepted the invitation to coach. After strenuous practice had been indulged in, the following players were chosen: L. E., J. Whyte; L. T., Cratsley, Meister; L. G., McGrath, McDermott; C., Doyle; R. G., Braun; R. T., Kane, Fischer; R. E., Wajert, Etzel; Q. B., Davies; L. H., Walsh, Gallagher; R. H., Bott; F. B., Murphy. Wajert was the choice of his team-mates as captain; subsequent events have proven that their choice was a happy one.

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Number 3.

Christmas.

I.

THEY stood on the house-tops and gazed on the sky,
And looked at each other and wondered why,—
Did those people of Bethlehem—
A man and a maid not long before
Had been around from door to door—
No room in the houses of men!

II.

Beyond the town to a cave they went,
And the wise men who came from the Orient
And shepherds poor adored.
For, though strange what they saw and heard,
Without pause or doubt they believed the word:
"A Child Who is Christ, the Lord."

"C. M."



A Christmas Hymn.

From the Breviary. "A Solis Ortus Cardine".

FROM where the rising Sun doth bring,
To farthest bounds of earth, the morn
The Christ, the Anointed Prince, we sing,
Of Mary, ever-Virgin, born.

The World's Blest Maker is arrayed
In body of a humble slave;
And, not to lose the souls He made,
Puts on our flesh, that flesh to save.

Within the Mother's breast unstained
Grace enters from the heavenly throne
And in her bosom now contained
Are mysteries to her unknown.

Behold! a temple hath received
Its God—in home of modest breast;
Within her womb a son conceived
Hath She—the chaste, the unpossessed!

Fruit of the Virgin-birth, foretold
By Gabriel—and, while John abode
Within maternal bosom's fold,
He, joyous, spoke the imprisoned God!

He bore to make the straw His bed,
Nor in the manger scorned to lie;
And He with humble milk is fed
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

To God the Angels chant on high,
The heavenly chorus joyful sings—
And to the shepherds He is nigh—
The Shepherd, Maker of all things!

P. A. M.

Hymnus.

A SOLIS ortus cardine
Ad usque terrae limitem,
Christum canamus Principem,
Natum Maria Virgine.

Beatus Auctor saeculi
Servile corpus induit :
Ut carne carnem liberans,
Ne perderet quos condidit.

Castae Parentis viscera
Coelestis intrat gratia :
Venter Puellae bajulat
Secreta, quae non noverat.

Domus pudici pectoris
Templum repente fit Dei,
Intacta nesciens virum,
Concepit alvo Filium.

Enititur puerpera,
Quem Gabriel praedixerat,
Quem ventre Matris gestiens
Baptista clausum senserat.

Foeno jacere pertulit :
Praesepe non abhorruit :
Et lacte modico pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.

Gaudet chorus coelestium,
Et Angeli canunt Deo :
Palamque fit pastoribus
Pastor, Creator omnium.

Polonius

A Victim of His Own Plots.

POLONIUS is a man positive and over-confident, because, while aware that his mind was once strong, he knows not that it is become weak. It has been his custom to search out the truth by indirect means. Of the treasures of true wisdom he has never had a share. Such wisdom as Polonius displays, consists of a set of maxims. It is not the outflow of a rich or deep nature, but the little accumulated hoard of a long and superficial experience gained from the practice of his duties about the court from childhood to old age.

From the shadows of the numerous, blurred and, sometimes, foolish words of the Chamberlain, there shines forth at least one great truth, but it comes as a little bit of hard, unvital wisdom like the rest :

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

Along with his want of true wisdom Polonius is vain, haughty, boastful and somewhat overzealous in the discharge of his duties. This last trait too often leads him to be foolish and mean.

Thus the old man places no trust even in his own son. Shortly after bestowing on the latter his paternal blessing he despatches Reynaldo to spy upon him.

"See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out."

Polonius has less faith in the virtue of Ophelia, for he keeps her fettered with iron-clad admonitions and rules, and he sneakingly dogs her every step.

Hamlet is the object of Polonius's hatred, but fear causes the crafty statesman to disguise his own real feelings by treating the young Hamlet with respect and courtesy in his presence, whilst he is continually contriving for Hamlet's downfall behind his back.

Hamlet's opinion of Polonius can be gathered from the line: "That great body that you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts."

Hamlet, however, did not suspect Polonius of his underhand schemes and plots, for he says;

"I took thee for thy better."

But on becoming aware of the trickery, which is brought to light when Hamlet stabs the spying old man behind the arras, he addresses Polonius thus:

"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!"

And the intruding Chamberlain meets with a deserved end.

PHILIP N. BUCHMANN, '17.



The Poet as a Prophet.

A POET is one who sees nature as it really should be seen and feels things with a sense which all of us do not possess. A poet usually writes of the past, and in so doing prophesies the future. This has been many times proven in the poems of Shakespeare, Jonson, Harvey and many others. When a poet speaks of the "Good Old Days", he is really talking of the future, for, great men who have vast imaginative powers, build better than they know. In explanation of this statement, we find that poets and romancers prophesy the future even in material inventions, as well as in the discoveries of eminent scientists.

Gravitation, for instance, was foretold by Shakespeare in the year 1609. The prophecy is found in the play, "Romeo and Juliet", when Romeo is professing his love for Juliet, and he compares its strength to the attraction of the earth. The following lines contain the prophecy;

"But the strong base and building of my love,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it."

The very definition of gravitation is given in those lines, which can easily be comprehended.

Again, Shakespeare makes a prophecy of a phenomenon which scientists discovered later, namely, that of the sex of

flowers. What could be more explicit than the line:

"Pale primoses that die unmarried"?

So it follows that Shakespeare is a prophet as well as a distinguished poet.

In 1628 Sir William Harvey foretold the discovery, which was made some time after, of the circulation of the blood. The following lines of Shakespeare explained in advance the important part which the heart plays in circulating life through the body. It was thus he foretold it:

"You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

Ben Jonson also has a share in these prophecies, for, in one of his plays, he credits the Dutch with an invention that foreshadows the submarine.

"It is an antenna runs under water
With a smug nose, and has a nimble tail,
Made like an auger, with which tail she wiggles,
Between the costs of a ship and sinks it straight."

These lines prophesy the most deadly enemy of modern battleships—the submarine. A modern battleship can withstand a direct bombardment and may escape destruction; but let a submarine creep up from behind and lay a mine, and the ship sinks to its death quickly and surely. This land-made fish is used to great advantage in the present war with apparent success.

Of all these prophecies, however, the one which has obtained the most remarkable fulfillment is the one expressed by Darwin, the grandfather of the evolutionist. This prophecy is contained in the following lines, taken from "The Loves of the Plants".

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam afar,
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car,
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the field of air."

In these lines are foretold great instruments of destruction to humanity. These speed-dragons have eaten up more lives than our largest city can accommodate. We have all these before our eyes to-day: the steamboat, the automobile and the flying machine, these horseless wagons and barges, these brainless birds, who have the brains of men instead, are playing an important part in the "World War", which we all now read so much about.

To change the scene, we find Bellamy describing the ideal shop of the future; he tells of the weighing machines, adding

machines and typewriters, in fact, of all those things which make the department stores, offices and places of business, not scenes of general confusion, but centres of system and order.

Enough, however, of examples and quotations! For, when we consider the power of vision, the insight into Nature and her realms, that characterize the genuine poet, we no longer wonder at his enjoying the gift, not only of painting vividly the present, but of forecasting and even of sketching somewhat the future triumphs of human skill and ingenuity.

RAYMOND N. BAUM, '18.



The Cat.

TUSCAN, Thou wanderer through the realms of night
On back yard fences, curved in forms of grace!
There, with thy kin of non-melodious race
To sleepers givest dubious delight!
Thou whom the Egyptians sacred once did hold,
Tirelessly dost sing thy sonnet without end,
Eliciting dire threats in man, thy friend.
As he from land of slumber doth himself unfold,
And as the musicale in volume shows increase,
Goes to the window, muttering "ye cats",
Whiffs through it his old shoes and ragged hats,
Hissing the while upon the night air "cease!"

C. MORGAN, 2 Com.

At Rest.

I dare not hope with David's harp to chase
The evil spirit from the troubled breast;
Enough for me, if I can find such grace,
To listen to the strain, and be at rest.

J. K.

Memento Mori.

ONCE, while I strolled in a garden,
When Day was beginning to close,
I chanced to behold the form
Of a drooping, desolate rose.

The wondrous reds it had borrowed
Rich from the pristine dawn,
Were borne through the fallen shadows
Back to the sun, now gone.

Its sweet breath, the rarest perfume,
Like incense, from the flower,
Was wafted to heaven, a token
Of praise at its dying hour.

The moonbeams that softly filtered
Through the mystic shadows dim
Gently tinged the form with silver,
That breathed out its soul to Him.

A gentle breeze from the Southland
Came whispering o'er the lea,
And caressing the drooping flower,
Seemed singing soft to me.

E'en thou, as a flower, art blooming,
Full in youth's garden fair
Soon wilt thou cease and be leaving,
To be free at last from care.

And, at the trails dividing,
There at the day's sad close,
May thy life be as rare and wondrous
As this drooping, dying rose.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Lucky Thirteen.

A SOLITARY individual came out of the Jefferson building into the nocturnal gloom. It was raining, but the person was not unprepared. He wore a light-weight surcoat. He also carried an umbrella against which the descending water pelted with increasing velocity. For the most part, however, the rain came down in gusts of wind that greatly diminished the utility of his protective apparatus.

Consequently he sought relief in speed, and hurried onward. At length an angry gust of wind wrenched his umbrella from his hand, dashed it against a convenient pole; thereby staving in the greater part of its ribs. A muttered imprecation, a flash of lightning, an extra downpour of rain, and the wayfarer hastened on.

Blaming himself in no soft words, he trod along the deserted thoroughfare. "John Hargrave, you unutterable fool! You slave ten hours or more, a day, for an ungrateful corporation, getting but a mere pittance, in return. At the end of the year, more work,—but not more pay! Oh, it's disgusting, this galley slavery. Rain, rain, nothing but rain!"

Thus John Hargrave trudged on, his temper as unsettled as the elements.

The storm became more violent: the lightning cut the sky in ribbons; thunder roared and the rain fell furiously.

Seeing that fate had her thumb down, Hargrave despaired of reaching his domicile before morning. Therefore he cast about for shelter.

A café glittered on a nearby corner, but being a prohibitionist, Hargrave disdained to enter. Besides, it was nearly closing time.

A short distance further on, he espied a department store with an over-hanging roof. A man was already making use of this haven. Hargrave hastened to join him and received a hearty welcome from his companion in misfortune who proved to be a genial fellow with an interesting line of talk.

The two men, thus secured from the wrath of the storm, idly conversed on all the live issues of the day. Nor was their conversation thus limited to those topics, for a peculiar occurrence led them to delve into the realm of ghosts.

Not long after Hargrave made his debut in his present society, the ancient clock in a nearby tower began to toll the dismal hour of twelve. Some mysterious instinct forced Hargrave and company to count the strokes. What then was their surprise when the big clock continued on till it struck thirteen!

The significance of the whole affair altered the trend of thought. Then and there, the discourse turned to spirits.

In due time, the downpour became a drizzling rain which promised to continue indefinitely. Thereupon these late prowlers set out for their respective homes.

The scenes shift. Morning found the whole city agitated. A robbery, remarkable for its thoroughness and daring, had taken place at 12 P. M. the previous night on the outskirts of the city, near the home of Hargrave. The pay-car of the traction company moving under secret orders had been held up and looted, one guard being shot dead in the maneuver. It seems that the bandits were fully informed as to the orders of the pay-car; hence the ease with which the affair was conducted. Obviously, official secrets had leaked out. Detectives were convinced of this and sought an inside party.

Circumstances pointed to Hargrave. As an employe of the company, he knew all the details pertaining to the pay-car. He was not at home that night. His clothes were daubed with mud. Then, too, he was in financial difficulties and needed money badly.

Further details, leading up to complete circumstantial evidence, were unnecessary. Sufficient to say, he was arrested, tried and convicted.

The judge was about to pronounce sentence. His duty was clear. The jury had brought in a verdict of guilt. But in accordance with the custom, His Honor asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his own defense.

In a dazed sort of a way, Hargrave arose and mechanically asserted his innocence. Like an automaton he traced his actions that fatal night from the time he left the company's office until he reached home. He also mentioned his waiting under cover during the severest part of the storm, his conversation with another wayfarer at the time and the incident of the clock.

Here there was a commotion in the courtroom. A jurymen arose and interrupted the speaker. "Your Honor," he said, "I was the man with whom the prisoner talked that night. I remember well the striking of that clock. It is as the prisoner stated. The clock struck one too many. We were together at the moment of the robbery, four miles away, which, as witnesses show, occurred at midnight."

Thus did the mystic thirteen contradict the superstition of ages and become the life-long friend of John Hargrave.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Abiogenesis.

THE belief in the creation of organic matter by the intervention of some omnipotent power has formed part of the religious creeds of nearly all races, of even the most crude and barbarous. The expression of this belief is to be found eminently in the tales of Persian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman mythology. The mystery that caused the construction of such elaborate legends has vanished before the teaching of Divine Revelation, but to the Materialists of even our day it is still a bug-bear in their theories of evolution and absolute independence of matter. To explain it, they are compelled to resort to the inadequate hypothesis of spontaneous generation of organic from inorganic matter. Nor is this a theory—of recent birth, for it has attracted the attention of philosophers from the earliest ages until our own times. It has had place at different times under various names. It has been called *generatio aequivoca*, *generatio primaria*, *archigenesis*, *archebiosis* and *abiogenesis*. The last is the most common name at the present day.

Abiogenesis may therefore be defined as the origin of organic or living from unorganic or non-living matter without the influx of a living seed or germ. It is so called because it is a system teaching that living matter has sprung into existence spontaneously and without a generator. So defined it may easily be seen that abiogenesis is just the converse of biogenesis which signifies, therefore, the birth of organic bodies from organic matter. It has two divisions, *homogenesis* or birth from a living body of the same species, and *heterogenesis* or birth from a living body of a different species. According to the above definitions, *heterogenesis* is more closely related to *abiogenesis* than is *homogenesis*.

It has been stated previously that this doctrine of abiogenesis found adherents even in the early periods of philosophy. The Shamanistic religion of the Accadians taught that the universe arose from a chaos of waters, that, gradually, composite living beings with the bodies of birds and the tails of fishes were generated and that these were finally evolved into the graduated scale of living species found in the world to-day. Thales, the first philosopher of Greece and founder of the Ionian school of philosophic thought, held that out of water all things are made. He was, as Aristotle thinks, led to the adoption of this theory most probably by observing the moisture of nutriment and by reasoning analogously from the alluvial deposits of the rivers of

his native country. Anaximander, an associate of Thales, believed all things to have originated from infinite matter. He held that from the boundless all things have come by a separative process. Living things originated from the moisture of the earth through the agency of heat. The first animals were fishes from which man was gradually evolved. Anaximenes taught that all material life comes from air, infinite in quantity, which by a thickening and thinning process gives rise to all material things, both organic and inorganic. Heraclitus, one of the foremost members of the later Ionian school, contended that the whole universe, man included, originated from a material fire, which for him is the acting force of the world. Democritus, the ablest and best-known expounder of Greek Atomism, held with Anaximander that plants and animals sprang from the moist earth, though he adds, "through the favorable concourse of atoms."

Aristotle, himself, says that everywhere in the universe continuity manifests itself and that life offers no exception. Living things have arisen from non-living matter and the sponge is the intermediate between plants and animals while the monkey is the connecting link between man and the inferior animals. It is thus that he strives to maintain the doctrine of universal continuity. The Epicureans followed Democritus to a great extent, holding with him that all matter, even organic, originated from atoms. The first living creatures sprang from the earth and were monstrous and deformed, those only surviving which were fit to support and reproduce themselves. We find that even St. Augustine, many of the Fathers, and the Scholastics thought organic matter to have sprung from inorganic, postulating, of course, the fact that this generation, was made possible by an intrinsic virtue impressed from the beginning upon all things by God, which in favorable circumstances was able to produce plants, and animals of an inferior order.

Passing over the scholastic opinion of abiogenesis, we come down to the seventeenth century. Van Helmont, a German philosopher of this century, influenced greatly by the medical doctrines of Paracelsus, held a somewhat absurd theory of abiogenesis. He believed that mice could be spontaneously generated by placing dirty linen in a receptacle together with a few grains of wheat. He had a similar idea for generating scorpions. Buannoni claimed that rotten wood which had been washed in from the sea had engendered worms which, in turn, had generated butterflies. These opinions met with a great deal of opposition and were

finally disproved through the efforts of two Italians, Redi and Valissneri. Redi easily demonstrated that the worms which were to be found in putrefied meat owed their origin to eggs laid by flies, and that these worms are nothing more nor less than the larvae of future flies. Valissneri showed that the insects which infest fruits are larvae of a nocturnal butterfly and were produced from the development of an egg introduced into the fruit when it was a blossom.

Such clear demonstrations arrived at only through the tireless energy of these devoted scientists, seemed to destroy at least the more absurd opinions about spontaneous generation. But the invention of the microscope temporarily rehabilitated this theory already disproved by the two Italians. With the aid of the microscope any person could see multitudes of microscopic eels in vinegar, stagnant water, sour milk, etc. Needham attributed this apparent spontaneous generation to a certain vegetative force in inorganic matter. Buffon, who applied the doctrine of evolution to the zoological sciences, held that all living matter originated from inorganic matter in the beginning. This development, he thinks, took place in the sea somewhere in the polar regions, assigning as the reason for such a conclusion the fact that these parts of the earth would be the earliest cooled. Besides this initial transition, he held that a permanent development of the same kind is constantly taking place through the action of some blind vegetative force. He said that the ultimate constituents of organisms are set free after death and become very active, forming with others swarms of microscopic insects. Needham took putrescible matter, boiled it, and yet, according to him, later found animalculae that had previously not been there. These gratuitously accepted theories were disproved by the able Abbé Spallanzani with the aid of the very same instrument, the microscope. He showed that in the experiment performed by Needham sufficient sterilization had not taken place and that germs had been admitted from the outside. The Abbé performed the same experiment in nineteen hermetically sealed vessels and not one contained animalculae.

Continuing our brief review, we come down to more recent times. Among the late observers may be mentioned: Schwann, Schulze, Schroeder, Dusch, Pasteur, Pouchet, Haeckel, Huxley and Bastian. In 1868, M. Pouchet claimed that he had engendered living organisms in a medium exposed to oxygen alone. About the same time, Dr. Pasteur, known principally for the

research work upon the virus that produces hydrophobia, excelled all his colleagues in showing that without germs there is no generation. *Omne vivum ex ovo*, said he in the words of Harvey. His demonstrations are so conclusive that many of the leading scientists gave up the theory and actually allied themselves with Dr. Pasteur against those who still tenaciously held on to this already disproved hypothesis. Thus we see Tyndall and Huxley fighting side by side with Pasteur in his great combat with Dr. Bastian. This was indeed a signal triumph for Pasteur, after he had met with almost universal opposition from the scientific world at the beginning of his inquiry. Provoked by the false conclusions of Pouchet, Pasteur showed his colleagues of the Academy of Sciences that no organic body, no matter how small it might be imagined, could develop in a sterilized liquid when the germs existing in neighboring bodies were prevented from entering. To accomplish this, he raised the temperature to 100° C. and closed the mouth of the container with gun-cotton. This substance permitted the air to enter during the cooling process but kept out all solid particles and with them all animalculae. Under these conditions, this liquid will never acquire animalculae and will never undergo a change. He conclusively proved, then, that what was apparently spontaneous generation was only the development of living germs or eggs deposited upon the liquid or putrescible matter from the air.

After a brief summary of the history of this theory, it behooves us to show how great is the difference between the theory of spontaneous generation held by St. Augustine and some of the scholastics on the one hand, and the theory held by materialists. The scholastics, as has been said, believed that living bodies of inferior species could be generated without the intervention of a germ of their own species through a virtue or potency impressed upon inorganic matter by God from the time of creation; when this matter is placed in suitable circumstances inferior plants and animals may be produced. It is evident that this is quite opposed to the materialistic doctrine, for the scholastics held that only some plants and animals originated thus and these only of a very inferior species; such as insects, reptiles, and shell-fish; they claimed that the potency of inorganic matter was not sufficient for the production of organic matter but, on the contrary, required certain active dispositions in the world itself or the intervention of heavenly bodies determining that potency; God they made the author of all the potency con-

tained in inorganic bodies and so ultimately reduced the production of all organic matter to God. The fathers and the scholastics arrived at this theory on account of a deficiency in the knowledge of natural physics as well as the lack of proper scientific instruments to investigate the natures of the more minute beings. This theory, though it has been disproved, as applied to the actual world, does not seem intrinsically repugnant, for, inasmuch as organic matter eminently contains inorganic matter, it may be held without absurdity that organic matter can be produced from inorganic under favorable conditions established by the Creator.

If, however, our atheistic and materialistic opponents endeavored or hoped to see therein the annihilation of religion, they would forget the fact that St. Thomas, and many of the fathers, inclined toward this theory with the contention that God is the ultimate agent in such a genesis. So, if these learned men of the Church could believe in spontaneous generation and still be champions of religion, it is evident that there is nothing in the theory contrary to the teaching of Divine Revelation, unless the ultimate agency of God is denied. Modern materialists acknowledging, with Pasteur, and even with Tyndall and Huxley that there is no actual occurrence of abiogenesis, contend that the first living cell took its existence from inorganic matter without any agency on the part of God under favorable concomitant conditions of moisture, temperature, atmospheric pressure, etc. It is evident that they are compelled to argue thus to sustain their theory of absolute evolution from eternal matter. Their inconsistency is apparent in the fact that, while they are compelled by experiments to reject constant, daily abiogenesis, they still hold a theory of primal abiogenesis which absolutely no experiment can reach.

Now the theory of spontaneous generation as held by materialists is contradictory to experience and reason. Accurately performed experiments constantly show that plants and animals do spring from other plants and animals of the same species. Now since such sedulously performed observations can find no organisms that are not generated from another of the same species, by induction, the same ought to hold in the case of organisms that appeared in ages past. Now the scientist is very insistent upon the importance of experiments, allowing to his opponents no universal induction, no theories, no hypotheses. Since, nowadays, not even the meanest weed nor the smallest

insect can be generated without a germ, what savant would dare assert that the whole, well-ordered universe had sprung from dead clay alone? Materialists, contrary to their own system, now begin to hypothesize. They say that these phenomena do not occur now because the earth is in its old age. When the earth was young, they insist, things were different from what they are now. It is rather a treat to hear those, who generally criticize sharply anything that seems to rebel against the ordinary laws of nature, contend that, contrary to Nature as we know her, organisms arose without a parent organism of the same species.

Furthermore, the materialistic theory is contrary to reason. The origin of life from inorganic matter alone implies the origin of a more perfect from a less perfect being; it implies the origin of a being without a proportionate cause, for a being cannot communicate that which it does not possess. Grant the abiogenesis of the materialists and it is all over with the principle of causality. Now a system that results in the destruction of this principle is opposed to the dictates of reason and so is false. Therefore, since materialism, in its advocacy of absolute primal abiogenesis, commits such an offense, it is opposed to reason and is false.

So, for us, there is no such thing as abiogenesis. Certainly we cannot hold the theory of the materialists, nor that of the scholastics, for though the latter is not opposed to reason and contains no intrinsic absurdity, the experiments of reliable microscopists is sufficient warrant to reject the theory as opposed to experience. And so, abiogenesis is worthy of being relegated to the ash heap of false and disproved theories.

·JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



The Royal Babe.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid!
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

KEBLE.

Evolution of a Composition.

OUR dear departed friend, Summer Vacation, as has long since been buried in the dusty annals of the past. By this time the first spasmodic outbursts of grief have spent their force and the tears have dried; only a low moan is occasionally heard. The "body studios" have settled into a state of deep melancholic resignation. Now, our duty in scholastic life is to cheer our friends and rap our enemies; but for us to intrude thus upon your sorrow with our shallow jests would grate on your torn, unstrung nerves; it would be but a hollow mockery. So we have decided to write on something serious, something in sympathetic conformity with your gloomy mood. We shall review the trials and agonies we all encounter in evolving a class-room composition.

In the first place we choose (or have chosen for us) a subject of universal interest with which we are all fully acquainted, as—"Thoughts on Drink", "Relation of Archaeology to Present Day Philosophy", "Elocution as a Moral Factor in the Education of Children", and such like.

The next thing to do is to have (or create) thoughts on the subject. Our first thoughts are invariably of gloom, our second, of despair. We finally manage to scrape up a few puny ideas that slowly and softly appear out of the mist. No one arrangement seems better than any other, so we decide to sprinkle them promiscuously; where the tree falls, there does it lie. We look over the papers and see that the skeleton is complete; the idea slowly dawning upon us that it is also a dead one.

Now the agony proper begins; we write out the stuff in the copy-book. In searching for an introduction, we writhe, squirm and struggle, to pen a few short, concise, interesting remarks that will make the reader sit up, expectant, and take notice; a few judicious opinions on appropriate general subjects that will show the broad range and immense scope of our intellect, and our superb command of language. But the dignified sentences rise up in sudden mutiny, become quite embarrassed and stage frightened, and we feel that we have but interrupted the reader's thoughts.

However, we decide that our true value will show in the body of the work, *ut ita dicam*. And verily, and indeed, it does. A thousand or so verbs leap up and cry, "Take me for that noun." But they refuse to stay put, and slide around, playing hide and seek. One verb, or maybe two, gain (or gains?)

predominance over the weaker ones and keep (or keeps?) recurring again and again in every paragraph—rather annoying!

Our vision of easy victory very suddenly dies out. We chew the end of our pencil, expectorate splinters of wood and bits of graphite, run our digits through our silky waves of cranial covering and groan, *summo pectore*, in soul-rending emphatic terms.

But by and by the course straightens, the channel deepens, and a gentle current sets in. A few extra thoughts appear, and, like tributaries, help to swell the tide; the motion is now started and soon everything glides on as sweet as the strains of the "Rosary". We rapidly approach the end, (not ours but of the composition).

We prepare for the grand climax, whose effect shall be like the thunderous roar of a Mozartian finale, with solemn, stately, ponderous sentences, saturated with thought and wisdom which carry a great moral, and deep philosophic message to the world, flowing from our pen like a tender benediction, soothing, consoling and cheering. But, the flood of thought and word is now a raging Niagara and can't be stopped. We grope about in distress for the sentences, fool around with the dislocated phrases, rally the crippled clauses, and finally manage to produce an ending that seems more like a humble apology for having written at all.

We leave it alone in its—ignominy; the easiest step in the composing. It usually happens quite naturally, or automatically; we look out the window—a dog fight, fire engine, or base-ball game, and presto—the composition receives a long and much needed rest.

A few days, or months, later, we accidentally come upon the manuscript in a drawer, a kitchen pantry, an attic, or a coal bin.

Revision. Just to show our complete mastery over the subject we disarrange the order of things; poking a clause, prodding a phrase, beating a verb that seems too active, into passive submission. We flit like a butterfly (metaphorically, of course,) from phrase to noun, to sentence, tacking on a few adjectives here, pruning a verb there, cutting up in general, everywhere: a saucy pronoun stands above the others—push it down; a too great exuberance of adjectives crops up—use the sickle, for in high class literature (like the Duquesne MONTHLY) one should merely hint at things, not state directly; anything that sounds something like what we want will do quite well, just so that it bears our thought without stumbling.

We rewrite the composition in our copy-book with much care—and many inkblots. We then survey the creation with a critical eye, heave a hefty sigh of satisfaction, smile sweetly, and consider ourselves quite fair, indeed. The copy-book is placed with the others.

The following Monday our stupendous master-piece is broken up, mashed, mutilated, dissected, crushed, masticated, boiled, sterilized, distilled, granulated and pulverized, in a word, annihilated, by the cruel, critical professor, until, under his expert manipulation, our grandiloquent creation appears like a cracked tin penny beside the glinting pile of Rockefeller. Oh, how the mighty have fallen!

J. L. DOBBINS, 4th High.



The Aims, Objects and Future of the Juvenile Court.

JUDGE JAMES B. DREW, '87-'89, of the County Court, and a member of the University Board of Advisors, made an exhaustive and impressive address on "The Juvenile Court, Its Aims, Its Object and Its Future", on Sunday, November 28, at the second of the series of lectures under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Societies of the Pittsburgh diocese, being held in Synod Hall, Cathedral Square, Rev. Thomas Devlin presiding. Among other things he said:

"It is much more important to prevent crime than to punish the offender. The history of criminology shows that the punishment of individuals is not a successful method of preventing crime. Crime is most constantly on the increase. If punishment prevented crime there would be fewer people in our jails each succeeding year.

"The increase of crime is largely among the youth of the nation. It is said that half of the inmates of reformatories, jails and prisons in this country are under 25 years of age. It is well known that the seeds of criminality are planted in youth.

"At present more than 25 per cent. of the public expenditures of the country is in dealing with criminals and the insane. The cost is increasing. If it keeps on at the present rate it will grow to one-third of the total expenditure and in time to one-half."

A Legend.

I.

THUS spake a soul that was obliged to wait
In Purgatory, to the Angel of the Gate :
"I pray that I may be allowed to go
To earth again; the places I did know,
Before my body died, I'd like to see,
And find if still my friends remember me."

II.

The angel gave permission, and the soul
Sped far through space until it reached its goal
And came unto the earth, and then the town
Where it had lived; it wandered up and down,
And met with many people it had known,
But found that all their thoughts of it were flown !

III.

Then went it to the house where it had lived;
But all was gayety, and no one grieved
Because a member of the place was dead.
"Strange I am so forgotten, I who led
In all things of importance that were here,
And I have not been dead more than a year."

IV.

The soul departed and sought out the glade
Which place was where its body had been laid.
Alas! alas! that so it should be found—
Rank weeds and grass grew thick upon the mound.
The soul was grieved and uttered forth a groan;
"The wind," a passerby remarked, "doth moan."

V.

Thus to the angel: "I am now content
To wait in patience till my time be spent."
The angel made reply: "It is not so
That thou of added suffering should know;
Thy mission now is but to enter Heaven,
For all that was against thee is forgiven."

C. MORGAN,
Commercial.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Christmas Greeting!

WE extend to all our subscribers and readers, as well as to all the members of their families, our sincere wishes for a Happy and Joyous Christmas. May they enjoy to the utmost the blessings which Divine Providence has, from the first celebration of this great festival, mercifully designed for those whose hearts are imbued with the true spirit of Christian humility, based on practical faith, and accompanied by the peace of a good Conscience! May our faithful advertisers realize abundantly a large share of the prosperity with which this city, in common with our vast suburban population, has been so singularly blessed!



Peace to Men of Good Will!

THE approach of the Christmas festival brings home to us in a most emphatic manner the contrast between the significance of this great Christian feast and the unfortunate conditions that prevail throughout the greater part of the civilized world. Everywhere except in our own midst, men are writhing in the throes of war, and its accompanying horrors: the the daily shedding of human blood; the ruin of cities and countries, with their entire populations; famine, pestilence and desolation spreading over a vast portion of the globe; the kindling of a fratricidal hatred between nations and peoples that had for centuries mingled in the common enjoyment of Christian brotherhood!

Perhaps the thought of the Divine Redeemer coming down as a gentle child, to save a perishing world, will help to soften

the hearts of warring men and direct their minds to the happy prospect of that Christian peace, with which was laden the very atmosphere of Bethlehem, and which formed not only the theme of the Angelic song, but the burden of the first heavenly message, and the substance of the first divine blessing, breathed upon a sinful world by the heralds of the Infant God!



The Report of the Catholic Educational Association.

THE report of the proceedings and addresses of the tenth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, held at St. Paul, Minn., last July, affords a wonderful fund of very instructive and important reading for the entire Catholic community throughout the United States. Not a single category of the Catholic body has been overlooked in these proceedings; not a single interest has been omitted from these discussions; and, therefore, everybody may read them, or some portion thereof, with profit and edification. There is encouragement for the teacher, there is advice, as well as exhortation for the pupil of every grade, there is warning for the parent, there is suggestion even for the pastor.

What is naturally of deeper and more immediate interest to us, is, of course, the series of important discussions that affect the status and progress and programme of the College. Here we find abundant food for thought, and helpful suggestions for all-round improvement. We feel safe in saying that never before has this department been treated to more varied, more thorough and more fruitful deliberations. Every one of the subjects that usually fall within the College curriculum was subjected to able and exhaustive discussion.

It was, also, a happy coincidence that this great meeting should have been held at St. Paul, where the members of the Association were treated to one of the most eloquent and scholarly addresses that were ever delivered to this body, by the illustrious Archbishop Ireland, who in his opening sermon practically exhausted for all future time the important and absorbing issues that affect the entire range and subject matter of Catholic education in the country. It will ever be for us an unfailing source of overwhelming argument, and a final as well as authoritative presentation of the Catholic position.

Schools and Departments.

Department of Biology.

In ridding the campus of a threatened plague of locusts the Pre-Medics deserve the lasting gratitude of the "stewgent" body. Likewise the common house fly, the butterfly and the lowly earth-worm (thanks to Brother Ammon's industrious diggings) have practically disappeared since the beginning of the course.

One by one have the stately "bull" frogs sacrificed their lives on the dissecting pan of science.

Students desiring to visit the University Zoo will make application to Brother Ammon. He reports the animals to be in good condition and decidedly on the increase.

Periodical trips are made to Carnegie Museum to study the exhibits, and to the parks and country to gather material.

Additions to the library of the department in way of donations or loans of books on biological subjects, for use as reference reading, and especially good controversial works on evolution, will be greatly appreciated by the young men in this course. Mr. John O'Donnell of St. John Hall will gladly answer all communications.

Department of Chemistry.

The chemistry lab. is still intact, notwithstanding the ferocious battering attack of the Fourth High, the Pre-Medics, and incidentally the milder sieges of the College Seniors and Juniors. It's a sad story, mates. O'Malley and Scully were laid out in the first scrimmage with Caustic Soda. Diranna attempted a get-away with a beaker of Sulphuric on his hip. Mr. Ether, enraged to the kindling point at Mr. Obruba's untimely interference with the courtship of Miss Ethyl, rudely slapped him on the cheek. Obruba did not wait to turn the other, but took the count. With deadly aim a molecule of Ammonium hit Mr. Karabasz in the left optic. No class was spared, even the saintly seniors lost one of their number. Phosphorous alone, sublime in his strength, inspired the awe of the ruthless student, and even as his prototype, the evening star, was beheld from afar off, and permitted to pursue the noiseless tenor of his way in the air column of the inverted glass tube.

However, much real good was accomplished. Many warts have been removed.

Members of the Fourth High visited the Wilkesburg filtration plant several Saturdays ago. After a foraging expedition in

which many hapless grasshoppers and frogs were ensnared, they were entertained at the home of Mr. Sullivan, and later invaded the nearby domicile of Professor O'Connor, formerly of Duquesne University. Mrs. O'Connor retained her enviable reputation as hostess.

More trips are in store, but they will be postponed until after the Indian Summer, the Thanksgiving play, and football.

Department of Fine Arts.

The Department of Fine Arts has, this year, been developed to a much greater extent than is generally realized, even by some of the student body. Professor Randby, who by the way, is a well-known member of the Art Institute, is devoting to it considerable time and thought. By his cheerful, conciliating manner he has endeared himself to the members of the class, in whom he has elicited a spirit of genuine enthusiasm for things aesthetic. The courses embrace preparatory and advanced classes in drawing, designing, decorating and oil-painting. In the latter class the number of candidates has noticeably increased. They enjoy a larger freedom of choice in the selection of objects to paint from, as long as the latter are within their powers of execution, including such work as portrait, figure, animal, landscape, marine, and still-life painting. In fact no restriction is placed upon the individual preference of the student. The result is an added interest in the work on the part of the youthful artist who knows that the task before him is of his own choosing.

Among the older students of the painting class a few deserve special mention for earnest and consistent work—particularly Dyson and Ackerman, as well as Kaczmarek and Drengacz.

About the new students it is a little too early as yet to make any predictions; but if last year's work is to be taken as a criterium, better results may be looked for during this session, with the nucleus of seasoned candidates, already mentioned, to set the pace.

The hall devoted to the study of fine arts is large and well lighted, from the North, while the schedule of hours set apart for the class makes it possible for the students to work in colors all through the season, even in the darker winter months.

Although individual mention has already been made of some members of the class, there will be no danger of repetition in adding a few items of further interest about these ambitious young men.

Ackerman is particularly good for his all-round work in outling; Dyson shows the results of the earnest and painstaking work which he went through at home during the entire summer vacation; Drengacz hasn't yet started in colors, but his present work in Black and White is keeping him both interested and busy; Kaczmarek has been particularly effective and successful in pastel, and will soon be starting in oil.

Professor Randby himself is at present engaged upon an important order for a large Marine subject, which has been selected by a well-known connoisseur, and which will be of a distinctively American atmosphere.

Department of Speech Arts.

There is great activity in the Speech Arts department. Catching Dean Lloyd as he was hurrying through the corridors yesterday, we detained him long enough to get from him the statement that his time has never been so closely filled as now. This, he says, is owing to the fact that practically all departments of his work are floating on a full tide.

The "efficiency" propaganda in all large interests is hurrying the men and women to a better preparation for their work. Public Speaking is having an active inning on this account. It is being found, day after day, that the ability to express oneself well, marks the principal difference between competency and incompetency. We speak of personalities, says Mr. Lloyd, but is there such a thing as "personality without expression? In other words, "expression" is personality's medium. As men and women come to know this, the value of purifying, clarifying and augmenting their stream of vocal and physical expression, is more and more recognized.

An unusual interest, too, is being manifested in the presentation of plays by local organizations. In addition to the staging of plays, the conducting of literary classes for various clubs is keeping the department constantly busy.

The Dean, himself, has been, for some time past, drilling the members of the Sewickley Valley Hospital Cot Club for the presentation of "The Commuters", which took place on Thursday evening, October 29, in the auditorium of the Broad Street public school. Mr. Lloyd was assisted in the direction of the play by Mr. Ewing L. Rafferty, the well-known Princeton football official.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

The commercial success of a community increases in proportion to the variety of the products, the facilities with which these are marketed, the transportation utilities, the strength of its financial institutions and the preparedness of its business men to anticipate, meet and master future business needs. In recent years a new factor has been discovered that helps to increase the efficiency of its citizens. The development of this latent power permits the thriving municipality either to safeguard its future from industrial encroachments or to outgrow older environments. This gem, as yet not highly polished, is commercial education of university grade—such as Duquesne inaugurated in 1913.

So many examples of business success, directly attributable to this excellent element, make it not facile to controvert the argument in favor of preparedness. Prestige, prosperity and profits, in these progressive periods are terms synonymous with its characteristic condition.

That young business men in Pittsburgh are anxious and ambitious to assure its supremacy, that they are keen observers of changing conditions and are firm believers in the new system is evidenced by the very large enrollment in the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, this year.

A registration of over 300 students is a record growth. Particularly large is the enrollment in the seven accounting courses: four sections in finance, and three groups in business law. Instruction is offered, also, in commercial Spanish and business English, in transportation, industry, selling, economics and credits and collection. A selection is made of trade-topics from which any man may choose two or more subjects, a knowledge of which will save him annually more money than the cost of tuition and which undoubtedly will be his most profitable investment.

It is not unusual to hear the older men remark during recess, that previous knowledge of a specific explanation would have saved their companies fat fees. This school is the clearing-house of time-saving experiences.

Unique in the history of commercial education in universities is the class preparing for the examination for the State's degree of Certified Public Accountant. The first class in such instruction is now completing its term, and, it is hoped and earnestly believed that all the members are qualified to pass the State Board. Sessions for this particular group are held twice each week. Six practical certified public accountants, several able lawyers and

financial experts are the specialists coaching the class: the instruction is incomparable; the method of imparting information most practical—a combination of selected problems, quizzes and lectures: the course is most difficult; the qualifications for entrance most stringent; therefore, the class is numerically smallest. The limitation in size permits, practically, individual instruction.

The accounting teaching staff is augmented, this year, by the addition of three certified public accountants: Messrs. L. P. Collins, E. A. Ford Barnes, and Irwin C. Snyder. Mr. Collins instructs the advanced accounting class. Mr. Barnes teaches accounting practice; Mr. Snyder tutors the cost finding and systematizing group; Mr. W. M. Deviny is busy with a large fundamental accounting gathering, and with a committee of young men studying the accounting practice and procedure for public utilities, the decisions of our public service commissions and the interpretation of the Interstate Commerce Law.

Even though the school has a very strong faculty in the accounting courses, it would be incorrect to conclude that it specializes in accountancy. It realizes that commercial success and financial rewards are obtained quickest and retained longest, when the individuals' specialized structure of studies is founded on fundamentally sound economic principles: it advocates the selection, by each student, of his minor topics, from certain coördinated courses in business, commerce, finance and language and then, only, the choice of a major topic—one which the student can master and which is to constitute his life's work.

Dr. Walker has two large classes, each in money and banking and corporation finance; these, with many other duties and responsibilities, make him the busiest professor in the school. Needless to make any comment upon his qualification as a teacher and as an executive.

For another year, the courses in industrial organization and management, selling and economics, are under the capable guidance of Mr. H. P. Shearman. On account of the highly technical aspects of salesmanship and industry these classes are limited. The class in economics—the cornerstone of successful business—is largely attended.

The fact that many of our young men and women appreciate the growing importance of commercial intercourse with our Latin American neighbors, is evidenced by the excellent enrollment in the commercial Spanish groups. We shall be much chagrined, if, in the next few years, we do not hear that some of these pro-

gressive people have attained eminence in South American trade. Mr. Joseph Corriols, a gentleman of Spanish birth, who has traveled extensively in Pan-America, is the instructor.

On account of the many legal aspects of complex commercial transactions, these days, business men and firms realize the advantage of a knowledge of business law. The school, for this reason, has selected an able array of legal talent. Then these practical attorneys have mapped out a course of instructions that will, indubitably, satisfy the most critical business man. The staff of lecturers includes Richard W. Martin, Esq., formerly assistant dictrict attorney, and now a member of the firm of Beatty, Magee and Martin; James Milholland, Esq., of the firm of McKee, Mitchell and Alter. From our joint-tenants, of our own honorable School of Law, we have issued a subpoena for John P. Egan, Esq., to act, as regular instructor in our Day School: and W. H. Lacey, Esq., has been engaged jointly with Mr. Martin, to elucidate the intricacies of Pennsylvania business law for the class preparing to pass the examination for certified public accountancy. We think this array of attorneys is invincible.

Another evidence of preparedness in business life is the protection of property and profits from unnecessary risk by advanced credit information and result-producing collection methods. This course of instruction is essentially practical and is given by three of Pittsburgh's big credit men, Messrs. T. C. Donovan, of T. C. Jenkins Company; L. C. Robinson, of the Rosenbaum Company; and Elliott Fredericks, of the Adjustment Bureau of the local Credit Men's Association. The lectures and problems engender lively discussions and inevitably prolong the sessions past the allotted period.

The students' activities are gradually getting under way. Each day class has organized a club. An evening school association will be formed this month by that peerless promoter of efficiency clubs and groups, Mr. H. P. Shearman. The Hamilton Society will soon be ready to defeat any debating team deemed worthy of combat: a section of this society is to be organized from among the members of the evening class in business English by Mr. Deviny.

Mr. C. H. Lehman, local manager of the Bell Telephone Company will address the members of the Public Utility class during December on the subject "The Commercial Factors of Rate-Making". This is the first of a series of practical discussions on certain present day problems.

School of Law.

Annual Banquet to the Graduates of 1915
Wednesday, October 27.

ON Wednesday evening, October 27th, took place the second annual banquet offered by the University authorities to the Graduating Class of the year. As on the previous occasion, the entire Class of '15 had the good fortune to pass the State Board examination, and thereby brought, for the second time in succession, additional, as well as exceptional, credit not only to the University itself, but also to the distinguished Faculty of its Law School. Hence the members of the Faculty were included in the invitation for Wednesday evening, and in spite of urgent professional duties, and weighty judicial appointments, both bar and bench were strongly represented.

Indeed, the latter would have had a full quota present, were it not for the unavoidable absence, in the hospital, of His Honor, Judge W. A. Way, president of the County Court, who had but recently met with a most deplorable accident, that not only brought serious injury to his own person, but resulted in the sudden and violent death of his beloved partner, Mrs. Judge Way. Happily, however, he is now convalescent.

After justice, therefore, had been done to the modest but inviting repast, prepared by the University chef, the Very Rev. President arose to welcome the Honorable Judges, the members of the Faculty, and the honor guests of the evening, particularly the graduates of 1915. After expressing his sincere wish that they should all feel at home within the walls of the University, he explained the purpose of the gathering, namely to give the Faculty of the Law School an opportunity to meet and congratulate the members of the recent graduating class, who had all, after three years passed faithfully under their guidance, instruction and lectures, passed successfully the State Board examinations, and were now, after being admitted formally to the bar, entitled to begin the practice of law in the State of Pennsylvania. He wished on this occasion to thank and congratulate the Faculty for the excellent work accomplished by them, as attested by the unbroken record of successes of the classes that have so far submitted to the State examinations. He desired also to extend to the graduates of this year his heartiest congratulations, with his prayers and good wishes for a long, fruitful, and successful career in the honorable profession they had embraced. He would now call upon the Honorable Dean to address the assemblage.

Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, LL. D., then arose, and

assured them that he appreciated highly the fact that the Faculty as well as the graduates of 1915 had been invited to this banquet. He believed that the graduates were worthy of such honor, not only for having succeeded so notably in their examinations, but, he would say, particularly for their previous hard work in preparation therefor, since had they not been so industrious they could not all have done so well. He felt also that they had, by their co-operation with their respective professors, done justice to the Faculty, who could thus legitimately rejoice in their success. Both classes, '14 and '15, were of a calibre to be proud of; they had set a high standard, which he hoped the succeeding classes would emulate, and he prophesied that those who followed would reflect equal credit upon their *Alma Mater*. What they had so far achieved was a certain guarantee of the success that awaited them in their practice at the bar.

Mr. John P. Egan, '15, and Mr. Henry J. Gelm, '14, responded for their respective classes, in brief but telling sentences, thanking the members of the Faculty for their patience and devotedness, and giving to the president of the University the firm assurance of their continued loyalty to their *Alma Mater*.

After short speeches by Rev. P. A. McDermott, Judge Ambrose B. Reid, Mr. Stambaugh, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Laughlin, the Vice-Dean, and Mr. Eaton, Mr. John C. Bane, in his own eloquent and deeply impressive manner, brought the proceedings to a close by giving the young lawyers, now admitted to the bar, the following precious recommendations and advice:

"It is a pleasure to join in congratulations to you upon your graduation and your admission to the bar. You are now entering upon your life work. What has gone before has been preparation for that work. You have employed your years of preparation faithfully, and you will reap the reward of this diligence during all of your future years.

You have been fortunate in having the opportunities which are furnished by this great University. Our honored president has devoted very many of the best years of his life to the up-building of this institution—to the training of men. And this work has not been done in vain. He has builded, probably, better than he knew; 'he has laid his foundations upon firm ground;' and he, and those who have labored with him here, have created a fountain of learning that will grow until its fame shall encircle the earth. You have had the advantage of these opportunities, and, in future years, you and your children after you

will point to this University, and say with pride that you studied here.

Your work in the Law School has shown that you are intellectually capable. And it follows that your future in your chosen profession, depends upon three things—fidelity, industry and courage. Possessing these, you cannot fail. Without fidelity to your duties and to the lawful interests of those who confide in you, no long-continued success is possible in any undertaking. Without industry, no man can succeed in the practice of law: you must work; you must continuously prosecute the study of law; and you must be untiring in the investigation of the cases committed to you. And unless he has courage, the ablest and most laborious lawyer will sooner or later fail. You must be able to contend for what you believe to be right against all opposition; you must be able to endure defeat; and you must not be afraid of any man.

It is my belief and sincere hope that you will take and hold and enjoy honorable positions at the bar, and that Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost will always have reason to be proud of you."

The College.

ALTHOUGH the FRESHMAN CLASS is not so numerous as in recent years, owing to an extraordinary inroad upon the High School graduates for prep-medical, and dental work, either here or in other institutions, they are none the less enthusiastic at the respective branches of study in which they are engaged. Horace's Odes, Plato's Apology and the Alcestis of Euripides are naturally the favorites in the sphere of the Classics, while in English Literature they are analyzing Pope's essay on Criticism, and Macaulay's Warren Hastings.

THE SOPHOMORES are becoming familiar for the first time with the eloquence of Demosthenes, in DeCorona, as well as with that of Edmund Burke, in his well-known speeches. Shakespeare, too, is being tasted by them for the first time in Macbeth, and Milton, in Paradise Lost. Besides all this they are reviving old acquaintance with Cicero in his Pro Milone and with Horace in his "Ars Poetica".

THE JUNIORS AND SENIORS have, as subject of critical analysis for this year, the immortal Hamlet, along with Newman's Grammar of Assent, while in the ancient Classics they are savoring the

beauties of Horace's satires and epistles, Cicero's *De Officiis*, and, in Greek, Thucydides, together with old Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*. Father Dewe is bringing them through a thorough course of Economics, Father Rossenbach, through the broad fields and deep valleys of Psychology, while Fr. P. A. McDermott is grounding them in the stern principles of Morality.

SISTERS' CLASSES:—A series of very interesting and well-attended classes for the teaching sisters of our local schools and academies has been inaugurated for Saturday forenoons. Those who are registered in Father P. A. McDermott's Philosophy class are taking the course of Psychology and seem to be deeply interested in their work. Quite a number of others are taking advanced work in Classics, Higher Mathematics and Chemistry.

ATHLETICS

THE ACADEMICS.

THE first defeat in four years was recorded in our last issue of the MONTHLY. That inglorious defeat produced better results for the Academics than a glorious success. From thenceforward the real gridiron Academic spirit was aroused, and no other opponent could unflinchingly face our heroes. The Acs. completed their heavy schedule with a clean slate.

ACADEMICS 49—MUNHALL 0.

In the first half of this game the Dukelets could only register 7 points. In the second period, Johnson, the heavy Munhall fullback, got away with only Anton between him and the much-coveted goal. By a pretty run and a clever tackle, Anton, downed the runner.

ACADEMICS 39—KITANNING 6.

Playing advanced football in a sea of mud, and taking advantage of their opponents' errors, the Academics submerged the strong Kittanning High School eleven. "Muggsy" McGraw played a brilliant game. On one occasion, he received a forward at full speed, and after a triple juggle held on to the slippery pigskin for a touchdown. Another time, he received the ball on the kick-off, and, with an impenetrable interference, ran the entire length of the field for another count.

ACADEMICS 65—FORD CITY HIGH 0.

Undaunted by unfavorable weather conditions, the Academics sailed out on the Duquesne sea of mud and torpedoed the well-balanced super-dreadnought from Ford City.

ACADEMICS 12—BUTLER 0.

Before a large holiday crowd on Thanksgiving Day the Academics decisively defeated the sturdy Butler town team at Butler. The open work of the Academics was a revelation to the Butler population, and a wet field was all that stopped the Acs from rolling up a larger score. The Butler committee treated the Acs like kings instead of mere "Dukes". The Butler team finished the season with the balance on the right side of the financial ledger, notwithstanding the fact that it was up against all kinds of pecuniary difficulties before the Dukes came to town.

Viewed from all angles, Captain Kane's cohorts established an enviable 1915 gridiron record. The acquisition of green material and heaviest schedule in their history may explain why the slate for the season was not a clean one. No small amount of credit for the good record of the Acs is due to that self-sacrificing triumvirate, the Nee brothers and Drengacz. The individual members of the squad worked hard and faithfully. The student body took greater interest than ever before in the career of the Acs, and the display of college spirit made by the rooters at all games, both at home and abroad, was an encouraging factor to Coach Bernard.

THE JUNIORS.

Early in the season, the Juniors organized with students selected from the High School classes. Father Zindler made a willing sacrifice of his time to manage the young hopefuls and to secure them games. The popular and experienced Father McGuigan was invited to coach, and he cordially accepted the invitation to assist the likely lot of lads who had handed in their names as candidates for positions on the team. With both Fathers acting in harmony and the boys co-operating cheerfully, after strenuous practice had been indulged in, the following were chosen: L. E., Ferrick, J. Whyte; L. T., Meister; L. G., McGrath, C. Doyle; R. G., Braun; R. T., Kane, Fischer; R. E., Wajert; Q. B., Davies; L. H., Walsh; R. H., Kichta, Gallagher, Bott; F. B., Murphy. Wajert was the choice of his team-mates as captain, to lead them on to victory; subsequent events proved that their choice was a happy one.

In their opening game with the Millvale High School, the Juniors, though evidently lighter, out-generated their opponents and allowed them but one count, while with the aid of trick plays, and perfectly executed forward passes, they netted three touchdowns from which Davies kicked two goals making the final score 20 to 6 in favor of the Juniors.

They next tackled the Cowley school, hailing from the North Side. In the first half, neither team could make much headway, mass plays being too much in evidence. But after play was resumed, the Juniors came on the field with a new spirit infused into them by Fr. McGuigan during a lecture in the interval. As a result the Cowleys were snowed under by the score of 32-0. Murphy, Whyte, Wajert and Davies distinguishing themselves by brilliant runs, and general offensive work.

On November 8 and 17 the Juniors encountered the Sacred Heart High School represented by a sturdy lot of football adepts. The first game was brought to an unexpected close by a heavy downpour of rain that drove spectators and players alike to shelter, the score being then 7-0, in favor of the Juniors, as the result of a splendid forward pass, Sheran to Davies.

In their second try-out with the same team, on November 17, the Juniors just fairly bewildered their opponents with shifts, passes, end runs and line plunges, resulting in a crushing defeat for the East Enders, the score at the end of the game standing 33 to 0 against them. This victory was a fitting close to a successful season. Well coached and responsive to directions, the Juniors mastered many of the finer points of the game, and turned to advantage at crucial moments their knowledge of the art of stubborn defense and wily attack. With such experienced players to pick from, the retiring Academics may feel assured that their places will be worthily filled, and that their enviable record will be proudly maintained through the season of 1916.

THE INDEPENDENTS.

The Independents, under the direct management of Rev. Fr. Joseph A. Rossenbach, of the College, and High School Department, and captained by their brave little half-back, Herman Fuchs, though organized late, were able, by hard work, to attain excellent form before the close of the season. Their line-up included Kelly, Haendler and Curtin, ends; McIntyre and Leopold, tackles; Donnelly and Brown, guards; Glynn, center; Egan, quarter; Fuchs and Bruno, half-backs; and Butrym, full-back.

The only game which they did not win was their first with the Cathedral Cadets, which resulted in a scoreless tie. In their game with the Pittsburgh Lyceum Juniors, they made a score of 18 to 0, by means of brilliant forward passing. Their next victims were the Millvale High School eleven, reorganized, which managed to score on them, but which was beaten, after a hard struggle, by 36-6.

Chronicle.

As a result of the first term examinations, the following hold first rank in their respective classes: College Department,

Jerome D. Hannan, Philip N. Buchmann,
Examinations Stanislaus J. Gawronski, Stanislaus M. Zaborowski; High School, Francis H. Topping,
Martin N. Glynn, Edward L. Reilly, Leo Malinski, James B. Cunningham, Theodore W. McBride, Robert G. Reilly; Prep. Medicine, John A. O'Donnell; Prep. Law, B. J. Taszarek; Commercial, Walter T. Hughes, John Loulan, Harry Teese; Scientific, Harold D. Greene, Edward E. Curtin, Arthur F. Farwick, Edward J. Murphy; Preparatory, Joseph Rozenas, Edw. P. Draus.

On Wednesday, November 17, at 10 o'clock, the annual memorial Mass of Requiem was offered up in the University chapel for the repose of the souls of the deceased alumni, teachers, and special benefactors. The celebrant was Rev. Leo L. Meyer; deacon, Rev. Joseph B. Keating; sub-deacon, Rev. Bernard J. McGuigan; master of ceremonies, Rev. Henry J. Gilbert. The Rev. Patrick A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., preached a short but very affecting sermon.

November 11th, Feast of St. Martin of Tours, was "President's Day." The Very Rev. President was the recipient of many hearty greetings, both personal and postal.

President's Day The following from Belgrade, Minn., is a sample of the latter: "Many blessings to you on your namesday. We used to get a half-holiday on that occasion in years gone by, and so I always remember the feast of St. Martin. I am far away from the dear old college, but have not forgotten you, dear Father. I am in charge of the parish of St. Francis de Sales since June.

"That God may give you many returns of your happy feast day is the fond wish and prayer of

Your sincere friend in Christ,

CHARLES A. MAYER."

The students enjoyed a half-holiday, granted at the request of the president of the Senior class.

FRANCIS C. STREIFF, '16.

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Beneath the Snow.

WHEN Pluto calls his queen to realms of night
The earth puts on a coverlet of white,
And comes the Snow-King, hanging draperies
Upon the fences and upon the trees,
His wealth of whiteness lavishing around;
It seems, ere he is done, a fairy ground
Has been uprooted from some distant sphere
And for our joy and pleasure planted here.

The hills and fields present a spotless sheet,
And foot-paths in the woods that cross and meet
In other seasons, now are buried deep
Together with the flowers that by them creep.
A lonely bird upon a snowy bough,
With look surprised is vainly wondering how
To find some food, which easy was before
The Snow-King came here from his Labrador.

In solitude and loveliness it lies—
The winter world beneath the winter skies;
While clouds o'erhead foretell that soon again
May come a snowfall to the haunts of men.
Men also try (with coverings of snow!)
To hide such things they'd not have others know;
But as it all is melted in the spring,
Revealed is every hidden deed and thing.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

THIS illustrious musician and composer was born in Hamburg, February 3, 1809, and reared amid all the refining influences of a good home. At an early age his mother began teaching him the secrets of the piano, so that before long he was under the direction of abler teachers, as Berger, Zelter and finally Moscheles.

Before he had reached the age of ten years, we find him playing at concerts with his father and his sister, Fanny, until at length he began writing melodies all his own. But this is not to be wondered at, for his very soul breathed music, while the surrounding atmosphere was saturated with it. We can easily comprehend how cultured he was when we glance at his home, where at the Sunday concerts, the celebrated men of the age were wont to meet. There we find such musicians as Weber, Paganini and Liszt, painters like Ingres, Vernet and Kaulbach, singers actors, sculptors, poets and scientists, as Bunsen and Jakob Grimm. We can imagine the culture and refinement which unfolded in such a charmed circle and the salutary influence they exercised upon the young composer.

It was, indeed, due to his extremely polished character and sense of modesty that he won the admiration of persons of all classes and standards. It is said of Goethe that he was pleased, not only with Mendelssohn's musical accomplishments, but with his modesty and refinement as well.

Nothing gruff nor vulgar ever passed his lips, not even in jest, and it has been said of him that he never composed a phrase which he might not breathe in the ears of *la jeune fille*. And so it was that he could never quite decide whether to be solemnly shocked or merely puzzled by the poet Heine's mocking sallies and revolutionary tirades; nevertheless, Heine and Mendelssohn were once able to blend without discord, when Mendelssohn set to music "*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*".

Mendelssohn was a true admirer of Bach, whom he studied very closely and enthusiastically, and whose style and mastery he assimilated. He gives us definite utterance of his favorite type and mode of expression in the Scherzo of the Octet, and we find that he comes back, ever and anon, only to develop and embellish tiny fragments of this same work. His music is like the very soul within him; it speaks to us of his character and we can thus conclude that he was elegant and graceful of movement. To his combining with musical genius the taste of a highly cultured

man was due much of the charm which he exerted throughout his short but triumphant career.

We can view him from so many angles that one might ever see new comparisons arising; but it has well been acknowledged by Wagner that, together with Mozart, Mendelssohn's was probably the most specifically musical genius hitherto recorded: that he had the faculty of expressing himself as easily in notes as in words. Thus it was that his compositions were instantly popular, since the people grasped the hidden sentiment at once. Musicians, and even children, delighted in playing with his fairies, such as we become acquainted with in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, familiar the world over.

It was while on a visit to Holyrood, with its traditions of Queen Mary, that Mendelssohn hit upon the plan for his Scotch Symphony, and later we find him composing an Italian Symphony, both of which were tenderly humorous but not witty in the same sense as those of Chopin. We hear but little more than the title of his "Hymn of Praise", but his oratorio "St. Paul" commands slightly more notice. This was presented at the Lower Rhenish Musical Festival at Düsseldorf under his personal direction in May, 1836.

In the prelude composing the overture we find an inherent quality that at once distinguishes his sacred music from his concertos: there is no forcible dramatic characterization to hold one in the spell; no, it is the intrinsic beauty of his conception that fascinates. The oratorio, throughout, rejoices in a suave vocal design which lends itself to a great variety of coloring, while the chorus is admirably blended.

Owing to his excellent knowledge of Greek, he was invited by Frederick William IV to set the Oedipus Coloneus and the Antigone of Sophocles to music. And although he somewhat missed their sombre atmosphere, he imbued the human characterization throughout Antigone with a breath and pulse of life even broader and more dignified than in Elijah.

In composing this work Mendelssohn rejected the style of Greek music rampant in his day, with its dreary wailing, and sought to revive the tone of the olden days. Inspired by his knowledge of Greek, his efforts bore wondrous fruit, especially in the choruses wherein we can feel the sublime and tragic sense of these noble Greek classics.

It has been said of him that when he played the post-lude in church, the congregation, instead of leaving, were fixed as

statues; and on such occasions it was necessary to stop the music. Oh! what a pity that he did not live in a different atmosphere! What could he not have done to beautify and purify the solemn chants and dirges of Holy Mother Church, since his life was evidently one endless chain of goodness and meekness. For although deservedly popular he never felt himself stupendous or wonderful; but it has been well said that he would have been the last to exclaim:

Overarched by gorgeous night,
I wave my trivial self away.

We have seen him rise in favor and genius, but it was not until the year 1846 that he reached the zenith of his glory. Shortly after his marriage in 1837 to Cécile Jean-Renaud, a captivating, well-educated French girl, he was invited to write an oratorio for a dedication at Birmingham. Into this work he flung himself with all the ardor of his musical soul, and lo! the outcome—Elijah.

On that memorable day in 1846 at Birmingham all were tremulously awaiting the arrival of Mendelssohn. The applause that greeted his entrance echoed and re-echoed throughout the halls. The rendition of the oratorio caused the greatest heads to bow before the master who, they realized, had produced an immortal work, had created, as it were, a new orb of music destined to shine for all time.

But with this vast work, his genius was spent. To a friend requesting him to play, he sadly replied that he could no longer play. The death of his parents had been a heavy blow to him, but the heaviest of all was the death of his beloved sister, Fanny. Stricken with melancholy, he broke down completely; and one night, while listening to his own "Nachtslied", he swooned, and, after a brief interval, passed away, November 4, 1847.

Among his many notable achievements, one of the most important was the rehabilitation of Bach, his model. It was through him that Bach was given due recognition when he revived this great master's "St. Matthew Passion Music".

In conclusion, we may well say that his works will always be admired, and that his beautiful "Song Without Words" will ever be dear to every piano player. The influence of Mendelssohn is still alive among us; and in his oratorios, his symphonies, his overtures, his concertos, and his minor pianoforte compositions he sets before us an example, the value of which is universally acknowledged, and not likely to be soon forgotten.

FRANCIS M. HOFFMANN, '16.

Shopping.

COME the days of Christmas shopping, when, with kindness
in his heart,

Forth the giver goes to purchase in department store and mart;
Consequently clerks and waiters strangers are to joy and bliss,
While the papers, sympathizing, publish mottoes like to this:

Do your Christmas shopping early,
Now before the rush, man;
Do it 'fore it starts to thaw,
And avoid the slush, man.

Such appeals to sundry persons totally are made in vain;
Others, though, there are who heed them, and they struggle
might and main

That they may have all the presents they intend to give away
Bought and paid for ere December shall arrive at Christmas day.

So do your Christmas shopping early,
Now, while it is nice, man;
Do it 'fore it starts to freeze,
And avoid the ice, man.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2nd Com.



The Most Prominent Pennsylvanian.

THIS present day of ours may justly be called the age of
miracles. The progress made by scientists and naturally
gifted mechanics, has enabled us to perform hundreds of
things which, as late as fifty years ago, would have been regarded
as miracles. Think of the numerous discoveries and inventions,
which have made it possible for us to calculate almost everything
imaginable. These inventions and discoveries are made possible
because we have the necessary tools at hand. We have instru-

ments for calculating, inspecting, measuring and experimenting—instruments so numerous, so exact, so minutely perfect that one despairs of describing them accurately. Where, indeed, would science be without these instruments? And without the men to make them, all progress in science would be checked.

The occupation of instrument-making is known to be the hardest and most exacting of the professions. The instrument maker must be fully qualified. He must have, among many other gifts, a specialty of minute correctness. He must have abundance of patience and above all he must love his work. These stringent qualifications might well account for the few men in the ranks of the really good instrument-makers. In this department, John A. Brashear stands out as one of the greatest living geniuses.

Brashear is a man of whom Pittsburgh may well be proud. His career illustrates the opportunities a young man has, if he only takes advantage of them. His whole life is an example of what a man may rise to, no matter in what position he may be placed. If he has that dogged determination and that unceasing perseverance in the pursuit of learning, that has been characteristic of Mr. Brashear, he is sure to make good in the world.

The subject of this essay was born in Brownsville, where, after securing the little knowledge afforded in the public schools, he started out in life as a roller in the mill. He married Phoebe Stewart, and, soon after, moved to Pittsburgh in order to be closer to his work. About this time there seems to have swept over the country, and especially over Western Pennsylvania, an interest in the study of astronomy. This was the talk of the time; everyone was interested—old and young. While a lad, Brashear had his first peep at the stars. An old astronomer, taking advantage of the feelings of the people, traveled from town to town with his telescope, giving all a chance to see the stars at five cents a look. He stopped at Brownsville and thus the young roller, Brashear, had a chance to see the stars for the first time.

Brashear took advantage of the opportunities which Pittsburgh began to offer to those who had not been favored with the chance to educate themselves in their younger days. He utilized all his spare time, at home, in the mill, and even on the street cars, studying mathematics and physics. He was too poor to buy a telescope, so he began to make plans for constructing one himself. For the making of this instrument, he had a clever and

willing companion in his wife, to whom he attributes much of his success; for she was always working at his side, and ever ready to encourage him.

With her aid he built a small shed in his back yard and, with a little machine, started work on his first telescope, which was to be a five inch one. The work of grinding the lenses was tedious and exacting in the extreme, so that, considering the inadequate instruments he had at his disposal, the work was very slow. But he was conscientious and loved his work. Immediately after his long day at the mill, he would hurry to his home on the South Side, where his wife had his supper prepared, and everything ready for him in the little workshop. After supper the two would work till late at night grinding the lenses.

It took three long years to complete the weary job. When it was almost finished Brashear took it over to the Allegheny Observatory, in order that the director, Mr. Langley, might pass his opinion on it. After making the final corrections, he then set it up in his house and invited his friends and neighbors to view the stars.

But Brashear and his wife were still more ambitious. Having made a five inch glass, they now resolved upon turning out a twelve inch one. Work was begun on it immediately, and with the previous experience acquired in grinding the lenses, the glass was finished in two years and ready to be silvered. But alas! while being heated, the glass broke, and the work of two years was destroyed in a few minutes! At first the enthusiastic artisan was disheartened at the unlooked-for setback, which was indeed enough to discourage any man. But his wife was not cast down, so, when he came home from the mill the next night, she had everything in readiness to start work on a new lens. He was inspired by this cheerful tenacity, and recommenced the laborious task with more vigor and determination than ever. This time, he was successful. He could now boast of a lens as large as any of those used by the big observatories, and one can easily imagine how legitimately proud he was of this achievement.

Brashear was now beginning to rise in fame. The lenses of the telescope at the observatory have to be resilvered every few months. Langley, appreciating the advantage of having a man who could do it in Pittsburgh, began to entrust the instruments to Brashear. About this time also some astronomical article, which he had written for the local papers, attracted considerable attention. Mr. William Thaw, a patron of the observatory,

seeing in him a future genius, offered to advance him the capital to start up a shop near the observatory. Brashear accepted the generous offer, and later on received an appointment to the Western University of Pennsylvania, of which the observatory has ever since been a department. He was now, after many years of hard work, ready to pursue his chosen profession.

The valuable work which Brashear has contributed to the science of astronomy can be estimated by its magnitude. As soon as he was able to devote all his time to instrument-making, he quickly revolutionized this department. His first great work was the salt rock prism which he made for Langley. The latter was deeply interested in the study of heat waves, and as heat waves do not pass easily through glass, the prisms had to be made of salt rock. The prisms were made in Paris, and every few months had to be sent there for repolishing. Naturally, this was very disagreeable and inopportune, because the instruments often returned in as bad a condition as which they had left. Langley then decided to let Brashear experiment upon them. This genius was soon able to adjust them as accurately as the astronomers at Paris, and in a little while, he even improved on their method.

Brashear's aim was always to improve and to keep on improving. In his experiments with the prisms, which were of the two inch kind, he saw the advantage of a larger one, and straightway set about the accomplishment of this ambitious design. He never ceased until he had completed a three inch, and even a five inch, prism, which was larger than any used by astronomers up to that time.

The genius of such a man could not be kept secret: it was not long before the prowess of the Pittsburgh instrument-maker was extolled all over the world. The instruments, which Brashear made with such exact and minute correctness, have since then been used by the most noted astronomers in all parts of the world.

These delicate and almost perfect instruments have made our city known to every nation of the world, and have crowned our fellow-citizen as the man of the hour in instrument-making.

At the present day the firm of John A. Brashear Company has been enlarged so as to meet the needs of its patrons.

To recount the other numerous services, which the greatest living instrument-maker has rendered to astronomy, would be a task for some one directly connected with that

study, who could depict in technical form how John Brashear has aided in bringing to perfection this wonderful science. But we hope that these few details, just enumerated, will enable the reader to secure at least an inkling of the genius of Pittsburgh's, and Pennsylvania's, foremost citizen.

It would be a vain undertaking on our part to describe the higher and more valuable traits that have contributed to make up this eminent man's sterling character. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with quoting the eloquent words addressed to him, at the recent ovation tendered to him, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, by Dr. George W. Gerwig, secretary of the Board of Education.

"What is the spirit of Pittsburgh?

"Sometimes I think it is best typified and immortalized in that magnificent bronze figure by Daniel Chester French, known as 'The Reading Blacksmith,' before the Allegheny Carnegie Library. For that figure truly typifies the spirit of Pittsburgh—the spirit of earning and learning—of service and study. Sometimes I think it is best typified by those beautiful mural paintings of Alexander's in the halls of the Pittsburgh Carnegie Library, which present in another form, through the sister art of painting, the spirit of labor, of man, the conquerer of metal, or as shown in the clouds of beautiful steam which after all perhaps best represent the spirit of Pittsburgh, the steam spirit, which, having done its work, rises pure and white to the blue sky and the sun. Sometimes I think the spirit of Pittsburgh is best typified by that temple of the skies, the observatory, which crowns the hills and looks over toward the sun and the stars.

"But this bronze, beautiful as it is, these paintings with all their inspiration, and, even the observatory itself, would be impotent in Pittsburgh were it not for the man behind. And no one of our great men so fully embodies the qualities we love and honor in this man, as does Dr. John A. Brashear."

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.



Concerning Story Books.

I.

IN story books we often read
Of gallant knight's heroic deed,
A deed of noble daring :
A maiden beautiful and fair
Was cruelly hung by the hair;
He, not for danger caring,
Rushed up, the giant overthrew,
The seven-headed monster slew,
And, smile of triumph wearing,
Rescued the damsel, saved her life;
She afterwards became his wife,
He was so brave and daring !

II.

In other story books we're told
Of treasure ships and Spanish gold,
And pirates most audacious,
Who loved to roam upon the seas,
Blown back and forth by every breeze,
Until, grown contumacious,
At length they met with Davy Jones,
Who taketh care of dead men's bones
In regions deep and spacious,
Where all the treasures of the sea,
He holdeth fast 'neath lock and key,
'Spite pirates most audacious !

III.

There also are the goodly tales
That tell of things in fairy dales,
In castles and in towers;
And, as the witch would do the thing,
It chanced a strange and wondrous king
Came riding through the bowers;
And having smote her, down she fell;
Wherein she died, the legends tell,
Grow many poison flowers.
'Tis thus we read, nor can we tire;
And, though we sit around the fire,
We're lost in dales and towers.

IV.

We must not leave out Robin Hood,
That outlaw bold, yet strangely good,
 With bands of merry men;
Forsooth 'tis great to read and know
Of things they did with staff and bow
 In forest, field and glen.
Rob Crusoe, too, demands a part
Of every "gentle reader's" heart;
 But—I'd wear out my pen,
If I should try to name them all—
The story books, or large or small,
 Loved by the sons of men.

C. V. MORGAN, 2 Com.



Memories

(Rondeau)

THE sighing wind upon his viol deep
 In echoing vale, on mountain's rugged heap,
 Sounds forth in wafting tunes a valse divine
 And chants to ancient oak and noble pine;
Enlivens with his melody the sweep
Of roaring stream, its lofty falls and steep;
And, on his way, to make the willows weep
 The sounds of mournful reverie entwine
 The sighing wind.

Across the span of time the depths I'll leap
To that sad hour when I with sorrow deep
 Was fain to see thee leave me, brother mine,
 While dirges sounded at the holy shrine,
And softly I could feel around me creep
 The sighing wind.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Visit of Orchestra and Glee Club to Marshalsea.

FOR the first time in the history of our institution we were invited to give an entertainment for the benefit of the patients at the City Poor Farm, Marshalsea. The invitation was tendered on behalf of the director and superintendent, by Dr. Theodore Diller, the well-known nerve specialist, who is deeply interested in the welfare of those unfortunate patients. Accordingly, under the leadership of Rev. Fathers P. A. McDermott and E. N. McGuigan, a large number of students, including the members of the orchestra and of the glee club, left the Fourth Avenue Penna. station at 10:50 A. M., Sunday morning, November 14, and arrived at the City Farm about 11:30, where they were cordially welcomed by that most genial and cheerful gentleman, Dr. C. R. McKinnis, the superintendent.

To say that, for the greater number of the visitors, what they discovered in the way of life, activity and efficiency at this model institution, was a complete revelation, is but expressing the universal verdict and sentiment of all those who made up the party on that occasion. Most of us had never seen even the buildings before, except when passing in the train to Canonsburg or Washington. Some had never dreamed that there existed such a vast home for aged and infirm people of the great industrial city to whose population those 1,600 patients had, at one time or another, belonged, and when we came away from there, it was with a deep and lively impression of the effective manner in which, through this single channel alone, the city's funds are being faithfully employed.

What a pity, in the eyes of the poetically inclined, that the weather, which up to that morning, for weeks past, had been of the Indian Summer brand, suddenly became disagreeable, and, through the heavy mist which gradually veered around to a steady down-pour of rain, prevented us from enjoying the beautiful prospect which the Farm's situation exhibited! It is located in the very heart of a deep valley that is surrounded by an almost unbroken amphitheatre of hills. You can scarcely see an outlet or a pass for road or railway—and you wonder how even the

train, which you see winding around at the foot of the mountain slopes, has been able to make its way into this retired and almost lonely vale. No houses to be seen on any side! No sign of extraneous life except that which is born of the institution itself! But it is far from being a desolate or uninteresting place; for on every hand, in the depths of the bottom-land, on the graded slope, and along the steep hillsides, you behold the evidences of skilled agricultural labor and management. Every foot of ground is put under effective contribution to make as light as possible the burden of supporting the large population of the Farm.

The place is indeed an ideal one for the purposes of the institution; a refuge for the poor and needy amid pleasing surroundings, as well as a home for unfortunates for whom everything is done conducive to bringing them back to a state of normal mentality.

It might be well to narrate for the benefit of those who were not there some of the events of the trip. After the very hospitable reception, Dr. McKinnis took us to the auditorium, where, in a couple of hours we were to entertain the household. We found the hall to be quite spacious and fitted out with very good stage settings; here, we were told, the inmates are shown moving pictures every other Sunday evening.

From here we were directed to the dormitories for aged and poor men where four hundred and thirty-two found shelter last winter: although there is accommodation for only two hundred. We next passed through the lobby occupied by many veterans, who had served their country during the Civil War, and served her well. On our way to the dining-room and kitchen we stopped for a minute to see the barber shop. In the kitchen we beheld large massive kettles for the cooking of soups, vegetables, etc.

Passing to the women's department, we viewed the infirmary and the sewing-room. Before leaving this department we met an old lady of ninety-one years, called "Lady Jane Grey". She suffers chiefly from old age, but was pleased to see us and came over for part of the entertainment.

At this juncture we were graciously ushered into the dining-room, where we met Mrs McKinnis, and were attended by willing nurses, who acted the part of waitresses while we wrought havoc upon a beautiful meal.

After lunch we inspected the men's industrial department where we were astonished and surprised at the articles turned

out by these men: brooms, carpets, baskets of all descriptions, mats of all kinds, rugs, mops and even shoes.

At length we arrived once more at the auditorium where an audience of between five and six hundred persons, over two hundred of them mentally defective, were waiting with anxiety for the entertainment to begin. From the first note played by the orchestra until the last note of the Exit March had died away, we witnessed a most attentive and appreciative audience that enjoyed the programme throughout; some sang along with the orchestra, others beat time to the charming melodies, while some of the old men, no doubt veterans of the Civil War, stood up when the well-known patriotic airs were sounded.

The entertainment comprised various phases of amusement, but one of the numbers of the day was the singing of little Charlie Donnelly whose "Good-Night, Little Girl, Good-Night", was highly appreciated by the audience and especially by Elizabeth, the six-year old daughter of Dr. C. R. McKinnis.

After individual thanks from some of the inmates, we again took up our tour of inspection. In the women's department one of the inmates charmed us all by the purity of her voice and the clearness of tone when she sang for us "Face to Face".

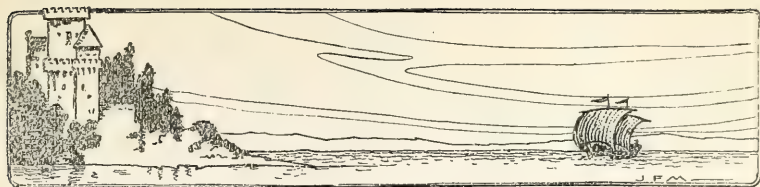
After going through the wards of the hopelessly demented, we reached the hospital, and were shown about by Dr. Wiggleman. The hospital has six regular wards and two emergency wards, each having a capacity of thirty beds. We also saw the X-ray room.

We returned to the dining-room and were served with a luncheon. Thence we assembled in the immense parlors where we sang some old and new favorite songs. After a few songs, cheers were extended to the host, hostess and Dr. Clark; and we were off for the station, arriving in the Smoky City at 6:45 P. M.

The day happened to be Dr. C. R. McKinnis' birthday, and Rev. P. A. McDermott, Michael Obruba, our movie man, and a couple of others, who remained to aid in giving an illustrated lecture on Africa, during the evening, had the pleasure of taking part, with the good doctor and his family, at the birthday dinner.

It was a day that will long be remembered by all of us, and we extend to the institution our heartfelt gratitude for the hospitality shown to the entire party.

FRANCIS M. HOFFMANN, '16.



Behind the Fog.

FELIX RAY, Junior, son of the head of the great real estate firm of Felix Ray, Incorporated, was sixteen, rich, and nevertheless, generous. A casual observer might conclude from his huge bulk that he had already arrived at man's estate; but a glance at the smooth round face and the innocent, laughing eyes would quickly undeceive him. Felix was rich in his own right. It is true, his bank account had been started by *Grandpa* Ray when the boy was three weeks old, and his auto had been purchased with his smiles, *plus* his *father's* cash. But you will not deny that donation gives a real title to ownership. Best of all, in spite of his youth and his wealth, Felix was as big-hearted as he was big-bodied. Mother had been careful to train him and his brothers and sister that way.

That afternoon in mid-December, as he sauntered cheerily down the slippery street after classes were over, he felt in his pocket the good-sized "wad" that was still left from his Christmas savings; and what Father Hackett had said in sodality meeting came back to him, "There is something wrong with the boy that keeps any money in his pocket over Christmas—and with the boy that gives only to those from whom he may expect a return—and with the boy that does not know how to give with smiles, kind words, love, compassion, and all those things that help more than the material gift and endure after it is worn out." And, thinking all this over, Felix took three resolutions, to be carried out that very day.

He boarded a car he had never before taken, and dropped off in a section of the city with which he was totally unacquainted. A thick fog had gathered, and, boy-like, Felix thought it would be great fun to get lost in it. "Maybe someone I can help will find me," he told his guardian angel. And I believe that guardian angel grinned—honest I do.

It was past four o'clock, and, having had only a ten-cent lunch at noon, Felix began to feel a gnawing somewhere inside, in spite of the songs he was singing somewhere else inside. He

turned into a diminutive candy-store. Behind the counter stood a small figure that seemed familiar. It took only a moment to recognize Whitey, the "newsie" that sold him his morning paper every day. A slight figure he was, but stalwart in comparison with a poor frail woman that stood beside him.

"Oh, mamma, this is the boy that tells me to 'keep the change'," half-whispered Whitey, while Felix was being served.

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. White," said Felix, in his politest manner.

"Judge is our name," she corrected, smiling faintly, "but Matthew there is 'Whitey' to everybody."

"Well, then, Mrs. Judge," he invented (or was it his guardian angel?) "I've been looking up my customers, to deliver Christmas presents. I'm as rich as Santa Claus. What do you need most?"

There was an embarrassing silence. Mrs. Judge was in hard straits, but had never begged in her life.

At last Whitey blurted out, "Oh, Mr. Ray," (Felix winced at the "Mr.") "we're two months behind in our rent, and Old Scrawby's goin' to put us out, with sister Margaret sick in bed and mamma worn out waitin' on her and tryin' to 'tend to the store."

"What is your rent? Is it so much as thirty dollars?" asked Felix, kindly, producing his "wad".

"Just thirty," said Mrs. Judge, "but I wouldn't take it from you, lad."

"There now, it's just a Christmas present to Whitey—I mean Matthew," he replied, with a winning smile. "He's one of my customers, you must remember. Won't you give me the happiness of helping yourself?"

He placed a small heap of bills on the counter, adding, "The extra is for the little sick girl. Has she had a doctor?"

"We couldn't afford one, so I've doctored her the best I could myself. She has the worst cough I've ever heard," she went on, forgetting, in her mother's love, that she was addressing almost a stranger.

Felix lost no time in finding a doctor, who declared that little Margaret was in a very bad way, but could yet be saved. The boy made bold to introduce himself, and to order all bills sent to his father. He left the little candy store, all aglow with the good he had been able to do, and with "a thousand blessings" showered on him by the good little mother of the house.

From the doctor's office he telephoned to his mother, who, he

thought, might be anxious about him, and then, following the doctor's directions, took a car from which he might transfer to one that would bring him near home.

After a belated supper, at which he related his adventures, he said, "Now, mother and father, I left my Christmas savings behind the fog. My pockets are empty, and I'll have no Christmas presents to give you except my love!"

"With that we are content," they replied, as they gathered the big boy in their arms.

And again his angel smiled his Christmas smile.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



A Triolet to Winter.

SING of fields and meadows white:
Winter now is Master!
Gone are buds and flowers bright.
Sing of fields and meadows white;
With new glory are bedight
Goldenrod and aster.
Sing of fields and meadows white:
Winter now is Master!

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.





One of Our Alumni Abroad in War Time.

A LETTER full of interest was recently received by a member of the faculty from Joseph H. McGraw, '09, who is now in England. This letter shows how interesting our Alumni column can be made and should encourage other alumni to imitate the interest that Mr. McGraw displays towards his *Alma Mater*.

We should like to give Mr. McGraw's letter *in extenso*, but space does not permit, so we shall have to be contented with quoting the following paragraphs:

I have been over here in England since early March, attending to business that is really important,^o and the prospects are that I shall have to remain for quite a while longer. Last November we bought a large quantity of Australian sheep-skins for shipment to the States by way of London. When they reached here in February, the British government had placed an embargo on their re-exportation and we were forced to let them remain here. However, seeing that they could show a handsome profit, it was decided to work them in England, and I was sent over to attend to the details. I managed to procure a factory with sufficient labor to run it—quite a difficult matter in war time, I can assure you—and soon had it working at top speed.

I am absolutely alone here in my authority, and must bear all responsibility of buying and selling, of manufacturing and financing; but I seem to thrive upon it, and certainly should not care to give it up just at present.

My factory is situated very near to Oxford, so that I have to spend a certain amount of my time in that delightfully quaint, old-world town. In my spare moments I ramble around its streets and through its colleges, now in war-time sadly deserted, and I even rummage through the old book shops. While so engaged one afternoon, I came across a book by our friend, Father Dewe, and immediately purchased it. It is a rather serious work, and frivolous persons might characterize it as dry, but nevertheless I

have read it and, what is more, really enjoyed it. It is his "Philosophy of History and Politics," a work that shows deep thought and a clear insight into the causes and relations of political and sociological phenomena.

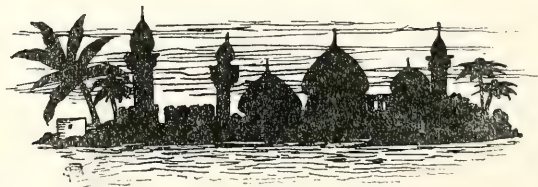
This was not a new departure for me, reading works of this type, for ever since I left school I have been reading books, books of the more serious kind, and have become, in a moderate interpretation of the word, a student. In the days since I left the University, I am sure that I have done more actual work and have accomplished more tangible results than ever was the case within its hallowed walls, or within those cherished nooks and crannies about which I spoke so tearfully and so eloquently when I delivered my Valedictory. So you may now believe, in spite of any misgivings you have had, that the seeds then planted are now at least in blossom, if they are not actually bearing fruit, and that the rocky soil in which they were first spread has become more fertile with the passage of the years, and now provides for them a more kindly home. As you know, I have always had a passionate desire for knowledge, but for a long time it was allowed to remain merely a desire. Now it is being gratified, and in a very general way, for I am rather catholic in my tastes, and my reading takes me over a wide range of subjects, as may be inferred from a list of some of my latest readings: Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century in Ireland"; Bryce's "American Commonwealth" and his "Holy Roman Empire"; Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"; Burke's "Orations"; Emerson's "Essays"; and the poems of Goldsmith and Pope; nor do I confine myself altogether to history and literature; for I have not lost my former love of mathematics and the sciences, nor of philosophy, and still find keen enjoyment in solving a knotty problem or in delving into some original speculation. This has helped to keep alive the things I brought with me when I left school, and has broadened them and amplified them. I am still a fair Latin scholar and have a speaking acquaintance with French, but I am afraid that possibly my "Calculus" is a little rusty and my Greek a fond memory, although I think I could still write the alphabet. I write to tell you all these things so as to reassure you that I am really improving and to tell you that the patience with which you bore the trials for which I was responsible, and the kindly efforts put forth by you for my betterment, have not entirely been in vain.

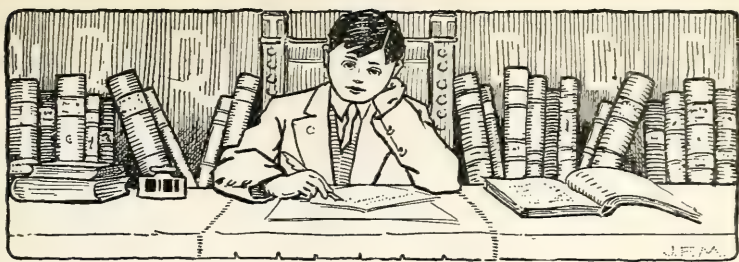
This hotel at which I am staying is situated down in the

country south of London, but is only twenty minutes from town by fast train. Nestling as it does in the famed Surrey Hills, and surrounded by majestic woods and waving fields, it is indeed an ideal spot "far from the madding crowd." Here we have every facility for outdoor enjoyment, and, be it at tennis or golf, one can always find a partner. There are numerous tennis courts and I find lots of opportunity to use them. I am in fair form and feel certain I could give you a bad beating. There is also a very good eighteen hole golf course connected with the hotel and I have taken up the game and have found it really fascinating. However, I am becoming an expert only very, very slowly. I can swing a club beautifully, but I do not always hit the ball.

Thus I, a stranger in a foreign land, spend my days in England in war time. It is not now the "Merrie England" of song and story, but a more serious and a more chastened land. After a year of terrible struggle, the people are coming more and more to appreciate the gravity of the situation and they see the sacrifices that they are required to make. Indeed, many have already felt their pinch, for sadness and sorrow stalk abroad, and everywhere one sees mourning for the loved ones who have gone. The most noticeable sign of the times is the masses of khaki-clad soldiers. In every direction you turn and everywhere you go, there you see them. We are honored by occasional visits of the German Zeppelins, and their appearance is the cause of excitement and trepidation in the vast city. Neutrality is no protection against them, and an American passport does not make a very efficient bomb-proof. However, I am happy to say that I have never been in the neighborhood when a raid took place. So far London has not suffered from a really serious visit, but everyone is looking forward to the night for which the War Lord has scheduled the big raid and is hoping against hope that Providence will intervene to check it.

JOSEPH H. MCGRAW, '09.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

The Holiday Spirit.

ONCE more the Yule-tide has returned, to cast us under the spell of its pervading benevolence. No longer can we be irritable or pessimistic; we are surrounded and suffused with a perfect effervescence of gladness. Kind thoughts circulate with fullness and vigor through all the avenues of the mind. We are elated, jubilant, ready both for laughter and for tears; sympathetic with the children in their glee; tender towards the poor and forlorn, and strangely accessible to life's best memories and impulses.

The emotional value of this festive season is universally felt, albeit in varying degrees. There are many, of those feeling the reviving impulse, who take and enjoy the moment's deliverance, and continue to regard the source as nothing more than mythology, magnified and elevated through human associations. Others are moved through superstitious fears, whose conscience, at the approach of the great season, is crowded with uncomfortable memories; the Ghost of Marley pursues, but their heart, unlike that of Scrooge, is changed only for Christmas week. Another group simply fall in with an ancient custom, and are surprised, and indeed pleased, when the corpse of their unbelieving minds usurps the spirit and takes on life. A vast multitude meet the great day with buoyant expectation, receive with thanks its new happiness, return to their work in this exalted mood, and ask no questions about cause and effect.

Happily, there are many that look in the right direction for the cause of this overflow of all that is good in human nature—the most powerful motive for sympathy with our fellows—the advent of Christ into the midst of men, the good tidings of great

joy that accompanied His birth, and the hopes that the work He then began hold out to the men of all times and all climes.

This is the true magic of the spell of Christmas, which has the effect of making the season "an indefinable compound of thoughts and feelings, of hints and suggestions, local and universal; richest memories and sincerest hopes; movements of heart confined to the family circle and going forth over the whole diameter of humanity."

To sum up, the gladness of this entire festive season is a fresh invasion of the infinite Benignity, and a reawakening, throughout humanity, of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



"I Resolve!"

AS we are now on the verge of a new year, we are again confronted with that old but ever true admonition, to "turn over a new leaf," to forsake our old ways and habits, and to begin anew in the skirmish of better living.

But, when contemplating all this revival, we are faced with another question, "Why must we wait until the first of the new year to start this clean record?" If we have built for ourselves a strong character and a constant will power, we can immediately leave the twisting roads, return to the "lane without a turning," and arrive so much the sooner at our long-expected goal. If homeward bound on the pathway of self-respect, by chance we fall into the gutter of misfortune or disgrace, why lie there till tomorrow, when with a little effort, we can arise and finish our journey to-day? Why put a greater loss on the debit page by retaining the unbalanced ledger for months, when we can start a new record in the Day Book of Life to-day, and thus be well advanced in virtuous profits when the new year arrives? Let us exert a little will power, and correct to-day that defect whose amendment we intended to defer to a later period, and thus build up for ourselves a barrier against future inroads of temptation.

E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16.



Poland, the Oppressed.

WAR, with his thirsty dagger drawn, has traversed the most flourishing parts of Poland, devastation has followed fast in his wake, massacre and death have accompanied the hostile armies as they pitched their several camps on Polish soil. The populous towns have been reduced to ruins; the people, to the most pitiable condition of poverty. Once the fortress of Christendom against the onslaughts of the Turks, it has descended to the most wretched depths of misery and subjection. The Pole is obliged to fight, though he has no patriotic interest in the outcome of the war. As a result of the most unjust division of Poland in times past, Pole is compelled to fight against Pole, to slay his kin, to increase the wretchedness of his own beloved fatherland. Our Holy Father has expressed his apostolic affection for the faithful in this distressed country. He recommends them to our charity and prays that his children throughout Christendom will remember the former greatness of Poland and her services to the Church, while, with gratitude, they hearken to the appeal sent out by the bishops of all Poland for prayerful and monetary assistance for this noble people. In Western Pennsylvania, we are especially indebted to the people of Poland for their labors in our material and spiritual interests. Therefore, it is fitting that we be among the first to give ear to the cries of the oppressed country, and though we may be in poverty ourselves, remembering that war increases the misery of the poor a hundredfold, that we contribute what we can in money and dissolve the remainder of our debt with prayer—such prayer as will “pierce the clouds.”

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



THERE should be no bookless houses in all this land—least of all among Catholics, whose ancestors in Christ preserved all that is great in literature. Let the choosing of books not be left to mere chance. A little brains put into it will be returned with more than its first value.

—MAURICE F. EGAN.

Department Notes.

School of Law.

THE Freshman Class is made up of very good material, showing a splendid spirit of work, and of attention to the lectures. So far, the members have been so deeply immersed in the daily routine of class-work that they have not yet ventured upon any definite club-work.

In this first-year class there is a very noticeable leavening of staid and serious young men—teachers from various schools, including members of our own staff in some of the other departments.

Careful drilling in the various text-books is the daily *pabulum* of the class, except when they are treated to a lecture, upon Real Estate, by the Hon. Dean, or upon Domestic Relations, by Hon. Judge Way.

The Second Year men feel that they are in the very midst of the most important part of their legal course. They find it really a difficult matter to choose, as to subjective interest and objective merit, between the weighty subjects treated by such eminent lecturers as Mr. Scull, Mr. Bane, Mr. Robinson, and Judge Reid, besides the lectures of the Dean and the quizzing of the Vice-Dean. They enjoy particularly the more proximately practical drills in Evidence, as well as in Pleading and Practice.

The Third Year men are already earnestly preparing for their finals, and from all appearances, they will realize their ambition, namely to equal, if not surpass, the brilliant record of their predecessors.

Of last year's graduates, Mr. McGinnis is now associated with Mr. Harry J. McAllister, in the Frick Building. Mr. Dunn has taken up practice with the firm of Gray, Thompson and Rose. Mr. Sossong has had the rare and happy handicap of youth, being still held up for six months on account of his age. Messrs. Walsh and Unkovitch will soon take their State Board Examinations.

Mr. McKenna has equity and orphans' court, in both the Junior and the Senior Year—lecturing in the latter, and commenting on Rhone's text in the former. He brings the members of the Junior Class through some vigorous quizzing in Bispham's text on Equity. The latter are apparently having some trouble in appreciating the use of Trusts and Trust Estates, but Mr. McKenna seems rather pleased at this, because at the present stage of the study of Equity, other classes usually found the same diffi-

culties, and were precisely on this account amenable, later on, to more effective drill-work on the subject.

The Seniors are gradually, but none the less noticeably, acquiring a professional mien as a result of their growing familiarity with the forms and intricacies of law, and of their increasing confidence in the feeling that their examinations for final admission will hold no terrors for them.

Judge Way is still at the hospital, but, except for his legs, which were pretty badly hurt, his condition is excellent, and the authorities have allowed him to leave for home as soon as he desires. He never, for one moment, lost his characteristic cheerfulness, even when compelled to be tied up and bandaged for weeks, from head to foot. His resumption of duties as President of the county court will be hailed enthusiastically by all parties, but by none more sincerely than by members of the First Year's class who were just beginning to get deeply interested in lectures on Domestic Relations, when the accident occurred. The Third Year men are also awaiting his return, to complete their familiarity with Federal Court Procedure and Bankruptcy.

The "Chronicle" man of the MONTHLY was lucky enough the other day to run across Mr. John C. Bane, who was so kind as to give him a few items on the current class-work, as he sees it. He said he was very favorably impressed with the attention and interest exhibited by the members of the respective classes, especially in regard to the all-important subject of Evidence. We gathered from him that he scarcely ever delivers a lecture on this matter without adding a short talk on Circumstantial Evidence, which, as he justly says, may often, when well presented, and properly connected, be more convincing than direct evidence. He expressed the greatest praise for the coming graduates, especially for their deep interest in his lectures on the Statutes. Here they never seem to miss a word of what is said.

J. S. S.

Prep. Law.

A special class is conducted in the University for the purpose of training young men for the Preliminary Law Examinations prescribed by the State. The programme is quite comprehensive, and embraces Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, several English Classics, Universal History, English and American History and Literature, and Geography, the United States and its dependencies, demanding detailed study. The examinations are

held twice yearly—in July and December. Professor Connolly, whose experience along these lines has extended over several years, and whose labors have been crowned with marked success, is in charge at the class composed of fourteen members, nearly one-half of whom intend to present themselves for the ordeal this month. This number will be augmented by accessions from the evening school, which is conducted in the Vandergrift Building three evenings in the week, and in which Professors Cronin and Norris aid Professor Connolly in covering the programme. Some of our most earnest workers and most ambitious students are registered in the evening school; we note with satisfaction that those of them who have already been admitted to practice at the Bar, are being patronized far beyond their fondest expectations and our brightest hopes.

R. J. P.

Day School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

Far below us, down in the depths of that canyon of Commerce, Fourth Avenue, are noises, noises wild, weird and warning. A horn squawks—a Ford goes by, a klaxton crashes from a Packard, all sorts of cars thunder along.

But we labor onward.

A kindly breeze wafts up whiffs of enticing and appetizing character from the Lunch Club next door.

Still we labor.

You see, we love our work; we love to study, to assimilate knowledge and to be wise. That love, and none other, enters our minds. We are happy and contented. Our professors are most able and most earnest.

Dean Walker lectures us upon Corporations, Banking and Government. Mr. Shearman has us for Economics, Business Management and Salesmanship. Mr. Egan drills Business Law into us, and we learn it. The most versatile is Mr. Deviny. He deals efficiently with Accounting, Transportation, Correspondence, English and Debating, and is the head librarian of the most complete school library of its kind in the city. Every variety of information may be found there, from stock quotations of war securities to French quotations of etiquette. All the consular and other government reports are filed and added to the library regularly, while all the leading non-fiction periodicals are subscribed for, with the exception of "Life."

We are well informed.

The evening class is greater than ours—in number—but that

is all. Their faculty is much larger. But then we are specializing.

We are on the road to power (and wealth!) and so we labor.

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.

High School Academic.

Never in our history have there been so many students registered in the High School Academic department as this year. The classes are so well patronized that two divisions have been formed of the second year, and three of the first. We now count 221 in attendance. A large percentage of these will undoubtedly persevere, and will become prominent members of the learned professions. Their programme lays for them a substantial foundation for specialization. Entering from the grammar school, they at once are initiated into the mysteries of Latin, Algebra, Geometry and the minor sciences, while they familiarize themselves with the niceties of literature and a graded composition which takes them by regular steps through narration, description, exposition, argumentation and versification. Latin runs through the four years. When they have ploughed through the commentaries of Caesar, they mine the gems of Cicero's orations and cull the beauties scattered through the pages of the gentle Mantuan poet. Not until the second year do they wrestle with Greek declensions and puzzle out the tenses of irregular verbs; these mastered, they travel through whole parasangs of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and snake their thirst for classical lore at the wells of Homer undefiled. They range through the long vistas of ancient, mediaeval and modern annals, and make painstaking excursions into the varied treasure houses of English and American history and literature. They delve into the soul-elevating, wholesome and practical sciences of physiology, botany, zoology, physics and chemistry, and rack their brains over plane and solid geometry, diversified with intricate problems in advanced algebra and trigonometry, which fit them for the intelligent discussion of such abstruse questions as the history of economics presents with infinite variety and contending views.

They acquire the graces of diction and vocal culture in elocution and singing classes, and have every facility for the cultivation of music and the fine arts of drawing and painting.

The study of modern languages appeals irresistibly to those who ambition high places in examination lists or seek a reading knowledge of foreign scientific journals, or qualify for European

travel with the culture and refinement and toleration that familiarity with trans-Atlantic nations invariably produces. If our young Academicians profit of their many opportunities, they build wisely and well, and their mansions will be adorned with the gay parterres of valued memories and enriched with the luscious fruits of intellectual development.

The Commercial High School Department.

The present home of the Commercial High School is on the fifth floor of the main building, where the most spacious and the best-equipped rooms for commercial work in this city are at the disposal of its members. They are kept to themselves during school hours, mingling with the students of the other courses only during the noon recreation. This isolation helps them to keep their attention fixed upon their work, makes for good discipline and greatly facilitates interchange of the 45-minute periods prescribed for this department. It is in all respects an ideal business home.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

A noteworthy visitor during the latter part of the year just closed was the superior of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y., Very Rev. James A.

Father Walsh Walsh. He addressed the students in the chapel, and no doubt fired many of them with the noble ambition of devoting their lives to the conversion of the infidels.

The Very Rev. President went to Washington, D. C., to attend a meeting of the General Executive Committee of the Catholic Educational Association held at the

Faculty
Activities

University on November 16. The next day he attended the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Archbishop of Philadelphia.

On November 23 and 24 he assisted at the Commemoration of Founder's Day at Carnegie Institute, and at the banquet on Wednesday night he brought the greetings of the University to the Institute.

Various members of the Faculty attended sessions at the annual Secondary Education Convention of Western Pennsylvania Colleges, November 26 and 27. The Very Rev. President took part in all the conferences of college and university presidents.

Never has the University Auditorium accommodated so large an audience as that which gathered on the evening of November 23 to witness the Red Masquers' first big

Thanksgiving
Show

entertainment of the year. The boys proved themselves capable entertainers. The first of the two comedies afforded opportunities

for handsome gowning on the part of the five young men who appeared in the role of winsome ladies. The stage presented a pretty picture, thanks to the following, who gave their services untiringly as scene painters, stage carpenters and electricians: Daniel Bruno, Charles E. Caldwell, John Donnelly, Thomas A. Drengacz, C. Herbert Dyson, Charles G. Haendler, Millard J. Krill, Francis X. Kleyle, Kenneth A. Leopold, Leo J. McIntyre, Joseph A. Naylor, Michael F. Obruba, James J. Stapleton.

The following was the programme in detail:

TOMMY'S PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

(Characters named in the order of their appearance)

THOMAS PITMAN CAROTHERS, a young portrait painter, as yet
unknown to fame.....Joseph E. Monteverde
ROSE CAROTHERS, his sister.....Howard M. Murphy
PATTY CAMPBELL, a student at dramatic school.....E. Lawrence O'Connell
DICK GRANNIS, Carothers' chum, interested in Rose.....Earl C. Dean
MRS. DE YORBURGH-SMITH, a wealthy society woman.....Philip C. Lauinger
EDITH BRONSON, a friend of Rose—devoted to charities.....Arthur L. Depp
PIERRE LE BOUTON, a French fencing-master.....Edward J. Nemmer
SYLVIA DE YORBURGH-SMITH, young and impressionable....C. Herbert Dyson

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I. Carothers' studio, in an apartment-house. Afternoon.

ACT II. The studio, two weeks later.

ACT III. Library at Edith's home, evening of the same day.

PLACE—Not far from here.

TIME—Not long ago.

BLACKVILLE BOOSTER CLUB**CAST OF CHARACTERS :**

(Characters named in the order of their appearance)

CHARLES AUGUSTUS HOTFOOT, not running.....Francis M. Hoffmann
 JAMES JACKSON MUCHMOUTH, "swell".....John J. McDonough
 ABE LINCOLN WASHINGTON, grammarian.....Martin Wajert
 GARFIELD FUSFEATHERS, poultry inspector.....Patrick A. Diranna
 WILLIAM BILKINS SMITH, sprinter.....Augustine E. Swan
 RUFUS RASTUS GOGGENHEIMER, health inspector.....James S. Connolly
 MICHAEL ANGELO WISHBONE, artist.....John C. Davies
 HORACE CUTUP, razor inspector.....Stanley P. Balcerzak
 ALEXANDER B. THICKLIPS, pork-chops inspector.....Dudley J. Nee
 HON. BILL JOHNSON, running for judge.....Joseph T. Kane

SYNOPSIS :

PLACE—Meeting room of the Blackville Booster Club.

TIME—Just before a political campaign.

In the intermission between the plays, the following numbers were given :

SONG—A Little Bit of Heaven..... Charles J. Donnelly

PYRAMIDS, by the boarders : 1—The Centrepiece. 2—The Shamrock.
 3—The Tower. 4—The Span. 5—The Fan. 6—The Mound.
 7—Cheops, the Great Pyramid. 8—The Blockhouse. 9—The Arrowhead.
 10—The Bridge. 11—The Spread eagle. 12—The Bridal Path.

BUILDERS OF THE PYRAMIDS :—Captain, Michael F. Obruba; Overseer, Thomas A. Drengacz; Workers, Carl R. Ackerman, Stanley B. Butrym, Charles E. Caldwell, John P. Donnelly, Arthur F. Farwick, Herman P. Fuchs, John J. Gaffney, John J. Gustin, Charles G. Haendler, George B. Hudock, Joseph Hudock, Millard Krill, Winfred Krill, Kenneth Leopold, John J. Loulan, Frank J. Molinari, Frank J. Nyce, John J. O'Donnell, James J. Sweeney.

CHORUSES :—Love Moon

Clang of the Forge.....Glee Club

The Students' Orchestra rendered the following selections during the entertainment :

March—Co.—Ed.....*Zamecnik*
 Gavotte—Ethel.....*Bruce*
 Bubbles—from High Jinks.....*Friml*
 March—Emblem of Peace.....*Reeg*
 Medley of Southern Airs.....*Fischer*
 Two-Step—My Little Girl.....*Tilzer*

OBSERVATIONS

The students in the first play were trained by Rev. John F. Malloy, Moderator of the Red Masquers; those in the second, by Raymond J. Baum, Vice-President of the Club; the Gymnasts, by Rev. E. N. McGuigan; the

members of the Orchestra, by Professor Charles B. Weis; and the Vocalists, by Rev. J. A. Dewe.

The stage settings were designed, and the scenery painted, at the University; the paintings used in the first play were the work of students in the Art Department.

Frank & Seder furnished the ladies' costumes.

Hanan & Son accommodated the ladies with footwear.

Terheyden Co. supplied the jewelry worn.

Special thanks are due to several ladies (who wish to be nameless) for services graciously rendered.

A varied programme was rendered on December 12.

A delightful hour's "Trip to the Old World" was made with the help of Stereopticon views and with

"Trip to the Father Malloy as cicerone. France, Switzerland, the Rhine country, Belgium, England and Ireland were traversed, while the guide

renewed, with vivid touches, his memories of the beautiful and storied spots that can never cease to charm.

Despite severe weather, an unusually large crowd assembled on "Commercial Night", December 19th. The programme rendered was one calculated to bring them back again.

The debate, although the first for all participants, "went through without a hitch". The speakers were publicly congratulated by the Very Rev. President. Naturally, much interest was aroused by the awarding of monograms to the football stars. Rev. H. J. McDermott, president of the Faculty Athletic Committee, had a happy word to say of each one as he called his name. Captain Leonard P. Kane, Paul J. McGraw, James Anton, Egidius C. Bechtold, Mark P. Flanagan, William F. O'Malley, and Michael Wolak, along with three ex-Academics, Thomas A. Drengacz, Dudley J. Nee and Thomas P. Nee, were the recipients of letters. As the honors were conferred, enthusiasm ran wild. The Very Rev. President then expressed his satisfaction with the wonderful work of the team, and his views regarding college athletics in general. Rev. Charles B. Hannigan had a parting word of congratulation to the boys, whose manager he has been during the past season.

ATHLETICS

THAT athletic ideal, which seems so hard to realize in the educational institutions of America, of having every student an athlete trained in one or more branches, is approached by Duquesne University. The Bluff authorities strive first to build up a system of sport which will bring every student that is strong enough into active competition, and select teams for participation in games outside of school, only as an after thought. As a result, few boys who attend classes on the Bluff campus, whether preparatory or collegiate, leave without a knowledge of one or more games and the ability to play them at least fairly well. This is true of football, basketball, baseball, soccer and handball, all of which sports have been found means of beneficial recreation for the Duquesne students.

Now that the basketball season has arrived, clashes between rival quintets are of daily occurrence on the Duquesne court, where even the noon hour is featured by a game. Intense interest is shown in the inter-class contests, even by those who are not eligible to play because of parental objection. Coach Martin officiates in person at these class games, and often gives the ambitious players a short and concise lecture on the finer points of the game. The athletic authorities, then, are steadily realizing their ideal "every student an athlete."

Jerome D. Hannan, president of the Students' Athletic Senate, addressed the student-body a short time ago, and emphasized the above ideal, which has become an accepted slogan at Duquesne. As a result of his energetic and impressive talk, 120 ambitious candidates have responded for the three representative teams of the University, viz.: the 'Varsity, Academics and Juniors. After a daily practice had been indulged in for two weeks, the argus-eyed coaches and the painstaking managers finally selected their candidates. The following students have qualified for the 'Varsity: Cumbert, Haley, Morrissey, McMath, McGonigle, McLean, Obruba, Sorce and Wolak. The only veteran left from last year's famous octet is Captain "Mike" Morrissey, who has just recovered from a long illness. The others are all green material, unfamiliar with the college passing game. Coach Bernard, however, is optimistic, as he realizes he has several undeveloped stars. The manager has drawn up a schedule which includes the best collegiate tossers in Western Pennsylvania, West

Virginia and Ohio. The following teams will be seen in action on the Duquesne court: Beaver Falls Collegians, Lafayette College, Waynesburg, University of Buffalo, Capital University of Columbus, St. Ignatius College of Cleveland, St. Canisius College of Buffalo, Grove City College. Games are pending with W. Va. Wesleyan, W. Va. University, Colgate University and Detroit University.

The Academics are again in line under the able management of Rev. A. B. Mehler. Coach Martin has taken this quintet in hand, and expects to equal, if not surpass, the 1914 record. With Diranna, Nyce, Hudock and O'Malley as a nucleus from last year's stars, Coach Martin will undoubtedly develop a strong floor aggregation. The new men, Flanagan, Hogan, O'Brien and Whalen, show signs of incipient ability. The enthusiastic student manager "Bill" O'Malley has carded the best high school tossers in the vicinity. Games have been booked with Kittanning, Parnassus, Crafton, Munhall, Bridgeville, Homestead, Duquesne, Ford City, Tech Plebes and Westinghouse Reserves.

The Junior team had such a remarkable record in baseball and football that the Athletic Committee has decided to let the younger element try its skill at an indoor game. When Rev. Leo J. Zindler issued a call for candidates every youngster in school who had any ambition or nerve responded. The following were selected as the best available material: Codori, Davies, Fuchs, Krill, Kronz, Pavlinac and Power. Taking the inter-class contests as a criterion, this Junior septet will bear watching.

We do not pretend to be seers, still we are "see-ers" and behold radiant prospects for a successful season in basketball for all three teams. We expect the student-body to display the same brand of loyalty as in the very successful gridiron season, just consigned to the pages of history.

DUDLEY NEE.



Exchanges.

MOST of the exchanges that have come to our notice at present writing maintain the standards set up by themselves in years gone by.

As our glance falls upon an old friend from Beatty, Pa., *The St. Vincent College Journal*, we perceive that it is the issue

for June. How it escaped notice in our previous review we cannot say, but it is better late than never and criticism may be as beneficial now as it would have been earlier. "The Voyage of Life" gives poetic expression to the time-worn comparison with the ship at sea. In some places, the poetic expression is commendable, at others, it descends to the common-place. The sentiment expressed in "At the Vesper Hour" is tender and religious but its rhyme and its rhythm are both somewhat faulty. "Impressions Gleaned in the City" is a satirical essay criticizing the follies of urban life. It appears in the form of an open letter to the editor from a country visitor. Though very effective at times, the author does not enter sufficiently into the spirit of the character he attempts to portray. The language and expression are often too elegant for one who has learned only "how to read and write plain English." Of two short stories, "My Second Venture" is the better. It is a humorous monologue, dealing for the most part with trite witticisms. "The Oak and the Hemlock" expresses in the form of dialogue the multifarious utilities of our forests. The author's thoughts sometimes lag and his expressions move rather slowly. "The Journey of Life", though a prose essay, becomes in places almost poetic. Its style is diffuse and its sentences are often jerky. There are four editorials dealing with subjects either directly or indirectly akin to the war; all four are pacific in tone. The exchanges and book review are well handled and add to the strength of this exchange.

The only poetry to be found in *St. John's University Record* for October is a poem under the caption, "Lady of the Lake". It is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is pious in spirit and is well-composed in regard to rhyme and rhythm. The author, however, makes use of few poetic expressions and overlooks many opportunities for indulging in figurative language and rhetorical arrangement. "Our National Banner" ranks first among the essays. The author feels a sensible patriotism and is happy in his intimate acquaintance with our flag's symbolism. "Ambition" and "The God-like Faculty" are papers showing careful preparation as well as an insight into human nature. Rescue from the depths of misanthropy is the substance of the plot of the short story, "The Arrival at the Haven". The language and grammar are good but the plot is weak and loosely constructed. Three brief, though seasonable, editorials complete the offerings of the magazine. The Alumni notes are somewhat lengthy and are very well arranged.

In the *Viatorian* for October, "Five Minutes with the Faculty" a title suggested, no doubt, by the "Extension" magazine, presents a timely sermon to youthful students. The style is clear and concise, and its noble thoughts are clothed in elegant language. "Competitive or Intercollegiate Athletics" indorses the stand made by Dr. James J. Walsh against intercollegiate contests. The author's arguments are strong and clearly presented. "The Moral Spirit in Shakespeare" is, on the whole, a noble attempt to demonstrate that the bard of Avon strove to preach, through his characters, sound principles of morality. The style is sometimes vague and the author appears to possess a peculiar trait of calling forth objections that he cannot wholly refute. "Hankisms" contains much common sense imparted in epigrammatical form. This department is unusually strong in the *Viatorian*.

The Columbian, coming from Oregon, presents for our approval a magazine of more than usual importance. "The Making of the Poet", a poem of some forty verses in iambic pentameter, exhibits an unusual system of rhyming. Rich, flowery language abounds; but despite this general excellence, some imperfections in rhythm are here and there to be encountered. "O. Henry—Representative Short Story Writer of America" offers an interesting review of Henry's foremost characteristics as exemplified in his works. The style is diffuse, the choice of words very good, and the grammatical construction, just a trifle short of perfection, but one feels, as he reads on, that the essay lacks unity and coherence. "Some Speculations on Mental Telepathy" is rather vague in expression and leaves the problem still a mystery. Two short stories, and they *are* short, round out the excellence of the magazine.

In reading *St. Xavier's Journal* our attention is attracted to the beautiful poem, "Trust". The rhythm is good and the imagery excels that of much poetry we have lately enjoyed. A short story, "Poor Little Joe", from the same pen, is worthy of sincere commendation. It is one of those pathetic stories that bring forth hidden tears, and cause one to admire the Mercy and the Justice of the Almighty.

J. D. HANNAN, '16.

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Number 5.

The Tide.

SPEAKS the moon to the sea, saying, "Follow me,
Thou creature of turbulent mind!
Come! On this shore thou shalt dash no more,
For now thou must leave it behind!"

And the sea obeys and does what she says;
But, oh frivolous, changeful, is she:
The tide 's not long out ere she orders, "About!
Back again! Come! follow me!"

Thus forth and back goes the sea in its track,
Forever coming and going;
And the moon in delight smiles full round on the night,
And watches the ebbing and flowing.

And our fortunes shift with a flow as swift
As the flow and ebb of the tide;
With a fatherly smile God looks down the while,
For He is our ruler and guide.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.

The Influence of Legend on Modern Literature.

Discipulus est priori posterior dies.

—SYRUS *Maxims*.

IT is an old expression that "there is nothing new under the sun." The practical significance of these few words is everywhere visible in the civilization of this, the twentieth century. Our astronomical observations do not excel those of the ancient Egyptians; our system of notation, we have borrowed from the Arabians; our sciences and our philosophy are nothing more than a development of the speculations of the sages of all the years that have preceded our own. Our boasted edifices have been surpassed in glory by the temple of Solomon and in magnitude by the pyramids of Egypt; the laws of our country show no more strength than those of the Roman code; our very civilization is characterized by no greater refinement than was that of the Greeks of old, and our arts and our literature depend upon the masterpieces of previous generations.

So it is that many of the Catholic legends of the mediaeval period have furnished themes for the noblest productions of nineteenth century art and literature. Of these the legends of the Holy Grail and of King Arthur and the Round Table stand in the foreground, while not far behind comes the story of the priest, Theophilus, whose bargain with the Devil became the origin of the plot for Goethe's "Faust".

The most spiritual romance of chivalry is without doubt the legend of the Holy Grail. It is so old that the circumstances of its birth can only be surmised. Some declare that the Moors were the first to become acquainted with it in Europe and that the Spaniards later adapted it to Christianity. At all events it had reached England as early as the eighth century when a British hermit wrote on the subject. He is thus described by a writer of the thirteenth century :

"At this time in Britain a marvelous vision was shown by an angel to a certain hermit. It was of the basin or paropsis in which the Saviour supped with His disciples, concerning which the history was written by the same hermit, which is called Gradal. In French they give the name gradal, or graal, to a large, rather deep vessel in which rich meats with their gravy are served to the wealthy." The legend first received notice in France at the hands of Robert de Borron and Chretien de Troyes

who wrote lengthy metrical romances about it. In Germany the theme was adopted principally by Wolfram von Eschenbach, one of the foremost minnesingers, whose works became the foundation for several of Wagner's operas. It was further developed in England by Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford, and by Sir Thomas Mallory, both of whom connected it with the exploits of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. In reviving this wonderful legend, Tennyson has relied principally upon the story as related by Mallory. Tennyson, however, has added to it a charm to interest modern readers. In writing his "*Idylls of the King*", he has paid a tribute to the moral beauties of Catholicity and has called to the attention of those outside the fold the sublime truths contained in the doctrines of the Church of Christ.

The story of the Grail is somewhat confused, but, condensed from the works of the old authors and containing the most striking features of each, it is as follows:

When Lucifer was cast out of heaven, a stone of his magnificent crown fell to earth. From the stone was carved a chalice of wondrous splendor which came in time into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea. Through his agency, it was used by Christ at the Last Supper. When the Saviour was crucified, several drops of His Blood were gathered into this chalice, which ever afterwards was endowed with wonderful powers on that account. The Jews having cast Joseph into prison, left him for many months without food or drink, hoping in this way to starve him to death in order that they might lay upon him the charge of stealing Christ's body. Vespasian, gratified that his son, Titus, had been cured of leprosy by gazing upon the cloth of St. Veronica, proceeded to Jerusalem to accomplish a pilgrimage and to behold the scenes connected with the life of the Saviour. While there, he learned of the unjust imprisonment of Joseph whom he set free at once. Joseph had been sustained throughout the whole period of his incarceration by the potency of the Holy Grail. Fearing the Jews, he immediately set sail for a distant land and found refuge at Marseilles, from whence he proceeded to Glastonbury, where the Grail remained visible for many years until men became too sinful to be permitted to share its vision and its bounty.

Another version has it that the Grail did not fall on earth indiscriminately but that it was entrusted to the care of a race of heroes. The founder of the race was a certain rich and virtuous Cappadocian prince, Berillus by name, who came to Gaul and allied himself with the family of a Breton prince. Titirel, the

most illustrious of his descendants, was visited by an angelic messenger who bade him dispose of all his property because he had been chosen to guard the Holy Grail on Mount Salvatch. Accordingly Titurel, reserving only his armor and sword, set out on his journey. He was guided by a cloud to a steep mountain which he ascended with great difficulty, and from the summit beheld the Holy Grail borne on invisible hands. Soon the Grail vanished, and, after several months of waiting for its reappearance, Titurel conceived the idea of building a temple in which to receive the vessei when it returned. The temple was accordingly begun upon the top of the mountain. Various kinds of precious stones as well as the choicest woods entered into its construction. The main building was circular in shape and was surrounded by seventy-two smaller temples of octagonal shape. On the summit of the principal tower was a large carbuncle which guided at night the various members of the heroic company of knights that had been established by Titurel. When the temple was completed, the knights began to pray unceasingly for the reappearance of the Holy Grail. Soon their request was answered, when one day, as they were in the midst of prayer, a rich perfume filled the air, while the holy vessel was seen to descend to the altar, borne upon a shaft of light. From that time forward the vessel heaped numberless blessings upon its guardians. It sustained them physically and spiritually for centuries. Titurel lived four hundred years and, so great had been the preservative power of the Grail, appeared to be only forty years of age.

When he had become very old, he abdicated the throne in favor of his son Frimoutel. At the death of the latter, who was killed while engaged in some unworthy adventure, the grandson, Amfortas, became the guardian of the Holy Grail until he, too, received a terrible wound as punishment for a certain sin that he had committed. Then it was announced that his wound would not heal until there should come to the castle a youth who would cure the sore upon asking its cause. In time, the promised knight, who was none other than Parzival, a cousin of Amfortas, arrived at the palace, cured the king and became the guardian of the Grail.

Tennyson departs somewhat from the legend as above related and makes Sir Galahad rescue Amfortas from his affliction. Sir Galahad was a member of the famous Knights of the Round Table whom Tennyson describes as:

"A glorious company, the flower of men,

To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds."

Though Tennyson applies a different name to the character of the young hero, it may well be that Parzival and Sir Galahad were intended to be the same man. The fame of Parzival's exploits reached the ears of King Arthur who immediately sent for the young champion, dubbed him knight, and, according to one version, bade him occupy the "Siege Perilous". Now this is just what Tennyson relates of Sir Galahad before that knight set out upon his quest. The one great difference between Parzival and Galahad was the maidenhood of Galahad, whose virginity Tennyson celebrates in lines full of Catholic thought and morality:

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine;
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will."

After Tennyson describes the knighting of the youthful Galahad, he pictures a scene in which the knights are all gathered about the Round Table with the exception of their king, and he has Sir Percivale thus narrate what then transpired:

"All at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it passed."

In thus reviving the old Catholic legend of the Holy Grail with its accompanying principles of Catholic thought, feeling and

idealism, Tennyson has produced his greatest work, so great in fact that it has been justly considered England's national epic.

Parzival had two sons of whom the younger was Lohengrin. The elder devoted his attention to worldly affairs while Lohengrin became the guardian of the Holy Grail. One day as he was engaged in this pious office, the bell summoning him forth to uphold the right, began to toll ever louder and louder, while on the rim of the sacred vessel appeared the command that Lohengrin should go forth to defend an innocent person and that he was to be carried to his destination by a swan. The person whose defender he was to become, was none other than the Duchess Else of Brabant who had been committed to the care of Frederick von Telramund. When this man, a scoundrel at heart, discovered that he was unable to win the affections of Else, he trumped up a charge against her and accused her before the emperor, Henry the Fowler. Now, as the witnesses did not agree, Henry ordered that the affair should be settled by a judicial duel. Frederick challenged any man to prove him to have made a false accusation. All feared the strength of the man and none came forth to fight for poor innocent Else. It was then that the bell tolled at the temple of the Holy Grail, and that Lohengrin set out upon his journey to defend the duchess. The day of the duel came and yet no champion appeared. It was not until the heralds had sounded the call for Else's defender to appear that Lohengrin sprang into the lists. Soon Frederick was disarmed and confessed his guilt, while the Swan Knight was hailed as victor. Else, in gratitude, consented to become his wife without knowing who he was or whence he came. This condition he imposed upon her before they were married. But there were envious people who sought to arouse her jealousy by circulating malicious reports about the previous life of her husband. So one day she asked him the fatal question. Whereupon he led her before the assembled knights of his duchy, told her that he was Parzival's son, Lohengrin, and sorrowfully took his departure. Thrice did he blow his horn, when the swan again glided up the river and carried away the Swan Knight to Mount Salvatch. Soon after Lohengrin had gone, Else's brother returned to prevent her ever being molested again. There is no doubt that this romance was written by von Eschenbach with the purpose of inspiring the knights of his time with lofty ideas, and of convincing them of the folly of worldly pride.

In the year 1829, while Richard Wagner, then only sixteen

years of age, was tracing back the legend of Tannhauser, he came across an old poem of Lohengrin which then and there became the base for his opera of that name. It was not, however, until many years later, 1845, in fact, that Wagner made the first sketch of the opera. The composer was occupied with it from that time until the year 1850, when it was performed for the first time at Weimar under the direction of Liszt, who was deeply interested in it. During the next decade the opera was given in all of the principal cities of Germany, a fact that caused Wagner, who was then an exile, sorrowfully to exclaim, "I shall soon be the only German who has not heard Lohengrin." It was not until eleven years after its first performance that he had the pleasure of hearing his own composition. The opera obtained for Wagner the admiration of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, who, when he ascended the throne, invited the composer to live with him at court and granted him a yearly pension from his private purse.

Wagner follows pretty well the plot of this legend, deviating therefrom only in minor points, and then only to obtain greater poetic effect. The opening scene takes place in Antwerp whither Henry has come to remind all the noblemen of their oath of allegiance to him. Soon Frederick comes forward, makes his charge against Else and demands justice. Then the king begins to question the fair Else, who, instead of answering the emperor, exclaims :

"I saw in splendor shining
A knight of glorious mien,
On me his eye inclining
With tranquil gaze serene;
A horn of gold beside him,
He leant upon his sword.
Thus when I erst espied him,
' Mid clouds of light he soared;
His words so low and tender
Brought life renewed to me."

When Lohengrin, having sprung ashore, is about to dismiss the swan that has been his guide, he addresses it in the following beautiful words that constitute one of the finest passages in the whole opera :

"I give thee thanks, my faithful swan.
Turn thee again and breast the tide;
Return unto that land of dawn
Where joyous we did long abide.
Well thy appointed task is done.
Farewell, my trusty swan."

Lohengrin cautions Else against being too inquisitive, in these terms:

"Say, dost thou understand me?
Never, as thou dost love me,
Aught shall to question move thee
From whence to thee I came,
Or what my race and name."

When she breaks her promise and asks him the fatal question, he explains who he is, as well as the wonderful power of the Holy Grail:

"He whom the Grail to be its servant chooses
Is armed henceforth by high invincible might;
All evil craft its power before him loses,
The spirit of darkness where he dwells takes flight.
Nor will he lose the awful charm it lendeth,
Although he should embark to distant lands,
When the high cause of virtue he defendeth:
While he's unknown, its spells he still commands."

"What constitutes Goethe's glory," says M. Taine, "is that in the nineteenth century he could produce an epic poem—I mean a poem in which genuine gods act and speak. This appeared impossible in the nineteenth century, since the special work of our age is the refined consideration of creative ideas, and the suppression of the poetic characters by which other ages have never failed to represent them." The poem meant is of course "Faust", and though Goethe wrote it in the nineteenth century, it is none the less true that he borrowed his plot from the story of a Christian penitent of the sixth century, Theophilus by name.

Some years before the Persian invasion, there lived in Cilicia a very pious priest who was characterized by his extreme devotion and severe asceticism. When elected bishop, his humility forbade his accepting the office, and he very firmly refused it. Another obtained the office and Theophilus continued his works of charity and self-sacrifice. Now the happiness which the priest was enjoying aroused the envy of some neighbors, who began to attribute to him ulterior motives in refusing the bishopric. These malicious stories reached the ears of the actual bishop, who, without a proper investigation, concluded them to be true and deprived the priest of his offices. But the humility that had forced him to refuse the episcopacy was not strong enough to withstand an unmerited condemnation. He visited a necromancer, who led him at night to a cross road where he

conjured up Satan. Satan promised Theophilus a reinstatement in all his offices, together with the absolute restoration of his good name, on condition that he would sign away his soul and abjure forever Christ and His Mother. This Theophilus did, signing the compact with a pen dipped in his own blood. On the morrow everything occurred just as Satan had promised. For some days all went well, but soon the conscience of the priest began to chide him. He fasted and prayed forty days and in the end received forgiveness. He made a public confession and received the Blessed Sacrament, after which he returned to his home where he died in a fever three days later. The original account of this compact was written in Greek by Eutychianus, a disciple of Theophilus, who declares that he relates what he had seen with his own eyes, and what he had heard from the mouth of Theophilus himself.

Goethe was not the only writer of his day who made use of this legend. Some thirty of his contemporaries had produced their "Fausts" during the interval which elapsed between the inception and publication of his great work. Oblivion overtook them all, with the exception of Lessing's, of which a few fragments are left. The composition of Goethe's "Faust" proceeded spasmodically. It was begun in 1769 when the author was only twenty years of age and was not completed until 1831 when he was eighty-two. As to the character of "Faust" it is generally conceded by the critics to be symbolic, and the author has partly confessed it to be such.

The key to the plot is given in the Prologue in Heaven. The devil, in the character of Mephistopheles, asks permission to tempt Faust, which the Lord grants:

"Be it allowed! Draw this Spirit from its Source if you can lay hold of him; bear him with you on your downward path, and stand ashamed when you are forced to confess that a good man in his dark striving has a consciousness of the right way."

It seems pretty evident that the prologue was taken from the Book of Job. There are many who accuse Goethe of gross irreverence in this passage and in others similar to it. The only explanation that can be given is that Goethe's devil was bound to speak in character.

Let us, now, compare the Theophilus of the legend and the Faust of Goethe. Theophilus was undoubtedly a man of learning, versed in the forbidden arts of magic. Faust is also represented

as a scholar learned in the law of forbidden mysteries. Both sell their souls to the evil one for certain worldly considerations. Both repent having signed the contract. So far, therefore, Goethe has adhered closely to the ancient story. It is only in the details and in the mechanical effects of his drama that he departs from it. Take for example the different objects each had in selling his soul to the devil: the one to regain his lost reputation: the other to win wealth and youth. Then again, Goethe introduces the romance between Faust and Margaret, that is absent in the old legend. In many particulars, however, his disregard for sacred things is so conspicuous that his poem cannot rank with the efforts of Tennyson and Wagner in bringing the sublime truths and moral beauties of the ancient faith to the notice of the modern world.

The authors that have just now passed under our brief review are but three of the scores of modern writers who have developed themes of the Middle Ages. Sooner or later these themes will revive, for the truth, the moral beauty, the heroism, the chastity and the other Christian virtues which these old legends typify are eternal in their nature, and will reappear in the literature and art of every century until time shall be no more.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Explanation.

'T WAS willed by Him: this yearning
Should dwell within my soul,
While Wisdom, Truth and Beauty
E'er be the fated goal.

He meant me to be lonely,
Lest from Him I should stray
To some fair earthly Eden,
To fickle gods of clay.

'Tis well that I grow weary,
That I should yearn to rest
Within the eternal mansions,
Where endeth every quest.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Surfeited Duelist.

“COURAGE”, drawled the tall thin man, over his Madeira, “is a relative thing. A person may resolve to undertake some hazardous venture and temper his will to inflexibility, but at the very moment of execution an abrupt suggestion of danger will oftentimes paralyze it. It will render a brave man a coward.”

The stout gentleman did not doubt this assertion. He knew his friend to be an inveterate globe trotter and of varied experience. However, he enjoyed the reminiscences that Henry Bolton invariably related in support of his theories. So, after ordering the wine replenished, he became skeptical.

“I tell you it’s so,” declared Bolton emphatically, “It’s a conclusion I have seen substantiated. For instance:

“In the year 1899 I was peregrinating through southern France. In the city of Marseilles I lingered for some time because the peculiar atmosphere of the place appealed to me.

“Every morning I partook of my frugal *déjeuner* in the Café de Foy, which was situated just far enough from my hotel to give one a bit of air before breakfast.

“Having found the elixir of health in stale bread and *café-au-lait* I always breakfast upon these commodities. Despite the cheapness of my meal I always gave liberally to the waiters. I was, therefore, considered quite a paradox by both scullions and patrons in the Café de Foy.

“This attitude of theirs in nowise disconcerted me, and I continued taking my morning repast there.

“Matters, however, came to a crisis. A dapper youth who was himself wont to devour an enormous and diversified breakfast, publicly ridiculed me. A box on the ear was my rebuttal, for I was in an angry mood. As a result of my violence, cards were hastily exchanged and I was subsequently scheduled for an *affaire d’honneur* at sun-rise.”

The narrator here paused to quench his thirst, and then continued:

“That whole day I spent in deliberation. My adversary,

Monsieur Dupré, would likely be accomplished with both sword and pistol; I was familiar with neither. What should I do? To flee ignominiously would cast opprobrium, not only upon my own name, but upon Americans in general. To die a martyr to America's honor was not alluring.

"Just at this psychological moment, a happy idea presented itself. I would vindicate my honor by stratagem.

"Immediately betaking myself to a reliable undertaking concern, I arranged to have a black hearse drawn up along side the dueling grounds at day-break, to further a hoax, as I explained.

"The sun was just peeping over the horizon when, accompanied by my second, I stepped from my *fiacre* upon the battle plain. Monsieur Dupré was already upon the scene. So was a physician.

"As the preliminaries were being attended to, I stood aside disinterested. How could one be interested in his own funeral arrangements? Misgivings tortured my mind. Fool that I was for not taking time by the forelock! If my flimsy plot were to fail, I'd surely be executed. The thought that I might only be maimed for life was but poor consolation.

"A long slender foil was passed to me. At that precise moment, I saw my black hearse coming up the road. By a mighty effort I shook off melancholia. I glanced at my opponent. He was even more nervous than myself. He seemed half afraid.

"Perceiving this I took courage. I raised my foil above my head with the assumed confidence of a master. With great hauteur I addressed my enemy. '*Mon cher ami!* You have forced me to take your life.'

"He started. I continued musingly, 'I cannot boast of it. I, America's greatest swordsman, cannot be proud of destroying a mere youth simply because he is foolish.' I uttered the last phrase in sympathetic contempt. He trembled perceptibly. His face actually paled.

"My hearse was now passing. I hailed it. The driver came to me, and I said icily, 'Remain here. I will have a fare for you shortly.'

"Monsieur Dupré glanced at the gloomy vehicle, heard my heartless words, and collapsed utterly.

"His enormous and complicated breakfasts had wrecked his nerves and saved my carcass!"

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Fireside Fancies.

WHAT fancies do you conjure as you sit before the grate
Whilst the evening turneth late,
And you think and dream and ponder?
Tell me, do your thoughts not wander
Back to other times and places with the years grown fonder?
And mayhap you wish that now
Things might be as then. Somehow

Days that since have passed away,
Though in truth both sad and gray,
Now, bedewed by memory, are as fair and bright as May.
Then to Dreamland's realm retire;
For what better thing desire
Than an evening in your cosy chair beside the fire!

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.

Suitable Weather.

THERE is a certain planet, and I think they call it Mars,
That 's situated in the sky somewhere among the stars.
An awful fuss is made of it by persons on this earth
As t' whether it 's inhabited, and whether it gives birth
To birds and plants and animals, and people as we are,
Or whether it is barren like an ordinary star.

Thus a great lot has been written and a good deal has been said,
But, as some wise folks tell us, sure—" *the planet is n't dead*,
It 's a living habitation with a moon and with a sun
That shine upon the people till their lives are spent and done.
And so they live and toil and die the very same as we,
Except that of the weather they complain eternally."

They're just a discontented people, and don't know which kind
they crave,
For they're crying in the cradle and keep on unto the grave.
Dame Nature, kind and generous, gives her blood that they
may live;
And yet when e'er it starts to rain they needs must 'gin to grieve.
So while they keep complaining, I discover it is nice
That *we* are always satisfied, come sunshine, rain or ice!

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.



An Act of Providence.

HARRY KEENE had just finished eating his breakfast, and was sorting the morning mail. He thrust aside such things as invitations, bills, etc., and opened a letter post-marked "New York". In opening it he remarked to his wife, who was seated directly across the perfectly appointed breakfast table, "I'll bet this is from Jim Fleming. Suppose he is in financial difficulties." He then proceeded to open the epistle from his artist friend in New York. On concluding, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the idiots! Jim Fleming is fool enough to marry a Catholic!" "Oh!" his wife ejaculated, "Is Jim going to marry?"

Mrs. Keene laid down the "Morning News", and looked eagerly across the table. Harry thought her bewitching in her tasteful morning gown.

"He *is* married, to some worthless girl; and worse—or better perhaps—he himself 'has been received into the Catholic Church'" (he pointed to the line). "Well, he is a fool, to marry a Catholic and to become one!"

Mrs. Keene laughed. "Do you expect old Mr. Fleming will be angry?" she questioned. "Angry? why, he'll go mad. And Jim asks me to tell him."

"Does Jim expect to be forgiven?"

"Oh, no. He knows that old third cousin of his too well for that. Jim wouldn't like Mr. Fleming to go on imagining him a Protestant and single. He doesn't care what becomes of the money. You see, he has a small income from his mother's people—"

"Only \$25 a month," Mrs. Keene supplemented.

"He says he hasn't any extravagant ideas," sneered the husband, "and he hopes to succeed as an artist. He'll never be a successful artist."

"Oh, perhaps Jim's ambitious character would make him a success," suggested Mrs. Keene.

"Nor a successful anything now," Harry responded with contempt.

"Mr. Fleming may forgive him," ventured the wife.

"Not he," her husband said decisively, "you know old Fleming himself married a Catholic."

"Really?" Mrs. Keene's dark eyes widened incredulously. "I never heard."

"He did. My mother used to speak of Mrs. Fleming. Her maiden name was Conley. She was very young and beautiful at the time of her marriage,—all of forty years ago."

"Well?"

"I presume she was fond of her husband. At any rate she consented to the marriage taking place in a Protestant church, and afterwards she frequented no place of worship at all. At first things went smoothly enough; but as time went on Mrs. Fleming grew dull and silent. When her child was born she wished to have it baptized in a Catholic church. Then the quarrel began. Mr. Fleming swore his daughter should be brought up a Protestant. This row went on day after day and Marion was not yet baptized a year after her birth. The mother then secretly had her baptized by a priest. She grew up till it was time for her to go to school. Then another quarrel ensued, which grew more furious as the time went on.

"In the midst of the fury, the wife unfurled the secret of Marion's baptism. 'She is baptized a Catholic and she shall be raised one as long as I have life.' Mr. Fleming became enraged at the thought of such deceit. The next night Mrs. Fleming left the house, carrying the child with her. Of course there was a pursuit, but the woman had been surprisingly clever. The detectives did not get on her tracks for two whole years."

"Did she come back?"

"She was dead, and Marion had disappeared—I suppose she had seen to that. So now you can see there is little chance of forgiveness for Jim—and all the better for us." Harry Keene rose to his feet briskly.

"You think—" his wife began.

"I think Mr. Fleming will make a new will."

"And make you—" Mrs. Keene said, and paused.

"It is this way," he explained. "My father and Mr. Fleming were, I might say, the foundation of the steel mill here. Fleming saved all that was possible, but my father lost all in an investment. Mr. Fleming, considering what my father had done, gave

me a start in the steel mill, and also when he made his will he bequeathed all to Jim and me. Now I think Jim is out of it."

They both smiled at the thought, that the reading of the letter would in all probability induce old Fleming to make Harry the sole heir.

"I must go over at once to see Mr. Fleming and show him Jim's letter. You know he has not been well for a week."

"Yet he may pardon Jim, after all."

"No he won't. I'll tell you better when I return. Goodbye." And he hurried out to the office.

The young partner in the Racoon mills remained but a short time at the office that morning, but walked to Mr. Fleming's residence, and placed Jim's letter in his hands. The man became wild with anger. He strode over to his safe and, taking out his will, thrust it into the fire and watched the parchment twist and crackle till there was nothing left of it but a white ash. Then, turning to Harry Keene, he said, pointing to the fireplace,

"By that will you and Jim were made my co-heirs. In my next will all my property goes to you."

Harry's countenance brightened, but, in order to veil his delight, he spoke a word in favor of Jim. Mr. Fleming silenced him, as Harry had anticipated.

"I have made up my mind," he added. "Here, I shall give you a few notes for Jenkins, my lawyer. Inform him to draw up a new will according to these instructions, and bring it to me for signature to-morrow. You can call at his office as you go back to the mill."

The day passed pleasantly for Harry Keene. His wife and he both liked society, and they had been living in excess of their income. Should the inheritance promised prove as great as he believed it ought, they would buy an estate in the West and forget that their fortune had been made out of the toil and sweat of the laborer.

He was still at the breakfast-table next morning, talking pleasantly with his wife and forgetful of the work at the office. Suddenly one of Mr. Fleming's servants rushed in excitedly. "Sir, Mr. Fleming has been found dead in bed."

Harry hurried to the old stone mansion. The doctor was there. Mr. Fleming had been dead some hours. In due time the mills were closed and Keene returned to his own house, where his wife was anxiously awaiting him.

"Is it true? she questioned.

"Yes, and there is no will."

"What will happen?" she asked.

"I asked Jenkins. Everything goes to the nearest relative."

"Jim?"

"Oh no, Jim is but a third cousin. I presume it will be divided among many cousins. I dare say Jim will come in for a part. But I do know I have chucked away some articles that are worth as much as I should have received in the first will." Harry groaned.

Harry Keene was very busy for the next few months. The death of Mr. Fleming caused extra time and toil to be spent at the office. One day Jenkins called to inform Keene of the decision of the court in reference to the will of Mr. Fleming. The old lawyer looked a bit excited.

"'Tis the queerest case I have ever come across," the old man said. "And I'll not say but that I'm glad at the outcome."

"What in the world do you mean?" Keene demanded impatiently.

"You remember the instructions Mr. Fleming sent me the day prior to his death."

"Yes," was the hurried reply.

"Had there been a will we should not have been making such close investigation?"

"What is the verdict?" Harry asked nervously.

"You see," the old man began, "Mr. Fleming was married, and his wife died, but their child grew to womanhood, and married. She died just ten days ago in the hospital.

"Well?" interrupted Keene.

"Her daughter then comes in for all. It is really a romance. for Miss Delton—Marion Fleming married a man named Delton—is the wife of Jim Fleming. Now! what do you think of that, Mr. Keene? I'm very pleased that Jim is coming back anyhow!"

"Is that true, Mr. Jenkins?" demanded Keene.

"Yes—it is an act of Providence," answered the old lawyer reaching for his hat.

WILLIAM F. GALVIN, '18.

Promise.

BLEAK winds of the north o'er the meadows are blowing;
O'er murmuring brook the cold ice-sheet is spread;
The rapids alone are unchecked in their flowing:
Gay laughter and music of summer are fled.

The grey forest giants in sadness are bending
O'er the graves of their dun-colored children below;
And down from the heavens is softly descending
The spirit of flowers, the fairy-flaked snow.

A willow forlorn by the brooklet is sighing
And feebler but sadder is his melody;
Across the deep glen through the branches is crying
A shrill little voice with an elfin-like glee.

But 'tis not the bourne of all that was living
Nor is it the end of all beauty below;
For Beauty ne'er dies, and Heaven's forgiving:
The Summer is sleeping far under the snow.

Yes, Summer and Gladness there tarry together,
And Winter, like Sorrow, is brief in his reign:
Full soon will the flowers' smiles brighten the heather
And earth will rejoice in their beauty again.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



THERE is a saying, "Give me the framing of a nation's proverbs, and others may frame its laws;" and its proverbs are the produce of its literature.



VERSE and prose, grave and gay, the scientific and the practical, history and fable, all is animated spontaneously, or imperiously subdued, by the spirit of Henry and Elizabeth.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

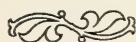
Showers.

DURING these days of changeable and disagreeable weather, when rain seems to be such a persistent visitor, and when, as a result of frequent drenchings, we are afflicted with coughs and colds combined with ill-nature and ill-temper, we seem to forget the days of sunshine of not so long ago. We forget that the flowers that, nodding their heads, bade us many a pleasant good-morning, could never have been but for the rain that we now so contemn.

And so it is in the garden of our lives. As long as they are filled with the sunshine of peace, health and prosperity, we are happy and joyous, but when we are caught in a shower of afflictions or distress, we immediately become melancholy and despondent. We lose sight of the fact—for it is a fact—that without these showers of sorrow our lives would be but barren deserts of hot, dry sands, yielding neither flower nor fruit. Let us not forget that clouds can hide the sun but for a time, that after the storm there is a calm, that the hour before the dawn is the darkest. Let us accept the showers as blessings of equal value with the sunshine; let us seek light when in the dark, let us seek shelter when in rain.

The point of view changes all things.

E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16.



“The Point”.

THERE is an old saw saying that familiarity breeds contempt; and this expression can be no more aptly illustrated than by the lack of interest shown by the residents of our city for spots of historical importance. They will travel to Philadelphia to see Independence Hall, to Mt. Vernon to behold the residence of the first President of our country or to Gettysburg to look upon the site of the tremendous three-day conflict between the forces of the Union and those of the Confederacy; but, when it comes to venerating historic landmarks in their own neighborhood, they become oblivious of the part these played in forming United States history.

The whole city abounds in sites of patriotic interest, for it was in this vicinity that most of the struggles of the French and Indian War occurred. The very names of our streets are reminders of those encounters. Of all places, however, none should hold our attention in this regard more than “the Point.” It was to this advantageous position of the French fort at the juncture of the Allegheny and Monongahela that General Braddock set out on the campaign from which he was never to return. It was to this point, Fort Duquesne, the key to the West, that Major-General Forbes directed his forces with better success a short time later. It was at this place that at the conclusion of his long march he ran up the British colors and rechristened the stronghold Fort Pitt. A spot in any other city abounding in such romantic associations would undoubtedly attract our attention and hold our interest; but the fact that it is located in our own city lowers it greatly in our estimation. We barely maintain the old fort and a few yards surrounding it. This much we must do to preserve our reputation among other cities; but further it seems we do not care to go. The policy is a mistaken one, for it should ever be our aim to maintain ideals by which we may arrive at better things; and what else, pray, are these landmarks of history but mementoes of real, successful achievements in days gone by? “The Point” is, in a particular manner, a memorial of this kind; for, though it represents a British triumph, yet it presents that triumph to us as the result of hard, persevering endeavor amidst trials and obstacles of every description. It reminds us, by its perpetual presence among us, that perseverance wins success; and for the simple reason of its inculcating such a virtue it should be revered as a venerable teacher.

The municipality, therefore, would do well to purchase all of that ground known as "the Point", to set a corps of architects, engineers and decorators at work upon the site, and so to beautify the place that we may not be ashamed to point to it as the spot marking the culmination of Forbes' persevering march, making the British the masters of the Ohio Valley.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Prosperity Ahead.

THE outlook for commercial and financial conditions for the year 1916 is in striking contrast with that prevailing at this time a year ago. A year of success is ahead of the American people. With the exception of a few localities, the spirit of optimism and hopefulness prevails to a degree that has not been apparent for nearly a decade. Belief and expectation is general for such prosperity as will recompense the people of this country for all past misfortunes.

The adverse effect of the European conflict is prevalent in a few sections though considerably less extended than at the beginning of last year. Its influence, on the whole, is more favorable than otherwise, owing to the tremendous impetus it has given to certain manufactures and the wide demand for many agricultural products. The unfavorable effects on some industries have largely been overcome by time and the ingenuity of their promoters, but, as must have been foreseen, certain lines of business still languish because of the continuance of hostilities. Without doubt this remaining commercial lethargy will be shaken off when peace is declared.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



Sunday Music for the People.

MUSIC, they say, has charms to soothe the savage breast, and if so potent is its influence among irrational beings, what must be its effect upon intellectual beings? One need not be a musician to appreciate the value of this heavenly art, for heavenly it must be considered since it has power to wipe away pain and sorrow, and to attune the hearts of men to its vibrations.

Music seems to have been granted as a general heritage for mankind. It is hard to see why the wealthy should have a monopoly on the efforts of truly great musicians, as has been the case in the past. The poor, both for want of time and want of means, are unable to attend the concerts given by the masters of music. It would be only the proper thing for the city to do to arrange for weekly Sunday concerts either free or with a nominal admission price. Such concerts would not be violating the sacredness of the Lord's Day, but would, on the contrary, emphasize it by giving to the poor toiler a slight glimpse of Heaven. Then, too, Sunday is the most suitable day, for the reason that workmen can more easily attend on that day.

The large audiences that attend the free concerts given by some of our big department stores demonstrate that entertainments of this kind are widely appreciated. Wherever the Sunday concert has been given it has been a decided success, and there is no valid reason why Pittsburgh, with its vast army of mill-workers, should not take some step in this direction. Immense throngs already attend the organ recitals given each Sunday afternoon in the two Carnegie Music Halls. Programmes of song and orchestral or band music, with a more popular appeal, would certainly attract thousands more; and not only would they attract, but they would elevate and stimulate to better things.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Exchanges.

IN the *De Paul Minerval* we find a well-ordered magazine containing many excellent, and a few less commendable points.

We naturally have a sort of kinship with the exchange editors of other school papers and so it is not surprising that our first glance is directed to the Exchange department. While we hope we have not been too brief in dealing with our Exchanges, as the editor of this particular journal admits he may have been, we, however, have the same complaint to launch with regard to our reception of exchanges. Whatever may have been the reason, certain editors have not thought it worth their while to forward to us a copy of their paper. But enough of this! We are glad to become acquainted with the successor of *The S. V. C. Index* and feel confident that if it maintains the standard of that old friend of ours, it will be one of the most welcome visitors to

our sanctum. The essays show careful preparation and the short stories are marked by interesting and clever construction of plot. One, however, "To the Hills of Happiness" is rather too long for a short story. We remark that there has been no courting of the Muse among the students of De Paul, for there appears no effort at poetical composition within the pages of *Minerva*. We notice, too, that there is no means of ascertaining what the number of the volume is, to which the present issue belongs. In conclusion, editors of *The Minerva*, permit us to become impertinent enough to ask why you do not appoint on your editorial staff, some of the fair co-eds whose efforts in the Christmas number, especially in "The Period of Discovery", have evidenced such splendid literary talent?

The Holy Cross Purple for December is characterized by a great variety of literary form and an abundance of reading matter. No department has been neglected; verse, story and essay have received their own share of attention. "Peace on Earth" is a timely expression in verse of the contrast between war and the Christmas spirit. "Books and the Undergraduate" is a brief but thoughtful article on the subject. "Sparks from a Whetstone" consists of a series of meaty epigrams. The Alumni and Chronicle departments are well taken care of, containing as they do plenty of appeal to the interest, curiosity and taste of friends and alumni to whom the work of the editors is principally addressed. In this connection we wish to note that the editors have not followed the rather ambitious standard proposed by "Inter Amicos" in the *Boston College Stylus*. While there should be nothing artificial in the make-up of a college magazine, and while of course there should ever be manifested the ambition to excel in a literary way, this ambition should take into account its own particular class of readers, whom it must ever strive to please and to interest.

The Chronicle department of *The Gonzaga* is to be commended in this connection. Not only are the items well arranged but they are also written in a concise and interesting style that appeals not only to alumni but to outsiders as well. The editor of "Inter Amicos" can surely find no fault with the verses of *The Gonzaga* for they are in every respect, up to the standard set by him. "The Nativity" and "St. Francis Xavier" abound in thoughts of a highly poetic trend. There appears also an exhaustive article on Hypnotism, which is especially interesting to a scientific mind, and suggests quite a number of novel views upon the subject.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

CHRONICLE

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

The School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce of Duquesne University inaugurated a series of lectures by specialists on certain phases of public utility accounting

Mr. Clarkson's last Friday evening, when Mr. W. B. Clarkson, the division manager of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, discussed

"The Commercial Factors of Telephone Rate-Making".

The speaker gave a sketch of the methods of valuation used by the public service commissions: he explained the meaning of physical properties and associated assets, the intangibles and "going value": he outlined the basis of computing depreciation by telephone companies, and the method of estimating a fair return for public utilities.

To solve the question of rate-making is difficult, as the known factors are fixed and variable; therefore, preliminary to the discussion proper, the methods of making rates in the past, based on knowledge of those periods, Mr. Clarkson demonstrated to be inaccurate. The lecturer then showed that the reasons for doing away with flat-rates were sound, and that the introduction of the message-rates in large cities was justifiable and reasonable, and the reasons were given why the telephone calls were averaged and the flat rates were still in use in smaller communities. The apportionment of the revenues necessary to render adequate service, among the different kinds of stations, was then discussed.

In conclusion, Mr. Clarkson spoke about the growing demand for specialists in public utility work, either in investigations by public service commissions, or in the utilities themselves.

L. M. Robinson, credit manager of the Rosenbaum Co., delivered a lecture in the Vandergrift Building, Friday evening, January 7, on "Credit Limit, and the Treatment of Old Customers".

Faculty
Personals
The lecture was open to the public, and was largely attended.

On Tuesday evening, January 11, the class in Advanced Accounting, of the School of Commerce, heard a special lecture by Professor L. P. Collins on the "Preparation and Correction of Balance Sheets".

On the evening of January 13, the Class in Credits was given a special lecture by Professor L. M. Robinson, on "Pitfalls in Retail Credit Granting". At 7:30 Dean Walker delivered a special lecture to the C. P. A. Class, "Discount Provision of the Federal Reserve Act". After the lecture the class was called on to solve practical problems.

On January 15, Dean Walker delivered an open lecture entitled "Sales in Corporation Finance".

On January 17, Dean Walker delivered a lecture on "The Operating Expenses of a Railroad", and Professor W. M. Deviny discussed "The Federal Reserve Act".

Mr. E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A., lectured January 18, on the "Capital Accounts of a Municipality".

The Hamilton Debating Society, composed of students in the School of Commerce, has elected the following officers to act for the coming twelve months: President, C. B. Eyler; Vice-President, F. P. Anton; Treasurer, J. J. McLean; Secretaries, J. J. Lappan and P. F. Madden.

Dean Walker has just been notified that he has been elected a director of the Pittsburgh Commercial Club.

R. W. Martin, Esq., of the Faculty, has recently been appointed attorney for the County Commissioners.

Industrial Spanish Courses.

About four months have elapsed since the Spanish Class at the Duquesne University School of Accounts started, under the efficient and eminently practical direction of Mr. Joseph S. Corriols, of the Mellon National Bank, and the progress so far attained speaks for itself, as the attendance is excellent and the spirit of enthusiasm on the part of the pupils is increasing every day. They see by themselves that without hard work they are beginning to express their thoughts in the new language. This visible and gratifying progress is accounted for by the practical method used in imparting the knowledge of new sentences. The aim of the method adopted is to enable every student to read, write and speak the language while the lesson is on.

First of all the pupil learns every new word by associating the Spanish word with the object spoken of, eliminating thus the translation, which is so detrimental when talking, because of the mental effort the pupil has to make. As soon as the pupil has acquired a small vocabulary, verbs are taught by action, and later on the pupil learns any new sentence given to him by the association of ideas. It is easy to see that this method is the

natural one, used by the mother with her child; although in this particular case progress is faster because the pupil's mind is already highly developed. When thoroughly taught it is, without any doubt, the best to be followed.

So much has been said about the usefulness of this language, among others, for Americans, that it has even been thought advisable to adopt the same in all High Schools of this country. And indeed such a policy is quite right, because, on this side of the Atlantic, the two predominant languages at present all over the Continent, outside of Canada, are English and Spanish, although Portuguese is also frequently spoken. But those who know Spanish could easily learn Portuguese, if they should have to choose Brazil as the field of their activities.

Business men, therefore, should be prepared to profit of the abundant openings that will be shortly available with the tremendous impetus that the South American trade is about to have in the future foreign trade of our country with the great industrial and commercial centres of the Southern Republics.

Pre-Medical Department.

Temporarily the tweezers and scalpel have been laid aside. The few weeks in January preceding the term examinations have been devoted to studying, and attempting

Biology ing to co-ordinate, the various theories and phases of evolution, notably the bearing thereon of the theories of such brilliant minds as Gregor Mendel, Darwin, *et cetera*. The class is carefully outlining the "Origin of Species" and the theses by Wasmann and Muckermann, on these important subjects, reporting weekly for a conference, at which Father P. A. McDermott, Ph. D., has been ably assisting, in his usual affable, clear, concise manner, demonstrating to the embryonic medical men the perfect harmony that may be found between *true* science and the moral and philosophical phases of evolution as a scientific hypothesis.

After the term examinations, the Spring work in Comparative Anatomy will be taken up, using "*Felis Domesticus*" as the subject.

Much to the relief of the many students of chemistry, individual lockers and apparatus are at last a reality. War, famine, pestilence, exorbitant prices, the insolent independence of supply-houses in filling orders, rendered this, until now, impossible.

Chemistry

Longing eyes are being cast across the way where the new Laboratory Building is nearing completion. No longer will chlorine gas irritate the tender mucous membrane of the Seniors and Juniors, nor trench scenes with gas muzzles be enacted, nor the entire school be treated to a complimentary test of the fragrant (H_2S). The light, airy, spacious quarters in the new building, along with the protection of efficient hoods to carry off the noxious gases, will be most appreciated.

High School—Commercial.

Bookkeeping

As our commercial, industrial and financial activities expanded, and our commerce and industry grew in volume and extent, with the advent of large business organizations, the demand for young men and women who were properly trained to take positions which the apprentice type of pupil was not qualified to fill, became greater and greater. It was then that the schools began to teach the commercial branches, until at the present time there is hardly a town of any size in the country without its high schools, commercial courses and private institutions, which devote their energies to commercial education. To-day the demand for well-trained and well-qualified young men and women is greater than ever, and business offers more abundant opportunities for individual accomplishment and financial returns than any other line of endeavor or profession.

Duquesne University has from the first recognized the importance of commercial education, and has endeavored to provide courses in business so as to keep abreast of the times. The backbone subject, or the subject of greatest importance, in any commercial course of study, is the study of bookkeeping.

The basis of any bookkeeping course is the bookkeeping text used. We have adopted Rowe's Bookkeeping and Accountancy, a course of study which is recognized by certified public accountants and authorities on accounting as being one of the best in use. During this second quarter, the students are deeply immersed in the Wholesale Set which represents a wholesale grocery business conducted by a partnership.

The third term's course will be given in the Merchants Corporation Set, which illustrates a general jobbing, commission and mercantile business conducted by a corporation, particular emphasis being laid upon the corporation feature.

In the fourth quarter, cost accountancy as applied to

manufacturing concerns will be considered. The basis of this work is the Cost Accountancy for a Manufacturing Set, illustrating the business of manufacturing gasoline engines. A complete accounting system, embracing a scientific classification of general ledger control accounts interlocked with a scientific cost system, is taught.

We are just now giving thorough consideration to the subject of contracts, upon which all commercial law is based, to negotiable paper, agency, partnership, sales, bailments, common carriers, and real property, to the end that the members of the class may be able to conduct their ordinary business affairs safely, and that they may know when it is advisable to secure professional legal advice in important undertakings.

Shorthand.

In this department there are three classes of students: the first consists of beginners, who study the first principles, and practice reading and writing exercises. Those in the second make a general review of rules and principles. The members of the third, or Advanced Class, are occupied exclusively with dictation, business correspondence and speed work. The students of the Shorthand department have manifested great interest in their work. Some of the beginners have tried other systems, but none appeals to them like the Gregg system, on account of the absence of compulsory shading and position writing. Speed is also a great factor of the Gregg system.

Nearly all the students have taken up shorthand. Some who had already graduated in bookkeeping have come back to complete their course in shorthand. Everywhere there is a great demand for good stenographers, and the University has supplied many of the most prominent business houses with good candidates.

Commercial Spanish.

Commercial Spanish is also one of the subjects taught in the Commercial department, for the reason that twenty countries in the New World, with a population of over 70,000,000 inhabitants, speak Spanish. They are rich in minerals, forests, and water power. Their wide range of agricultural products, and their commerce, both national and foreign, are developing rapidly. Consequently, American houses that wish to carry on trade with these countries, must employ agents who know Spanish, for the Spanish Americans, as a rule, do not know English, and will not do business with houses that do not correspond in Spanish.

An excellent field for our commercial graduates is South America. Our leading houses are always eager to employ a commercial graduate who can handle Spanish correspondence. A student with this equipment makes two and three times as much salary as the commercial man who knows only English, and who has been working ten years with a house now doing an export business.

General News.

Two months ago, work was begun on a new building across Colbert Street and opposite the University Chapel. The number of students taking physics and chemistry had greatly increased, and their class-rooms and laboratories did not provide the necessary floor accommodations. Hence the science hall, now nearing completion, was decided on. The lower floor will be devoted exclusively to physics; the upper, to biology and chemistry. The present laboratory equipments will be transferred and added to, so that all the State requirements will be more than satisfied.

Frederick Schmitt, in religion Brother Frederick, familiarly known to many generations of students as Brother Fritz, died Sunday morning, January 16, after an illness of several months. He was born in Cologne, Germany, on March 26, 1854. When thirty years of age, he left Germany, came to Pittsburgh and entered the novitiate of brothers. In 1887 he took the vows of religion and made his profession as a member of the Society of the Holy Ghost. His devotion to the duties assigned to him endeared him to the students and renders his death a distinct loss to the community in which he labored incessantly during a period of twenty-eight years.

His funeral took place on Tuesday, January 18. Besides the students and faculty, a large number of alumni and of the neighboring clergy were present. The Very Rev. President pronounced a well-deserved eulogy of the deceased.

The prayerful sympathy of the student body is extended to John S. Flannery, Jr., on the death of his father; to Paul J. Bosko, on the death of his mother; and to Joseph L. McIntyre, on the death of his brother. May they rest in peace!

Preparations are well under way for the annual Reception and Euchre. The graduating class of the College Department, who have charge of it, have selected their
Euchre committees, and engaged Melwood Auditorium for the night of February 16th.

Jerome D. Hannan, general chairman, announces the following Committees:

EXECUTIVE—Chairman, Jerome D. Hannan; M. P. Hinnebusch, F. M. Hoffman, T. P. Nee, E. J. Nemmer, E. L. O'Connell, F. P. Anton, Ray Baum, L. Kane.

DOOR—Chairman, Michael P. Hinnebusch; Dennis Mulvihill, James Sweeney, Arthur Farwick.

PRIZE—Chairman, Francis Hoffman; Dudley Nee, James Mulgrew, Joseph Karabasz, P. C. Lauinger, Thomas Ford and James Anton.

FINANCIAL—Chairman, Thomas P. Nee; John J. Sullivan.

EUCHRE—Chairman, Edward J. Nemmer; Charles J. Deasy, Francis C. Streiff, Stanislaus Gawronski, Edw. Quinn, John J. Borgman, Alfred Pachel, John L. Dobbins, Gerald Walsh, Regis Malone, Carl Ackerman, Dennis McDermott, Herbert Burgman, Thomas A. McLuckie, Ladislaus Kadlewicz, Michael Hodgson, Joseph McIntyre, Patrick Diranna, James Connolly and L. I. Linkenheimer.

FLOOR—Chairman, E. Lawrence O'Connell; Thomas J. McDermott, I. Victor Kennedy, Mark Flanagan, W. J. Wallace, John McLean, R. J. Sweeney and D. J. O'Brien.

PROGRAMME—Chairman, Francis P. Anton; Jos. Monteverde.

RECEPTION—Chairman, Raymond Baum; John J. McDonough, Michael Morrissey, Michael Wolak, William Galvin, John F. Connelly, Michael Obruba, Matthew Haley, Earl Dean, George Cox, Myron H. Wagner and J. R. Flatley.

REFRESHMENT—Chairman, Leonard P. Kane; Thomas A. Drengacz, Paul McGraw and Charles Bonini.

What does the Euchre mean to the **SCHOOL**? It means more athletic contests and better equipped teams.

What does the Euchre mean to the **STUDENT**?—the **ALUMNUS**? It means *contentment* if he has worked for its success, it means an evening of real *solid enjoyment*; it means a *social gathering* of old friends, and perhaps it means an unexpected *prize*. Get busy; remember the time and place.

Alumni.

SEVERAL of our young attorneys have already been very successful in their appeals to juries, even against the onslaughts of more seasoned champions. Such has been particularly the case with MR. F. WM. RIES, JR., '14, as well as with MR. OSCAR MEYER, '14. The latter came out with flying colors against the County in the defence of a client brought all the way from Detroit to answer to a charge of embezzlement. "Acquitted"—and costs placed on the County was the result. In a recent "Negligence" case, in which one of the big railroad companies, represented by a large array of legal talent, was his opponent he succeeded in getting the jury to disagree, so that the case will come up again for trial—"on which occasion," our energetic and persevering friend says, "we expect to win."

It is gratifying to note the confidence our Law graduates are inspiring in the societies to which they belong. This is especially noticeable in respect to the Knights of St. George, the Knights of Equity, the Hibernians and most of all to the Knights of Columbus. In the latter body F. W. RIES, JR., '14, is District Deputy for the 18th Dist. of Penna.; JOHN P. EGAN, '15, is Advocate of McKeesport Council 955, and PAUL FRIDAY, '15, has been elected to the same office by Duquesne Council 264. Among the Knights of St. George, HARRY GELM, '14, occupies a prominent position.

EDWARD M. MURPHY, '14, has had the good fortune to be admitted to partnership and practice in the office of FREDERICK L. KAHLE, ESQ. He looks upon MR. KAHLE'S law library as one of the finest and most complete in the State and considers it a great luxury to have access to it at all hours.

THE marriage of LEONARD J. LOCKE and MISS MARION STAUB was appropriately solemnized in St. Augustine's Church on January 11. On their return from a trip to the Great Lakes, Mr. and Mrs. Locke will take up their residence in Wilmerding. That the present happiness of the young couple will continue during their entire wedded life is the fond wish of the MONTHLY.

PAUL J. GILLESPIE, '93-'95, of Gillespie Bros., jewelers, in the Jenkins Arcade is not only a very active member of Duquesne Council, K. of C., but is taking a prominent part in the good and supremely charitable work of visiting the outlying districts and teaching Christian Doctrine to those of our suburbanite neighbors who have no other opportunity to learn the doctrine and practice

of their Faith. PAUL is the chairman of the K. of C. Christian Doctrine Committee.

WE were somewhat mystified the other day at receiving a letter from Chicago signed THOMAS L. SHANAHAN, M. D. It was, as we found out after a moment's perusal, from one of the "old boys" of that name who, after an academic course in the old college on the Bluff, '96-'99, had gone to Chicago. Notwithstanding his reticence Dr. Shanahan has kept alive an affection for the *Alma Mater* of his youth and now tells us that he has graduated in Medicine and is "making good." Here's wishing him every success in his chosen career in the Windy City.

JOSEPH H. WAGNER, '10, has opened an Insurance office at 406 Camp Avenue, Braddock.

TWO others, JOHN KORUZA, '09-'13, who is best remembered as a master of the violin, and WILLIAM R. BERGER, '88, are also determined to make successes at the Insurance business. The former is with the Metropolitan Life, while the latter has been appointed by the EUGENE S. REILLY CO. as manager of their Insurance Department.

A POST CARD from ALEXIS SZABO, '05-'09, tells us that he is doing decorating work for a prominent architect in Cleveland, O.

THE efficiency of the South Side office of the A. M. Beyers Co. is greatly increased by the presence of HARRY MOONEY, '08-'10. Of course we wish to intimate that HARRY is one who makes his presence felt.

JOHN P. EGAN, M. A., '13, LL. B., '15, the congenial secretary of our Law School, now enjoys partnership with Attorneys McGirr and Laughlin, with offices at 919 Frick Building.

HARRY IRWIN MILLER, ESQ., '08-'09, has opened Law offices in the Berger Building.

LEO J. RITTER, who took a special course in preparing for the preliminary Law exams, writes a pleasing letter from Bridgeville, in praise of the method *Alma Mater* has in dealing with those who have been out of school for some years. He speaks of the good nature and of the unusual interest on the part of the professors in respect to every student and heartily recommends the course to others who are handicapped as he was, yet who are sufficiently ambitious to go after bigger things. A letter like his is one we are always glad to have the chance of reading.

I. VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

IN our last issue of the MONTHLY we prognosticated a successful career for our basketball tossers. That we have not fallen short in our "dope" is an established fact. At times the prospects for all three teams were rather gloomy, but our fond heroes have cast aside the repeated unsolicited attacks of their arch-enemy, La Grippe.

The 'Varsity, piloted by Captain "Mike" Morrissey, has forged its way to the port of victory in its three thrilling contests.

DUQUESNE, 43—BEAVER FALLS COLLEGIANS, 30.

The first floor aggregation to taste the bitter dregs of defeat was the Beaver Falls Collegians. The visitors had the advantage in weight and started off like winners. The Dukes showed vastly superior team work, putting to their credit 43 points to their opponents' 30.

DUQUESNE, 26—LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, 24.

Achieving the seemingly impossible the Dukes defeated the Lafayette College team in a close and interesting contest. The Red and Blue won by a two point margin, the final count standing 26 to 24. It was a neck and neck race from wire to wire with the Dukes in the lead most of the time, but never by more than three points, more often merely by one. Three times the score was deadlocked. The first half ended with the Red and Blue on the right end of a 14 to 12 score. The visitors, who had won from Juniata College in an extra period game the night before, had a marked advantage in weight, and this, added to Troxell's almost perfect foul shooting, kept them up in the race. But the Bluffites showed a fire and dash that was not to be denied. Cumbert, with McMath, a fellow forward, pulled off some pretty combinations. Obruba played a star game at center, out-jumping his opponent, thus giving the Dukes a decided advantage.

DUQUESNE, 33—BUFFALO UNIVERSITY, 19.

Displaying a brilliant game, accurate goal shooting and a stonewall defense, the Dukes achieved a well-earned victory over the University of Buffalo quintet, 33 to 19.

The Bluffites rolled up a 16 to 4 score in the first half, and then Coach Bernard sent his substitutes in to finish the contest. Against the subs the visitors braced and played a much better game, and held them within one basket of an even score. Sorce played his usual remarkable game at guard. Haley, McGonigle and Wolak were good on the defense. When the stage-fright process is over, these young hopefuls will be in action in every game, if possible.

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.

THE ACADEMICS.

Persistent work on the part of Coach Martin has transformed the green Academic floor squad into a winning combination. The Academics played two stirring games and the local scribe has recorded them on the right side of the ledger.

ACADEMICS, 29—McKEE'S ROCKS HIGH SCHOOL, 23. The first half of this game was evenly contested, but in the second Flanagan and Nyce caged 8 goals between them, thus sewing up the game.

ACADEMICS, 47—PARNASSUS HIGH SCHOOL, 35. In an exciting session, chuck full of real basketball, Coach Martin's understudies gave a good account of themselves. The high school boys took the lead at the start, but were soon overtaken by the pretty team work of the Dukelets. At the end of the first half the count stood 19 to 18 in favor of the visitors. The contest was a basket to basket affair, the pendulum of victory methodically swinging between the two baskets. Hogan and Flanagan scored two clever field goals and the score stood 28 to 24 at the end of the third quarter. In the fourth period Skillen, an emergency man for the visitors, signalized his presence in the arena by his agility and speed and registered two field goals. The Academics, led on by the clever passing of Captain O'Malley and Hudock, made a final spurt which brought a well-earned victory. The Parnassus boys fought breathlessly to the last ditch, but all to no purpose. Games are scheduled as follows:

January 28, Duquesne High School, abroad.

February 1, Crafton High School, abroad.

February 4, Union High School, Knoxville, home.

February 9, Cathedral Academy, home.

February 18, Charleroi High School, home.
February 23, Union High School (Turtle Creek) home.
February 26, Westinghouse Reserves, abroad.
March 3, East Liberty Academy (pending) home.
March 10, Parnassus High School, abroad.
March 14, Ralston High School, abroad.
March 17, McKees Rocks, abroad.
March 24, Ford City High School, abroad.

JUNIORS.

Coach Earley has given his undivided attention to the Junior octet and the enthusiastic youngsters have gradually been moulded into floor artists of no mean ability. The "Dukelings" thus far have participated in four contests, registering three victories.

JUNIORS, 41—DESALES JRS., 24. Coach Earley's proteges inaugurated their season with a victory. In the first half both sides guarded well, but in the second, the clever passing of the Juniors, particularly of Hafermann, and the accurate shooting of Captain Codori and Power, spelled defeat for the Salesians.

JUNIORS, 28—DUQUESNE SECONDS OF LAWRENCEVILLE, 27. In a nip-and-tuck battle the Juniors defeated the Duquesne Seconds. With five minutes to play Krill tied the score and Davies in the last minute of the contest caged a brilliant field goal. Before meeting defeat at the hands of the Juniors, the Seconds had won eight in a row.

JUNIORS, 30—NOONAN FIVE, 39. Handicapped by both weight and size the Juniors lost an up-hill contest to the Noonan Five of South Side. The accurate shooting of Brennan, who caged 12 field goals, was responsible for the defeat of the "Dukelings". The playing of Pavlinac and Fuchs was of a high order.

JUNIORS, 55—INGRAM EAGLES, 19. The Ingram Eagles who hovered around the baskets in the Bluff cage were entirely bewildered by the ubiquitous and tantalizing presence of Kronz and Fuchs.

Rev. Leo J. Zindler, the energetic manager, has booked the following well-known teams: Deaf Mutes of Edgewood, Cowley School Team, De Sales Juniors, St. Rosalia Juniors, Duquesne Seconds, Noonan Five, Lyceum Juniors. KENNETH LEOPOLD.

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§ § §

**Home Dressed Meats
of All Kinds**

Duquesne Monthly

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Number 6.

Old Winter.

OLD Winter is blowing his gust along
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song,
Now moaning and short—now howling and long,
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong:
A merry old fellow is he.

Old Winter 's a wicked old chap, I ween—
As wicked as ever you'll see!
He withers the flowers that are fresh and green
And bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,
As triumphant she walks in maidenly sheen:
A wicked old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!
He peeps in the crevices day by day
To see how we're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to gay:
A cunning old fellow is he!

P. A. M.

The Trend of American Railway Regulation.

ONE of the most difficult questions to be solved by the American people at the present time is: "Is a new era in government regulation dawning for our monopolistic industries?" The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court absolving the United States Steel Corporation from any intent to control the steel industry seems to indicate a change of front by the government toward big business.

During the past seven years there has been much antagonism and considerable misunderstanding between the Department of Justice and the "Trusts". Continual bickering and nagging by the government seems to have been the terminology employed in describing the government's attitude; organized throttling of competition, restraint of trade and commerce, highway robbery on a large scale, and numerous other charges have been hurled repeatedly at combinations, both by the public and the government.

No attempt will here be made to analyze the prosecutions by the government. Suffice it to say that in a number of cases the government has been victorious, and has succeeded either in dissolving non-competitive combinations or in crippling their monopolistic tendencies. Nevertheless, the great query is: "Has the government really about-faced, and substituted a policy of well-regulated toleration, a sensible co-operation between 'big business' and the government?" The near future will give this topic the careful attention it merits to solve it justly, honestly and reasonably.

Men of keen insight in the world of industrial and commercial activities prophesy that the people of the United States have great problems before them for solution in the next ten years. On the result of their critical study of these problems will depend greatly the future integrity and stability of the American Republic. Not the least among these problems is the regulation of industrial monopoly.

To discuss within a limited space so labyrinthian and complex a subject as monopoly at large, and the varied phases it may assume, would indeed be difficult. Therefore, only one phase of it will be considered, namely, the regulation of the railroads.

At the outset it may be well to consider the extent and immensity of the American railway system. It is the second largest investment of which our great country can boast. It is overshadowed only by agriculture. Figures bring the greatness of the American railways more clearly to the mind. There are approximately 275,000 miles of line in the United States proper. This does not include second, third and fourth tracks, yards, siding, etc. When these are taken into account the total mileage would be approximately 377,102 miles. Professor Ripley states that the total mileage of the United States is nearly equal to a ten-track railroad encircling the Globe.

In proportion to population the United States is six times better equipped than Europe is in railway transportation. Another demonstration of the railroad's immensity may be given. At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1914, there were in the country 64,760 locomotives, hauling 2,503,822 cars and looked after by 1,695,483 people. The passengers carried one mile in 1912 (the latest data available at this writing) were 33,132,354,783. The tons of freight carried one mile were 264,080,745,058 in the year 1912. The net operating revenue was \$870,279,606.00, and the amount invested in the railroads of the country was \$20,247,301,257.00.

These figures show and prove the magnitude of the railroads as they traverse the country from Maine to California, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. The relation that the railroads bear to the greatness of the nation is an intimate one. Today no activities, except the postoffice and agriculture, have a greater effect upon our natural life than the railroads. They have completely transformed our industrial, commercial and social relations. Looking back but a few years, we see an immense territory west of the Mississippi, barren in productiveness, uninhabited, and regarded so far from civilization that life was not deemed to be worth living there; contrast that period with the great and wonderful west of today, then attribute most of the progress to railroad extension.

For a few minutes let us consider the economic basis of railroads. Railroads are concerned with utilities. Utilities are related to production, for production is the creation of utilities. Utilities are of four kinds, form, time, place and possession. Matter is made more useful by a change in form, as lumber into furniture; it is more valuable if moved to

the place where it is needed. This place is a utility created by the transportation industry. Thus one sees the function of the railroads from an economic standpoint is an important one. Modern production to a large extent depends upon adequate transportation facilities.

The importance of the railroads to our social and political life needs no elaborate explanation. That these iron horses have united the American people not the least doubt exists. Both desert plains and highlands alike have been transformed into busy centers of commercial activity.

A force so vital to the welfare of a nation, so important to the industry of its people, and potent of such tremendous expansion is in need of regulation. The inherent tendency of the transportation business is monopoly. Such a powerful agency is the railroad for good or ill, that if left unhampered it would work a revolutionary instead of an evolutionary effect upon the growing productiveness of a nation.

The early history of railroads in the United States is a fair sample of unregulated railroads. The earlier practices in the western United States are notorious if not infamous. Many large fortunes accumulated during the era of reconstruction were acquired by sharp practice and plain, organized, or pseudo-legalized tactics. When the public became aware of the methods employed by the railroads they demanded instinctively some kind of government regulation. This very naturally led to the basis of government regulation. It was asked "if it were constitutional to control or regulate the railroads?"

Leaders of English thought have enunciated the principle that private monopoly with public functions should not be left unregulated. This applies in a strict sense to the railroads that are discharging a public function—a prerogative of the state. The rights invested in railroads by the state, the grant or of the powers of corporation, is another reason why regulation is necessary. One of these rights or grants, and perhaps the greatest among the expressed powers given to corporations, is that of Eminent Domain. Such a power is indispensable to railway construction. The exercise by the railroad of the rights of eminent domain is an assumption of sovereign power vested in a private corporation by the state because it is a public undertaking.

The public nature of railway transportation assumes greater importance through the interpretation of our courts. Their decision is that persons and corporations engaged in transportation industry on an interstate basis are engaged in public employment, and are therefore to be considered common carriers. Hence, in thus becoming common carriers, these corporations assume extraordinary responsibility. They must serve the people in the same way that the state would serve them; they must serve all who apply and provide adequate facilities for all; there should be no discrimination in rates or service. This administration of justice follows a delegated sovereign grant.

From early times regulation of common carriers has existed in some form. The transition of regulation may be grouped into three heads: first, came the hackman, drayman, stage-coaches and ferrymen—these were the primitive methods of traveling; second, toll bridges, turnpikes and canals; third, railroads, express and steamship lines.

Understanding as we now do the economic basis of transportation and the intimate relation of the state and the railroads, it is a comparatively easy step to demonstrate that this immense monopolistic industry should be either owned and operated, owned and leased, or regulated. The first two solutions have been tried out and not found as satisfactory as the last one—regulation. Likewise the history of the financing lines of commercial enterprise competition is wholesome, the lines of commercial enterprise; competition is wholesome, the paralleling of tracks and duplicating the equipment of roads is ruinous.

Now, while monopoly of the transportation field has been the tendency, still there has been and is existing competition. But competition in the railway business is so self-destructive that the railroads are glad to enter into some kind of a working agreement among themselves. Rate wars work harm to the railroads and unjust discriminations come to the notice of the government. Many forms of competition exist. The important are, competition of routes and competition of markets. Market competition is the basis for the numerous commodity tariffs under which three-fourths of our railway traffic is carried. But the attempt to establish permanent competition between transportation agencies, and especially in the

direct competition of parallel lines, is the chief problem from the standpoint of railway regulation.

Railway competition leads to unrestrained rivalry, harmful both to railways and public. To protect themselves various schemes have been resorted to by the railroads. The first of these was the agreement to maintain rates. Under this plan of co-operation each railroad secured as much business as possible, but the railroads belonging to the agreement could not resort to rate-cutting to increase their business. But this scheme proved ineffective because of the incentive to break the agreement and increase revenues as much as possible.

The pooling agreement was the next method employed by the railroad. This consists of an agreement among the railroads concerned to accept a definite percentage of entire traffic which should be guaranteed by other roads. The object was to prevent the cutting of rates and to establish and maintain reasonable charges.

Pools were of two kinds—money pools and traffic pools. In the money pool each member was guaranteed a certain percentage of revenue accruing from business pooled; this was based on normal traffic of the given carrier over a period of years. In the traffic pool each member was guaranteed a certain percentage of business based on average traffic given carrier over a period of years. If one railroad failed to secure its allotted portion, enough tonnage was diverted to satisfy the original apportionment. To carry out these pooling agreements successfully, each railroad had to depend upon the parties to the agreement. It may be remarked that during the early seventies, almost every important railroad in the United States was allied with some kind of pooling organization.

These pooling organizations were common until the year 1887, when the "Act to Regulate Commerce" was put in operation. This Act prohibited pooling agreements, and the agreement to maintain rates was construed as falling within condemnation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Thus, the railroads were in the cold, so to speak, for a means to increase their earnings by fixing rates and fares.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Act, passed in 1890, declared "every contract combination, in form of a trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, to be illegal." At

the time it was passed it was supposed to be for the express purpose of arresting the so-called trust movement, and that it applied chiefly to industrial combinations.

However, the railroads came under this Act, as was evidenced by the decision of the Supreme Court in the *Trans-Missouri Freight Association*, and *Joint Traffic* cases in 1897-98. These cases proved that trusts and combinations in restraint of trade and commerce were just as applicable to the railroads as well as other industrial concerns.

The next step by the railroads was consolidation between competing lines. This was also condemned. Perhaps the best known examples in which the Supreme Court advanced this doctrine of condemning actual consolidations are: the *Northern Securities Company* in regard to the merger of the *Hill Interest*, and the order of dissolution of the so-called *Harriman Lines* through the *Union-Pacific*, *Southern-Pacific* combination. During this period it seemed the Interstate Commerce Commission lacked sufficient powers to handle properly the railroads with regard to commerce in general and rates in particular. The states themselves could not properly regulate because of the obstacles presented by the Federal Constitution in regard to control over Interstate Commerce. The states could regulate intra-state commerce, but it was interstate affairs that presented the problem.

As a consequence of the ineffective Interstate Commerce Act, many amendments were appended by Congress. The first general amendment was in 1891, in which power to summon witnesses and require testimony was given. One great difficulty encountered was the question of rates. Many disputes arose as to what constituted a reasonable rate. After considerable agitation and demand for more extensive powers, successive amendments were passed in 1903, which went by the title of the *Elkins Act*; in 1906 the *Hepburn Act*; and in 1910 the *Mann-Elkins Act*. The power to make valuation of the physical property of railroads was granted by Congress in 1913.

From the foregoing amendments the Interstate Commerce Commission has derived the needed powers to make itself felt and respected in the field of transportation. The bare Act of 1887 was not broad enough to cope with such a monopoly as the railway business. There is no doubt, however, but a better understanding and a more intelligent method

of solving railway problems has been in evidence in the past few years. Yet there is much to be desired. Economists have claimed after due deliberation that there is no longer any justification for the sweeping prohibition of agreements to maintain rates, pooling agreements, etc. These would secure economy in operations, efficiency in organization, and a more stable financial administration of railway business. There is need of a stabilizer; the history of railroads and their failures during the past two years attest this fact.

The condition of some of the railroads in the west and southwest has astounded people who have contended that the railroads are discriminating against the public. The bad state of finances has been forced upon these bankrupt concerns by the unintelligent manner in which state legislators attempt to regulate railroads within their states. "Live and let live" would have been a wise precaution in the case of more than one defunct organization.

With all the legislation, national and state, the attacks by demagogues on predatory wealth, the ambitions of reformers, the fact remains that we have these unsolved problems before us. The criticism of the so-called monopolistic industry has been destructive and uneconomical rather than constructive. The past year perhaps witnessed a change of front in many quarters, especially on the part of the government. There has been a more evident co-operation during the past year than at any time during the long period of regulation. Some of the railroads need help and government commissions are beginning to see the true state of affairs. If there cannot be constructive regulation, then about the only remaining solution is that of government ownership, which is too vast in scope and character to receive brief consideration. What the future has in store for the railway business is difficult of determination. That the era of antagonism has passed for the industrial field in general seems to be a sign of the times.

All this proves, as stated previously in this discussion, that this is one of the few great problems that will require solution within the next decade.

JOHN J. LAPPAN, '16



Polemikunoi *

A Greek Tragedy found in the ruins of the Parthenon.

CHARACTERS:

KYSERICOS	Imperator of Allmania
GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS	Prince of the Island Empiriana
UNGOSTRIAS	Member of the Areopagus
NICHOLAS RUSHER	Another Member
THE COMMERCODILE	A Post-historic Saurian
	(lately strangely subdued)	
LYODE GEORGIOS, ESQ.	Manager for the Commercodile
HOI POLLOI	A Patriot with the laryngitis
BORDOS ENSORS	Property Man
CHORUS	of private interests, Wall Street Speculators, Air-men, Stone-crushers, Bachelors of Arts, etc.	

TIME—Away back in 1914, when Civilization reached its Zenith.

PLACE—A PEACE PALACE, built on the romantic shores of the Zuyder Zee, by Foolish Notions, which have crystallized and formed a substance eighteen times harder than soap-stone. This building is adorned with the statues of Judy Kockafellow, Andicar Nagios, Hen Ryford, and and a few other Illustrious Sunday-school Teachers.

The CHORUS is discovered dancing the dove trot. Senators UNGOSTRIAS and NICHOLAS RUSHER pass in and out among the feasters, while HOI POLLOI sits apart in his characteristic attitude of innocent bystander.

CHORUS:

Rejoice, rejoice!
'Tis Ostro's choice
Her record good to mar.
A homicide
Hath drowned her pride:
Call out the dogs of war!
From Austerlitz to Hermannstadt,
From Grosswardein to Carlsbad,
From Carnolaw
To Jaroslaw,
From Innsbruck to Kronstadt,

* THE DOGS OF WAR—with apologies to Aristophanes, Wallace Irwin and Gilbert Sullivan

We'll give a hearty Rah-rah-rah
And also, too, a loud Huzzah,

For a homicide
Hath drowned her pride :
Call out the dogs of war !

(Ungostrias capers to centre of stage)

UNGOSTRIAS :

They've sullied our honor,
They've taken our son;
'Tis Serbia's doing :
We'll shoulder the gun.

(Enter George Phipthios in great haste)

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS :

Come now, my good people, and raise not the cry
Of war; 'tis a dangerous thing
If you're white and you're right but you fight with your might,
Soon, or later, your knell it will ring.
If friendships are broke, or by foes you are wrecked,
Then lean upon me as a crutch
And you'll get in the end what you're led to expect—

NICHOLAS RUSHER (aside) :

But you musn't expect too much.

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS :

This terrible deed wrought by statesmen and crooks
To embroil you—'twas sure a hard jar—
You soon can avenge with cross words and hard looks :
Bring forth not your doggies of war !
And, then, in this fashion, fair Justice arrives;
You'll hinder full many a crime;
For the wicked retreat when that Goddess arrives—

NICHOLAS RUSHER (aside) :

But she seldom arrives on time.

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS AND NICHOLAS RUSHER (duet) :

Yes, that's the way that all wise men act—
They reach no quick conclusion;
And if they're wrong they shout their song :

UNGOSTRIAS :

You can all go to—confusion.

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS AND NICHOLAS RUSHER:

Now drop all haste and take good care,
And look for awhile at the weather;
For Justice and Truth are companions in sooth
(But it's seldom they travel together).

(They trip around on light diplomatic toes.)

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS (To Hoi Polloi, who lolls moodily
on a divan):

Come, come, my lad! Cheer up! This is no funeral.

HOI POLLOI (huskily):

Cheer up? I can't, with laryngitis, developed at the last
elections, clogging the apparatus.

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS:

Surely you can give utterance to a few hip-hips in praise of
our extremely reasonable policy!

HOI POLLOI:

Well, at least I can clear my throat. H-h-hem-hem-hem!
What policy?

(Bugle heard bugling without. Enter Herald.)

HERALD:

Hear ye! His Majesty Kysericos here meeteth the great
George Phiphthios of the Island Empiriana.

KYSERICOS (embracing George Phiphthios):

We've come for our mutual glory.
Away with deeds retaliatory!
'Tis none of ours, this quarrel
'Twixt Austros and the Serbs;
For they will surely settle
Somehow (*aside*) but not with words.
If right to you this be not
To me it will be wrong:
For sure I love you, cousin;
Harmonious be our song.

REFRAIN:

Oh! It's clear to me
As heaven's blue,
What's right for me
Is fair for you;
I'm good to you—

You're nice to me;—

That's what I call true Harmonee!

(George Phipthios is about to answer this knightly address, when a thunderous volley of Hydrogen Disulphide flares up outside the window, and the Commercodile enters, extremely hideous, spitting fire, writhing and snarling, and squats unceremoniously in the centre, licking his chops. Lyode Georgios, Esq., obsequiously attends him.)

THE COMMERCODILE (bellowing, to Kysericos):

What business have you in my Palace by the Zuyder Zee? Avaunt, ungodly Teuton!

KYSERICOS:

It is not yours. It belongs to us all; and we are prepared to vindicate our claim.

LYODE GEORGIAS:

As a corporation lawyer I am forced to stigmatize your observations as immaterial and, furthermore, insignificant. This Palace is my Master's. It was built by him, perhaps at others' expense and toil; but, nevertheless, he has always held, it supported it, and maintained it as his private seat of majesty.

HOI POLLOI (hoarsely):

Base deceiver!

THE COMMERCODILE:

Woo! Zoo-hoo! Let me speak!

LYODE GEORGIAS:

Sh-sh! My Master's Voice!

THE COMMERCODILE:

Kysericos, with Ostro's aid, hath taken up my lovely trade;

But why should they do such a thing without consulting me?

They care not if their confiscation ruins or kills my occupation,

Though I have reared it carefully to spread o'er every sea.

Now boo!

Hoo-hoo!

I'll have a word or two,

And settle up at once, dear sirs, without the slightest fuss.

A compact it will be, betwixt myself and me,

For that's the only true and final settlement for us!

(Chorus of Private Interests glide out from beneath him.)

PRIVATE INTERESTS:

A compact he will trim, betwixt himself and him,

For that's the only true and final settlement for us!

GEORGE PHIPHTHIOS (mildly and deprecatingly):

I'm sure, my dear, Kyserious, they all are in the right;
So let us hope we'll all agree, for I do hate to fight.

KYSERICOS (to the Commercodile, angry and majestically insolent):

For selfishness and impudence

With you none can compete.

I'm sure, within a fortnight hence

I'll have you at my feet.

Your lawyer, Lyode Georgios,

No honest man can trust;

His partner, Georgie Phiphthios

I'll punch *his* nose or bust!

(At these words, delivered with measured insolence, all stand agape with horror. But only for a moment. All but Senator Ungostrias spring to attack Kysericos, while Hoi Polloi shouts, at the top of his squeaky voice:)

HOI POLLOI:

Swamp him, gentlemen! I'll be referee,

Arbiter and umpire. One—two—three!

(Ungostrias leaps to the side of Kysericos, and together they set themselves against the coming onslaught. All the others rush simultaneously towards the two; but Kysericos, quick as a flash, whips out his Preparedness Policy from his hip pocket; whereupon his opponents fall back.)

KYSERICOS:

Come, friend Ungostrias, let us depart;

We're not afraid of such cowards at heart.

That hideous monster, first, we'll confound,

Then all the rest we'll beat to the ground.

(So saying, Kysericos slowly extracts from his other hip pocket a "U. 8" Submarine Policy, and deliberately shoots the Commercodile with torpedo after torpedo, till he succumbs. In the meantime the others rush for reinforcements, and Kysericos and Ungostrias quietly leave the Hague, arm in arm. Now begins a great Pyrotechnic Display, and big 42-centimeter policies boom on every side. The first shot strikes the hallowed Peace Palace, a shattering it into a thousand bits, and the ghost of Andicar Nagios soars up from the smoking ruins with an unco

swan-song. The allied forces, reinforced, continue to rain shrapnel and dumdums on all sides, their opponents valiantly retaliating. But the Hon. Bordos Ensors, instructed by Lyode Georgios, sends up such a thick black smoke that the issue is completely obscured. As far as knowledge of the result of the combat is concerned, the audience is left in a state of complete bewilderment—a condition of mind not uncommon at the close of International Dramas.)

CURTAIN.

MICHAEL P. HINNEBUSCH, '16.



Saint Tarcisius.

IN vain pursuit of other Saints
 I halt, as, dazed,
 My soul blinks to their glare, and faints
 Shrivelled, amazed:
 But thou, thou shineſt not to blind. . .
 Thy flame is joy—
 Thou art that sunbeam of mankind,
 The human boy.
 Translucid daylight, flooding through,
 Till we are one:
 I know, that which I see thee do
 I should have done;
 Loyal to the Big Friend, and proud
 To bear the pain. . .
 Any true boy, if chance allowed,
 Would thus be slain.

NOTE:—(a) This poem was sent by Father Thomas Gavan Duffy, missionary in Southern India, as a tribute to the boys who, on his recent visit to the University, received him so hospitably.

(b) Tarcisius, a Roman boy of only thirteen, was seized by a mob while he was bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the Christians in prison. Blows and kicks failed to make him betray the Body of Our Lord, and he gave up his life rather than allow the Sacred Treasure to fall into the hands of unbelievers.

The Poetry of Wordsworth and Thompson.

COMPARISONS are often odious, but one who reads with appreciation the masterpieces of these two great poets must in justice to himself as a student of the beautiful, consider their respective thoughts and poetic expression thereof. Born just nine years after the death of Wordsworth, it seemed that Thompson was destined to continue the work begun by that poet philosopher. There can be no doubt that in the love of nature and her varied forms, both men were akin in spirit. As to the philosophy of their poetry it is often divergent in aspect, but passages occur in both that closely resemble each other in nobleness and sublimity of expression. Though Thompson, in many instances, resembles the ethereal Shelley, and for that reason has been called the poet "of celestial vision," even then his ardent worship of nature manifests itself in wonderful descriptive passages thrilling with poetic emotion.

The philosophy of Thompson is always Catholic in tone, not that he makes his religion the direct subject of his works, but that it is the source from which he draws his inspiration. Wordsworth, on the other hand, lacking this fountain of strength, often goes far away from the real beauty of philosophy, but, as has been previously said, in many instances seems to be guided by some inspiring angel leading him to accept the truth, and, therefore, to appreciate the beauty and charm of such doctrines as those of the immortality of the soul, and the order preserved by God in the universe. The sublimity to be found in the respective philosophic poems of the two men may be aptly illustrated by some contrasted passages. It should be noted that Wordsworth's "spirit that rolls through all things" smacks of atheism, while Thompson's "tremendous lover" indicates an awful and reverential admiration for the loving and lovable Creator of mankind. The two men look at God through different glasses; the one through the glass of nature and the other through the mirror of His Love. Wordsworth, in his "Lyrical Ballads," writes:

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Now note the following from Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven:"

"I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all his servitors but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness and their loyal deceit."

An observer will notice the particular charm of the last line due to the transposition of epithets of which Thompson is almost a devotee and which Wordsworth strives for with great difficulty. In the passage above quoted from Wordsworth, "All thinking things, all objects of all thought," is an effort in that direction. The works of Thompson abound in constructions of this kind expressed with such ease and grace as to become almost a characteristic of his poems. He has written in "Daisy:"

"She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad."

It is, then, in their love of Nature that the two poets find themselves more closely united. In one of Wordsworth's poems, not popularly known, "Friendship's Offering," published at the close of 1838, as a "greeting" to the new year, we find some beautiful lines on "Sunset," which remind us very strongly of the powerful language and imagery of Thompson, and which are at the same time characteristic of Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature. In drinking the satiating words with which Thompson opens "Contemplation" one would think he had in his mind the words of Wordsworth,

who saw the "glistening orb" from where he sat "upon the primrose bank." Thompson says:

"This morning saw I, fled the shower,
The earth reclining in a lull of power:
The heavens, pursuing not their path,
Lay stretched out naked after bath,
Or so it seemed; field, water, tree, were still,
Nor was there any purpose on the calm-browed hill.

The sun with resting pulses seems to brood,
And slacken its command upon my unurged blood."

Now see what Wordsworth says of the "glistening orb:"

"Methinks it is
Itself the sweet source of fertility!
In all its golden warmth it wraps us round—
Not us alone—but every beast and bird
That makes the breathing forest musical."

One can almost feel the rays of the sun as pictured by the poets, one as glistening, the other as golden, nor can the similarity of thought between the sun's command and his enveloping warmth be denied.

The kinship in thought and expression grows more apparent. The passages following might almost be taken for paraphrases of each other. Wordsworth continues:

"Nor these alone; but every sparkling stream,
And every hill, and every pastoral plain,—
The leaves that whisper in delighted talk,—
The truant air with its own self at play—
The clouds that swim in azure—loving Heaven,
And loving earth—and lingering between each,
Loth to quit either; are not all alive,
With one pure unalloyed, consummate joy?"

Is not the personification in this passage magnificent? One can fancy that he hears the chatter of the leaves, sees the playful air and the swimming, lingering clouds and participates in Nature's rejoicing. I tell you that herein is a vivid picture, painted with richest colors, presented to the imagination for its delight and contemplation such as would require

the skill of an Omnipotent artist to carry out. And now, let us turn to Thompson:

"The river has not any care
Its passionless water to the sea to bear;
The leaves have brown content;
The wall to me has freshness like a scent,
And takes half animate the air,

.

The very shades on hill, and tree, and plain,
Where they have fallen doze, and where they doze remain."

Again, we have a splendid example of the personification of Nature's aspects, "the passionless water," "the half animate air" and "the dozing shades" all portray the throbbing life-blood that pulses through Nature's veins.

In his ode "To the Sinking Sun," Thompson again comes close to the expression "upon a primrose bank" used by Wordsworth when he writes:

"This knoll is snowed with blosmy manna,
And fire-dropt as a seraph's mail."

The last line illustrates the truly poetic genius of Thompson in his ability to describe accurately rich and luxurious coloring in concise and picturesque form.

In the "Ode to the Setting Sun," Thompson seems even to surpass himself:

"Thou didst draw to thy side
Thy young Auroral bride,
And lift her veil of night and mystery;
Tellus with baby hands
Shook off her swaddling bands,
And from the unswathed vapours laughed to thee."

Then Wordsworth, making use of somewhat the same figure, says:

"And when the gold grows pale and evening airs
Come murmuring o'er the meadow, we will drink
The balmy ether—the nectarian breath
Which Earth sends upward when her Lord, the Sun,
Kisses her cheek at parting."

The resemblance is so striking that were these two passages alone to be considered, one might easily fancy them to be the work of one and the same author. The figure of the relationship between the Earth and the Sun is truly poetic and as such merits the admiration of all who love the picturesque. When we read of "the balmy ether" and "the nectarian breath" of Earth we become invigorated, we inhale, as it were, the significance of the words, our lungs expand and our blood pulses with ever increasing life through our veins.

In the same ode, Thompson speaks of the sun in the following terms:

"Is it not thou that dost the tulip drape,
And huest the daffodilly,
Yet who hast snowed the lily;
And her frail sister, whom the waters name,
Dost vestal-vesture 'mid the blaze of June,
Cold as the new-sprung girlhood of the moon
Ere Autumn's kiss sultry her cheek with flame?"

How could the wonderful task of the sun be expressed in more appropriate terms than these? His duty to the flowers and to the seasons is described in language that is not only not commonplace but even sublime.

We might go on further enumerating passages demonstrating the relationship of Wordsworth and Thompson in their poetry, philosophic and especially natural, but the poems we have chosen seem to us to be the most suitable of those which it has been our good fortune and pleasure to digest, to illustrate the points of contact in concept and expression of these two poets. There are a large number of passages where the resemblance is less remarkable and if we succeeded by this little review in encouraging our readers to a further comparison, we should be extremely delighted, knowing that we had opened the door to the banquet hall of poetry.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

In the Lab.

THOMAS.

I had required considerable diplomacy and tact to pierce the lines of students and prefects with the nature of my burden still undiscovered, not to mention the skill in manipulation so absolutely necessary to physical comfort. So I was at once disappointed and chagrined at finding the professor absent when I reached the laboratory. However, I carefully undid my precious parcel and secured it in my locker. I may as well state that I share locker space with one of the bright luminaries of my class, although I did not think this had any bearing on the present case when I confided the contents of my parcel therein, against my return.

I will omit the circumstances attendant upon my diligent search for the Prefect of Studies and the absolute refusal of my earnest request which terminated the interview, and return to the Lab.

Upon entering, I fought my way towards my locker through dense and ill-odored fumes. Through the haze, I could see my assistant about to open our locker. Unable to cry out, I stumbled forward, but in vain. Although sounds of shattering test-tubes and fifty-cent flasks were issuing from every aperture even as the fumes were entering, my brave co-worker twisted the key in the lock and swung wide the door. Thus, at one fel stroke, he let the cat out of the bag and my prize out of the locker.

Pausing not in his dash for liberty, the thick-tailed, arch-backed Thomas leaped straight upon my assistant's face, to the shelf of chemicals above, to the open window and beyond.

Not only were we minus a set of test-tubes and flasks, but Tom had upset a four-ounce bottle of our eight-dollars-a pound AgNO_3 , and he himself would have been worth two-bits, American money, on the hoof, could he have been conveyed intact to the Boss Chemist, who is also the Boss Biologist.

JOHN J. SCULLY, 4 H.

ITALICS.

The inquisitiveness of the embryo scientist is very liable to prove a menace both to himself and to his neighbors; and especially is this true when the italicized instruction in the manual says, "Handle very cautiously." Some of these young disciples of Avogadro there are, who can scrutinize a test tube

with an eye almost as critical as that of the celebrated sage himself; but of the great scientist's self-distrust and minute watchfulness they are entirely innocent.

On a certain recent Friday, the interaction of sodium and water and the collection and study of the volatile product had been assigned as one of the afternoon's experiments. The vigorous action of sodium was a never-ending delight to the chemists of the Fourth High, and the instructor's insistence upon its attendant dangers only augmented their pleasant anticipations.

A feature of the experiment is an explosion obtained by igniting the hydrogen gas. This brings back such vivid memories of the toy pistol days, that its frequent repetition is irresistible. The process is very simple. A piece of sodium is put into the water and a test tube is held over it to receive the liberated hydrogen. The explosion is obtained by holding a lighted match to the mouth of the tube. Care must be taken, however, to extinguish the small blue flame that remains in the tube before repeating the experiment. This was what one young man failed to do. The force of the explosion spent itself against the ceiling; and a very much surprised and frightened youth was left to pick bits of glass from his injured hand and to wonder how it happened.

He always reads the italics now.

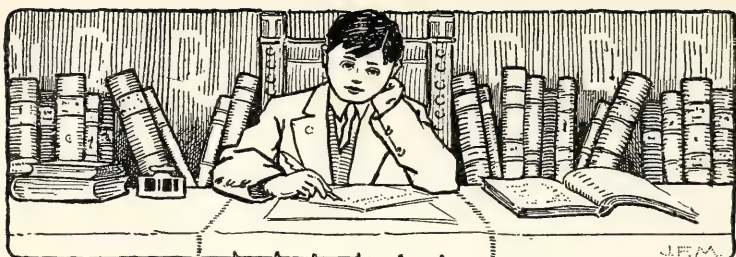
JAMES BERNARD LYNCH, 4 H.

They Do, Sometimes.

YOU came into my heart; what bliss
You brought, what hopes you raised!
Yours was a cheering art; for this
I thanked you, loved you, praised.

I lauded you, applauded you,
I worshiped you, but oh—
You told a Ford joke! Thus you threw
Me deep once more in woe.

FRANCIS P. ANTON, '16.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

"Mental Gymnastics."

SO mad are we for the practical as opposed to the theoretical that it is not an uncommon thing to hear students ridicule certain studies, such as grammar, rhetoric, the classics, for which they will have no use in after life and which do not express a certain value in dollars and cents. It is not so repugnant to hear such remarks from students themselves, for no one can be a good judge in his own case, but when an educator, addressing a body of other educators, stoops to this popular prejudice, it is high time that voices, loud and condemnatory, be raised in protest. The classical method, always held in high esteem in Europe where scholastic education has aimed and still does aim at teaching, not so much what to know as how to think, is too thorough, too broadening for this money-mad, superficial country of ours. True, instructors may cram students' minds full of material, and that only practical, within a short time, but the man produced might as well have saved the price and time of his so-called education. He might as well have learned a trade and received pay while an apprentice, for his mind is nothing more than a machine, capable of working smoothly as long as the cogs don't slip; but when they do, the machine is useless until the machinist, in the character of the employer, applies a remedy in the form of a suggestion. Such practical education overlooks the need of developing the boy's reasoning faculties, it places at naught the necessity of good judgment and self-reliance. And that is why we have such hosts of book-keepers, of stenographers and of many others who have been educated in a "hurry-up, while-you-wait" fashion, and only a few rise to prominence on

account of their mental power to think for themselves and to use good judgment in an emergency. It is the popular way to speak of a young person as having "finished" his education when he graduated from school. Finished it? Why, school is only the place where he learns how to study. When he faces the vast book of the world, he is just about to begin his education. And if he has not been taught how to think properly and to rely upon himself, his remaining years will be nothing but a hum-drum, monotonous, narrow existence. The great problems of the day will be beyond his scope, for he will be unable to entertain any broad, intelligent opinions upon them. Taught to appreciate only what was told him, he will continue to do so in after life. Editors, politicians, preachers, writers and men of ability will exercise an undue influence upon his judgment and his conduct.

It is not the classical method itself, which these critics condemn so easily as "mental gymnastics, and useless waste of energy", that is at fault, or that "tires, befogs and discourages the mind," so much as the fads and trimmings of the passing hour, which fail to stimulate the healthy, mental growth of the whole educated man. The classical method has never set aside nor even minimized the fundamental studies, nor neglected to "perfect pupils in the elementary subjects," as the editorial of one of our daily papers seems to insinuate. No, but to quote the same writer in a sense somewhat different from what he intended to convey, "the trouble with our educational system is that there is too much attention paid to putting on mansard roofs and not enough to the foundation and the walls."

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Military Training in the Schools.

IN these days of almost world-wide warfare, we hear on every side voices of apprehension, fearing a similar fate for our country. The campaign for preparedness is a consequence, and, no doubt, a logical one. As an issue of this campaign, comes the proposal to introduce military training into the public schools of our city. Within proper limitations the idea is a commendable one, but like everything useful in moderation, it has its faults when abused. No one can doubt that the physical training

accompanying such a course is highly desirable. The various drills will tend to make of our boys men erect, alert and agile. The discipline, too, will aid their moral character; there must be strict obedience to superiors, and deference to equals; all selfishness must be abolished, and sacrifice of personal interest to the common good must become the watch-word. This particular feature, alone, would warrant its adoption. Naturally, such instruction will lead the boy to be able to control himself, and we all know how essential self-control is to the ultimate success of every undertaking.

Notwithstanding these beneficial aspects of the training in question, abuses may follow from the emphasis of its militaristic character. The harshness of European soldiers toward the unarmed citizens sufficiently exemplifies what I mean. There seems to go in company with military training a sort of aristocratic ascendancy over untrained men. The impression is perhaps a false one; but it is liable to result disastrously in our own country, unless proper restrictions are used.

The course, as planned, is to be entirely optional and pursued outside the regular school hours. It is to be without military formality except insofar as strict discipline is necessary. The latter condition is a good one as above pointed out; but why make the course optional and why limit it only to certain schools? The advantages are so apparent that every boy of a certain age attending our schools, not only public but private, not only academic but commercial, should be encouraged to take part in such training, not as a mere fad, to last or to succumb, according to the passing whim, but to be looked upon as a duty incumbent on every patriotic boy. Several schools have begun the system already with their "guards" and "cadets", and there is no reason why others should not follow the example.

In conclusion, let me say that the aim of all this should be to supplement class-room teaching on hygiene and physical development with actual demonstration, to illustrate on the campus the theory of the text.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Preparedness and Patriotism.

AT a recent Democratic meeting in this city, Dr. McNeill, our energetic postmaster, gave utterance to one very pertinent and practical piece of advice in suggesting that, amid all this talk of preparedness, we must not forget the necessity of being prepared for other things than war, and for civic duties as well as military. This, indeed, is a suggestion that, while being so self-evident as to be almost a truism, comes with peculiar fitness at a time when the passing catch-word of the moment—preparedness—is likely to absorb our attention to such an extent as to replace, with evident disadvantage, the great watchword of all true Americans,—Patriotism.

To-day the boys in the elementary schools, the undergraduates in our colleges, and even the women in their clubs, are eagerly discussing the new question of preparedness. Now, what should be discussed, and what should be emphasized, is the love of our country, and genuine patriotism, all along the line, in things civic and social, in our individual capacity, as well as in our duties to the state and to the greater nation which we call our common country.

This was the spirit of a Washington and of a Lincoln—this was the ideal which they unceasingly set before their fellow-countrymen of an earlier day, when there was as much need of preparedness as there is to-day. This was the spirit even of the wives of the older patriots, and of the women of the revolutionary period, when, in the midst of war and invasion, they taught their children, and encouraged their husbands.

"My heart is in the Cause" wrote Martha Washington, when she heard of the "Boston Tea-Party". From that time forward she never more dressed in material imported from England, and, along with every member of her household, she was attired only in homespun, "that she might do her part to starve the English traders and manufacturers."

When Patrick Henry and Edward Pendleton called at Mt. Vernon, on their way to the first general Congress, at Philadelphia, it was arranged that Washington should accompany them without delay on that eventful journey. "Next morning, says Pendleton, as we three were about to set off, she stood at the door and said: 'I hope you will all stand firm—I know George will'; and she added (as a last farewell) 'God be with you, gentlemen!'"

At Valley Forge, she was literally the mother and the nurse

of the suffering soldiers, who, as Washington said in his letter to Congress, "might be traced by the mark left upon the snow by their frosted and bleeding feet." "God bless Lady Washington" were words heard from many a straw pallet, when her kind motherly face appeared at the door, busy as she was from morning until late at night providing comforts for the sick soldiers.

So it was, too, with "gay, genial, affable" Abigail Adams, wife of one president, and mother of another. When the war was coming to a close, and her husband's diplomatic duties made him practically an exile, she wrote to a friend "Difficult as the day is, cruel as this war has been, separated as I am, on account of it, from the dearest connections in life" (little Johnny was then with his father in France), "I would not exchange my country for the wealth of the Indies, nor be any other than an American woman, though I might be queen or empress of any nation on the globe."

Where the men and the women are imbued with such sentiments and such ideals, preparedness will be accepted as only another word for patriotism.

J. J. McDONOUGH, '17.



What I Live For.

I LIVE to hail that season
 By gifted minds foretold,
 When men shall live by reason,
 And not alone by gold;
 When man to man united,
 And every wrong thing righted,
 The whole world shall be lighted
 As Eden was of old.

G. L. BANKS.



THERE is no nobler, better life on earth
 Than that of conscious, meek self-sacrifice.
 Such life our Savior, in His lowly birth
 And holy work, made his sublime disguise—
 Teaching this truth, still rarely understood:
 'Tis sweet to suffer for another's good.



CHRONICLE

Law School.

Busy times are looming up, ahead, for the votaries of old Blackstone, as well as for the professors, lecturers and quiz masters. But the Honorable Dean actually rubbed his hands, the other day, with an air of dignified satisfaction when asked, "Judge, how are the third year men going to show up this year?" He said, speaking from the oral reports given him regularly by Mr. Laughlin, and the other members of the Faculty, that he believed they would do every bit as well as their predecessors of '14 and '15. "And, let me tell you," said his Honor, "that is saying a great deal. Because those fellows set a fast pace!"

As for his own individual classes the Judge seemed perfectly satisfied. He has just finished his lectures on Real Estate, with the first year men, from whom he exacts, ever since he began these lectures, an original essay on some topic or other connected with that general subject matter. This time he gave them the "Various Kinds of Real Property", and, said he, "the essays were quite satisfactory. Those beginners make an elegant class."

To the members of the second year class, Judge Swearingen is developing the subject of "Uses and Trusts with respect to Real Estate", and to the third year class, the subject of Equity. This is a matter of which he has made quite a specialty, not only in the theory of the lecture room, but also in his practical treatment from the bench. No wonder the young men are taking such a deep interest in everything he explains therein; while the MONTHLY staff correspondent was down at the school to interview him, he was entertaining a set of deeply interested listeners in such matters as estoppel, election, conversion and reconversion, with corresponding principles and procedure. The Judge gave the assurance that the class had thoroughly grasped the subject in all its intricacies.

As Mr. McKenna was just coming out of class, I ventured to ask him how matters were with his second year men, and he said, "Fine! They are now in 'Orphans' Court', and have just finished distributing the personal estate of decedents; at present

they are busy at Real Estate, and its distribution, by means of partition." "The quiz-master," said Mr. Kenna, "assures me that they are making solid progress, in this subject, as well as in that of Equity, and particularly in the matter of Implied Trusts". The same instructor had a very encouraging word to say for the Senior year, in regard to their final drills in Orphans' Court and Equity. They are now on their last lap, and are busily reviewing all this subject-matter for the final dash towards their degree, and the Bar Exams.

"*' Verbum sat vigilantibus et non dormientibus,'* says Mac, is the rule for those who are being drilled in the procedure of Orphans' Court and Equity, under Mr. McKenna, and few things remain obscure after he has thrown the search-light upon them."

Speaking of the Senior year, I cannot refrain from telling how extremely gratified they were, as well as instructed, by the lecture prepared especially by Mr. Gillespie on the Price Act. They considered it a treat, to have it read to them.

While I waited for the Dean, I came across some of the future legal lights of first and second year, from whom I managed to elicit an item or two of news, upon the work they are doing. The Freshmen appreciate deeply the work of Mr. Egan, who is so very painstaking and patient in his development of Blackstone. He insists on their memorizing all the definitions and a certain number of the great principles; constant reference is made, for their benefit, to whatever changes may have arisen from more recent statutes, as well as to other points where the Common law holds.

Mr. Loeffler is giving them some very effective quizzing on Contracts, with ample enlargement on the text, and most practical examples.

On Friday, February 4, they had their examination on Domestic Relations, under Mr. Lacey, who lost no time introducing them to May's text on Criminal Law.

Mr. McCloskey is guiding them over Torts, on which he gives them plenty of home work to do, in the way of cases to which allusion is made and on which they are supposed to look up all the facts and decisions. Says Mac, "we enjoy his *modus docendi et dicendi*, in Torts."

The second year men are kept pretty busy, as may be judged from what has already been said. Besides, the lecturers and professors already mentioned in connection with their particular work, they have to deal with Judge Reid in pleading and

practice, with Mr. Laughlin in Evidence, as well as Real Property, with Mr. Scull and Mr. Bane. One of the boys, speaking of the latter, said it was "worth the price of tuition to hear him on Evidence." Mr. Scull has just about finished a most interesting series of lectures on Bills and Notes, having paid particular attention to the Statute of 1901, on account of its special importance and application to this State.

Here's how Mac puts it: "And it came to pass in the days when judges sat on the bench, that during the reign of a certain judge, whose name was Joseph, in a land that bordered on the Ohio, in the region of Pennsylvania, there was a school of Law established under the name of Duquesne, and that, after this school arose, it flourished and flourished until all the world of would-be young lawyers, including even some learned and ambitious representatives of the gentler sex, flocked thither to drink at the fountain of knowledge. And lo, this was the golden age; for Joseph and his brother lecturers surpassed in those days the methods and the records of the legal patriarchs who had gone before them; and a decree went forth from the lips of the said Joseph, countersigned by the chief overseer of his household, John E., that there should be henceforth no rest from their labors on the part of the above-mentioned young men until they should have entered the promised land."

Word has been received from the Board of Law Examiners in Philadelphia that the three students who presented themselves for the preliminaries recently held successfully passed the examinations in the prescribed subjects—Latin, English, mathematics, universal history, English and American literature and geography. The fortunate young men are John P. Lally, Linus P. McGuinness and Robert P. Newcomer. By the fact, they are registered as law students and are entitled to present themselves this time three years for the final examinations qualifying them to practice at the bar.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

Most flattering and encouraging news was received from Philadelphia on January 30th. Amongst the courses conducted in the School of Higher Accounting a special class was organized to prepare young men for the certified public accountant examinations, the most difficult given by the United

Unprecedented
Success

States Government, and so severe that few who make the attempt succeed in passing. Eight of the ten who presented themselves from Pittsburgh were prepared in Duquesne University, and of these eight seven have notified Dean Walker that they have been awarded the coveted certificates. These are Messrs. C. C. Sheppard, H. W. Watkins, A. L. Jacobs, R. E. Waldo, P. H. Kelso, R. E. Barth and A. L. Brockway. Previously there were only eighteen certified accountants in this city. The passing of seven from one city, and especially from one school, is unprecedented in the history of the C. P. A. examinations. A new C. P. A. course will open on February 10th.

In honor of the seven members of the Evening School of Accounts, who received the coveted C. P. A. degree, the students

of the night school held a banquet, Saturday
 Banquet evening, February 5th, at Kaufman's. Short
 speeches were made by the honor men and
 several of the students. Mr. L. P. Collins eulogized the school
 and new C. P. A.'s in an instructive address. Mr. Main extended
 a warm welcome to the new men into their chosen field.
 Mr. Deviny entertained the assemblage with witty observations
 on both faculty and students. Mr. Conick's introductions as
 toastmaster were very pleasing on account of their originality
 and effervescent humor. A motion was inaugurated that an
 Evening School Association at Duquesne be formed. The motion
 found instant favor, and undoubtedly the association will soon be
 in existence.

The following announcements of lectures and other activities
 in the School of Higher Accounting attracted not only regularly
 enrolled students but also many of the

A Week's business men of the city: On February 21,
 Activities Dean Walker, LL. D., lectured on "The
 Organization of Banks"; W. M. Deviny,
 M. A., on "The Auditing of Receipts of a Street Railway Com-
 pany". On February 22nd, E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A., explained
 the organization and accounting procedure in trust companies.

On the 23rd, L. P. Collins, C. P. A., lectured on "Consolidated
 Balance Sheets", and Mr. Barnes elucidated the "Accounting
 Theory and Practice of Insurance Companies"; Accounting III.
 of the day school, visited one of the local machine shops, to
 secure first-handed information about the installation of a cost
 system. On the 24th, J. Milholland, Esq., lectured on "Condi-
 tional Sales", and R. W. Martin, Esq., on "Common Carriers";

Mr. Deviny explained the construction and analysis of an accountant's and a committee's report. On February 25th, students of the day school debated the formation of a tariff commission.

The newspapers of February 25th announced the appointment of Dean Walker by the City Council to a place on the commission of fifteen to examine the taxation question and recommend plans for a more equitable distribution.

Department of Art.

To all our students past and present, and particularly to those who are interested in the progress of the Duquesne University Art Department, it will no doubt be a pleasure to learn that one of the members of the class, Herbert Dyson, has had a signal honor conferred upon him quite recently. One of his paintings has been accepted and hung at the recent exhibit of the Mahoning County Art Club, in the Public Library, Youngstown, O. The painting was entitled "The Hunter", and received very extended and favorable criticism from the press.

It is indeed gratifying that such good results have been achieved in so short a time, this being the young painter's third year in the Art class, and his second under the able and painstaking direction of Mr. Randby, of the Institute. It is to be hoped that the stimulus thus given will encourage the Art students to covet similar honors for themselves and their *Alma Mater*.

Dyson is now a regular member of the Mahoning County Art Club.

High School Commercial.

The graduating class of 1916 have formed a "A Round Table", consisting of the following students: Regis Malone, Francis Toole, Eugene Boyle, John Pastorius, Joseph Lackner, John Loulan. The members will prepare readings on financial and commercial subjects, the reading to be followed by discussion, in which the graduate students of the department will take part.

The following topics have been assigned for the month of March: "How to Write Business Letters", Joseph Lackner; "The Law Relating to the Payment of Deposits", R. Malone; "Loan and Trust Companies", F. Toole; "Good Will, Trade Marks, and Unfair Trading", John Loulan; "How Scientific Management is Applied", E. Boyle.

On February 21, Rev. A. B. Mehler, head of the department, delivered a lecture to the class of '16 on "The Classification, Utility and Organization of Banks".

On February 24, Professor W. H. Kelley gave a brief talk on "The Law Relating to Commercial Paper".

On February 25, Francis Toole, '16, addressed the class on "The Creation and Utility of Savings Banks".

On February 28, John Loulan, '16, on "Value and Utility".

REGIS E. MALONE, '16.

General News.

The results of the second term examinations, held during the last week of January, were announced February 1. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) J. D. Hannan, P. M. Buchman, J. M. Ganter, M. S. Zaborowski; (Prep. Medicine) M. A. Hodgson; (Prep. Law) J. B. Taszarek; (High School Academic) J. J. Gallagher, M. N. Glynn, F. X. Kleyle, A. J. King, E. J. Caye, C. S. Donnelly, R. G. Reilly; (Scientific) J. F. Dugan, C. W. Robertshaw, A. F. Farwick, E. J. Murphy; (High School Commercial) J. A. Lackner, R. Strobel, H. Teese; (Preparatory) J. Rozenas, E. P. Draus. One hundred and eighty-seven honor certificates were awarded.

The first Friday of February witnessed the renewal of the solemn traditional ceremony of installation into the ranks of our companies of the army of the Lord. Preceded by the devout reception of the sacraments, the enrollment took on a special sublimity. Grouped under their several standards, the candidates promised faithfulness to the aims of the various sodalities, and recited the acts of consecration with marked sincerity and devotion, whereupon the insignia of membership were blessed and given to them as badges of honor and of duty. The Very Rev. President officiated at the blessing and distribution of the badges, while the sermon of the occasion was delivered by Rev. Michael Retka, C. S. Sp.

The preacher first emphasized the importance of union in general, showing its application in the enterprises of the world as well as in the greatest of enterprises, Christ's Holy Church. Proceeding, he briefly outlined the aims and objects of the sodalities, exhorting the members to be, as a unit, faithful to them in every detail. The reverend speaker concluded by point-

ing out to the boys that in fidelity to these lesser aims was to be found their faithfulness in tending to their last end.

The Faculty of Duquesne University felt highly honored in having in their midst for a week's visit the son of a distinguished

Irish patriot, the Very Rev. Thomas Davis

Father Gavan Duffy. Though still a very young
Gavan Duffy man, Father Gavan Duffy has had extensive
experience in missionary work in Southern

India. Assisted by a native Indian priest, the Rev. Paul Arckiam, he attends to the spiritual interests of a growing mission of twenty-eight villages, to the poor children of which he has particularly devoted his energies in the matter of education. On the invitation of the Right Rev. Monsignor Keane, he addressed the Sacred Heart congregation in explanation of his vast work and in appeal to their sympathies in behalf of his struggling mission.

As soon as the officers of the A. O. H. heard of his presence, they hastened in the person of the State President, Mr. P. A. Kilgallen, to pay their respects to the son of so distinguished an Irishman, whose name is synonymous with the purest patriotism and has become a household word with the members of every Irish patriotic body all the world over. In the afternoon, Father Duffy addressed the delegates of the County Board Committee at which over fifty divisions of the A. O. H. were represented.

The presidents of thirty-two colleges and universities of the State of Pennsylvania had their annual reunion at Philadelphia in the last week of January. Our Very Rev.

Presidents' President attended the meeting. Resolutions
Meetings were passed disapproving the practice of
giving credit towards graduation for work

done in the first year at a professional school, and approving the "migratory rule" regarding athletics. College fraternities, technical courses in colleges of liberal arts, and the nation-wide campaign in behalf of Christian education, were discussed.

During the past five years the presidents of the Catholic colleges of the State met annually to discuss questions and problems of higher education. But it was only recently that the organization took a definite form. At a meeting held in Philadelphia, it was decided to meet at least once a year and to form a permanent organization. Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., of Duquesne University, was unanimously elected president, and Rev. Brother Edward, president of La Salle College, Philadelphia,

was chosen secretary and treasurer. The organization includes high schools and colleges of the State of Pennsylvania.

On February 16th, after Mass, Rev. E. P. Griffin, rector of St. Mary's of the Mount, addressed the students on the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and Father Griffin's Sermon on Total Abstinence. It is the bounden duty of every Catholic, he said, to help in the spreading of God's kingdom. There are in this diocese hundreds of people, young and old, whose parents or grandparents were Catholics, but who themselves practice no religion, or are gradually being won over to the sects by proselytizers. This condition is due to the lack of priests; and the laity have come to the assistance of the clergy by joining the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Last year ninety-eight members of this confraternity were teaching 4425 children whose religious training had previously been entirely neglected.

The children of foreigners are neglected largely because their parents' own religious training was very scanty and unsubstantial. But one of the chief causes of the neglect of religious education among American-born as well as foreign children is the intemperance of parents. The Juvenile Court and the Orphan Asylums give ample proof of this. During the years I was chaplain of the State penitentiary, I was able to see that nearly all the Catholics imprisoned there were there because of drink. Many say, "I can leave drink alone if I want to." *Do* they leave it alone? *Not one* of them does. . . . The day has come when any young man that drinks cannot get a responsible position: experience has shown that he cannot be trusted. . . . Think well on it: if you want to improve yourself, let drink alone altogether.

Professor Clinton E. Lloyd, Dean of the Department of Oratory, has held three rehearsals of the annual play to be presented in one of the city theatres. The Dramatic play chosen is "Brown's in Town", a comedy in three acts by Mark E. Swan. The cast comprises five male characters, to be impersonated by Raymond N. Baum (Prep. Law), Joseph E. Monteverde (Economics), Francis P. Anton (Economics), Joseph A. Burns (Law), and C. Herbert Dyson (Academic); and four female characters, to be represented by the following young men: John J. McDonough (College), Edward J. Nemmer (College), Joseph L. McIntyre (College), and Carl H. Hafermann (Scientific).

Rehearsals will be held weekly at a time that will not conflict with class hours.

E. Lawrence O'Connell (College), Francis N. Hoffmann (College), and Francis J. Toole (Commercial), are rehearsing parts in the Passion Play, "The Upper Room", to be given in the new Cathedral High School Hall on March 1 and 2.

The following letter speaks for itself,—and, we are sure, will be fully appreciated by all those who knew both the writer and the subject of his eulogium:—

Father Murphy's My very dear Father Hehir,

Tribute

I received to-day your letter announcing the death of dear, good Brother Fritz. I cannot express to you how keenly I feel his passing away. I entertained for him the very highest esteem, and, I may add, very deep affection. He rendered, in his own way, immense services to the community. His naturally quick temper only added to his merit, and never interfered with his unselfish devotedness and unfailing loyalty. He could not tolerate humbug in any shape or form; and his gruff "*Gut fur Nichts*" was a clinching argument in many cases which offended his sense of right and truth. But when real good was to be done, and well-founded demands made on his zeal and charity, there was no sacrifice of which he was not capable. I shall never forget his devoted kindness to me personally, during my serious illness at Pittsburgh, when he used to get up long before the usual hour to serve me. He was tender as a mother, and never wished me to make anything of his loving services. All that and more comes to my mind now, and brings tears to my eyes. Indeed, I mourn for dear Brother Fritz as I have mourned for few persons in my lifetime. I regret I was not there at the close to express to him my feelings of grateful esteem, and to pay a last tribute to his cherished memory. Please convey to all, and, especially, to dear Brother Engelbert and the other brothers the expression of my heartfelt condolence and sympathy.

JOHN T. MURPHY, C. S. SP.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Seniors arranged the following programme for February 6:

March—Battle of the Waves, <i>Hall</i>	Orchestra
Director, Professor C. B. Weis	
Declamation—The Minstrel's Curse	Peter Tolusciak
Recitation—The Convict's Soliloquy	
Edward J. Nemmer	

- Melody in F, *Rubenstein* Orchestra
 Humorous Recitation—Spartacus, according to Bill Nye . . .
 Leo J. Zitzman
 Vocal Solo—Voices of the Woods Francis M. Hoffmann
 Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe
 Waltz Song—When You're in Love with Someone . . . Orchestra
 Reading—Mr. Traver's First Hunt Jerome D. Hannan
 Chorus—Such a Very Nice Man Seniors and Junior^s
 March—Der Kaiser, *Friedmann* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That the United States Should Be Better Prepared for War.

Chairman—Michael P. Hinnebusch

Affirmative—Thomas P. Nee, Jerome D. Hannan

Negative—Edward J. Nemmer, E. Lawrence O'Connell.

Surprising oratorical powers were displayed in this debate. The preponderance of evidence seemed to be on the affirmative side.

On February 13, the Sophomore class presented the following numbers:—

- March—Love and Glory, *Smith* Orchestra
 Recitation—The Man in the Moon
 James Whitcomb Riley Francis J. Touttenuy
 Waltz—Lazarre, *Blanks* Orchestra
 Ballad—Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes Leo McIntyre
 Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe
 Violin Solo—The Rosary Andrew T. Walta
 Monologue—The Old Fisherman's Story C. Herbert Dyson
 Baritone Solo—A Voice Is Calling Me John T. Walsh
 Galop—Saddle Back, *Allen* Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Resident Students Enjoy More Advantages for Improvement Than Day Students

Chairman—Stanislaus Gawronski

Affirmative—Joseph M. Ganter, Joseph L. McIntyre

Negative—Anthony G. Nickel, Dennis J. Mulvihill.

The debate was handled capably, and advantage was taken of the opportunity it afforded to amuse as well as instruct. The decision went to the affirmative.

"Fourth High Night", February 20, brought a goodly crowd to enjoy the programme we subjoin:—

- March—Passadena Day, *Vessella* Orchestra
 Monologue—Johann's Bewilderment Francis J. Touttenuy
 Cornet Solo—Selected William J. McNanamy
 Recitation—The Christian Maiden and the Lion
 Theodore W. McBride
 Waltz—Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea, *Logan* . . . Orchestra
 Song—Mother Joseph D. Sarandria
 Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe

Instrumental Trio—Gavotte—Stephanie, *Zibulka*
 Rev. J. A. Dewe, Professor C. B. Weis, J. B. Lynch
 Skit—Pirates Three Leo F. Cassidy
 Song—Asthore William J. Wallace
 March—Hungarian Soldierly, *Fulton* Orchestra
 DEBATE—Resolved, That Boroughs Adjoining the City Should
 Be Annexed.

Chairman—Francis J. Kruk
 Affirmative—E. J. Murphy, J. C. Anton, F. Krone
 Negative—J. B. Lynch, F. H. Topping, P. A. Diranna.
 The vote was eight to four for the negative.

The Junior class rendered the programme we append on
 February 27:

March—Hero of the Game, *Cobb* Orchestra
 Recitation—Bunglers William P. Egan
 Vocal Solo—Selection from Sari John J. McDonough
 Medley—Mazurka de Concert, La Carina, *Young*
 Over the Rocky Road to Dublin Orchestra
 Recitation—The Two Glasses Kenneth E. Leopold
 Song—Simon the Cellarer Juniors
 Recitation—The Benediction Stanley A. Balcerzak
 Finale—I've Been Floating Down the Old Green River Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Militarism in Schools is Desirable.
 Chairman—F. C. Streiff
 Affirmative—J. J. McDonough, J. J. Sullivan
 Negative—C. J. Deasy, I. V. Kennedy.

The affirmative won.

FRANCIS C. STREIFF, '17.

The Euchre.

THERE was joy unconfined at the Melwood, February 16th, when the Students' Athletic Association gave its big annual party. And whoso, passing by, heard the sounds of revelry within, and could not enter, was indeed most unfortunate; for youth and age, man and maid, old boy and newcomer, mingled in the mazes of the dance, or, as fancy led, pitted skill against skill at the euchre tables in sight of the gorgeous array of prizes. Every committee was competent; every aide was smilingly efficient.

Miss Ella Duffy, chairlady of the aides had as able assistants the following: Misses May Madden, Anne Madden, Margaret Madden, Kathleen Gibbons, Jennie Morgan, Kathryn Osler, Kathryn Duffy, Jean Hardie, Margaret Dougherty, Margaret

Easton, Sarah Holleran, Margaret Hardie, Loretta Quinn, Margaret McNeely, Nelly Mickley, Mary McCarty, Margaret Dorgan, Elizabeth Gallagher, Margaret Kelly, Ursula Ryan, Kathryn Malone, Anna McDonough, Mesdames Frances Munka, Frances Kennedy, J. White.

There was a super-abundance of cakes, thanks chiefly to the boys of the Second and Third High. All the students contributed to the ice-cream fund. And as for prizes—150 of them—the following list will show their value:—

PRIZES	DONORS
Rocker.....	Spear & Co.
Fancy Vase.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Box of Cigars.....	John Longmore
Gent's Umbrella.....	P. J. Meiers
Pen-Knife.....	Theo. Wuensehel
Bust of Goethe.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Dresser Scarf.....	Kaufmann & Baer
Bust of Mendelssohn.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Smoker's Set.....	John E. Kane
Rocker.....	Mr. McNamara
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. W. H. Hurley
Cravat Holder.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Tickets for Box Party.....	C. R. Wilson
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Order for Doz. Photos—\$4.....	Fallert
Doilies.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Gent's Slippers.....	Goettlers
Rose Beads.....	Ella J. Letzkus
Picture (Landscape).....	A Friend
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Beautiful Clock.....	Gillespie Bros.
Watch Charm.....	Edw. Korb
1 lb. Fancy Chocolates.....	D. Maginn
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Picture (Sacred Heart).....	Miss A. Fieser
Mint Dishes.....	Mrs. Bryson
Lady's Purse.....	Miss A. Fisher
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Shampoo Combination.....	F. Touttenuy
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Star Safety Razor.....	Otto Helmold
Bohemian Girl.....	Grafner Bros.
Ever-Ready Safety Razor.....	Jos. Woodwell Co.
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Neck-Tie.....	R. Sullivan
Leo XIII.....	Grafner Bros.
1 lb. Coffee.....	Campbell & Wood
Brooch.....	Miss Clara M. Baum
Fancy Centre Piece.....	Mrs. M. Burdelski
Suit Case.....	D. Maginn
1 lb. Reymers Duquesne.....	Mrs. M. Geis
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Box of Cigars.....	E. Poerstel & Co.
Combing Jacket.....	Mrs. M. V. Nugent
Water Set.....	A. Gianakos
Doilies.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Felt Slippers.....	Wagner Bros.
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Writing Set.....	Mr. John B. Heilmann

Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Infant of Prague.....	F. Kerner
Silk Socks.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Statue of St. Joseph.....	F. Kerner
Fancy Tie.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
In St. Dominic's Country.....	F. Kerner
Necklace.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Lives of the Saints.....	F. Kerner
Fancy Vase.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Hand Embroidered Handkerchiefs.....	Mrs. P. H. Ford
Picture (Scene in Holland).....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Lady's Hand-Bag.....	Miss Margaret Walsh
Cuff Links.....	Mr. Browdy
Traveling Toilet Set.....	J. C. Bennett
Paper Knife.....	M. A. Sieben
Box of Cigars.....	A. Kohary
Gent's Silk Umbrella.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Picture (Angelus).....	J. Schroeffel
38 Piece Dinner Set.....	Mr. William Kelly
Fancy Towel.....	Mrs. G. Bauckmann
Gas Light Outfit.....	Mrs. Rylands
Gent's Umbrella.....	Mrs. P. Walsh
Half Dozen Dessert Plates.....	Miss Mary Manning
Statue of St. Joseph.....	A. Klein
Half Dozen Dessert Plates.....	Miss Mary Manning
1 lb. Fancy Chocolates.....	D. Maginn
Order for Doz. Photos—\$10.....	D. Rosser
Set of Doilies.....	Miss Anna Heilmann
Picture (On the Hunt).....	A. Hazen
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Bottle of Perfume.....	T. E. Wall
Smoker's Friend.....	A. Friend
One Doz. Fancy Handkerchiefs.....	Mansmann Bros.
Amethyst Rosary.....	Mrs. S. Kersting
Perfume Set.....	F. Rechtenwald
Fancy Plane.....	Schenck China Co.
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Vanity.....	Joseph Brosky
1 lb. Chocolates.....	H. J. Wiethorn
Vanity.....	Joseph Brosky
Picture (A True Friend).....	Linus Krieger
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
5 lbs. Lowney's Chocolates.....	Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall
Kayser Leatherette Gloves.....	Mrs. B. Becker
Gent's Slippers.....	Ruffennach Bros.
Life of the Ven Libermann.....	Paul Schmitt
Fancy Necktie.....	Harry H. Clymer
Half Dozen Silver Tea Spoons.....	Mrs. P. Smith
Bust of Beethoven.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Life of the Ven Libermann.....	Mrs. J. P. Staud
Colonial Gent's Toilet Set.....	A. Karabas
Art Picture (Out Grazing).....	Wunderly Bros.
Riegers Perfume.....	Jos. Fleming Drug Co.
Set of Doilies.....	Mrs. J. J. McDonough
Fountain Pen.....	A. W. McCloy Co.
Cream and Sugar Set.....	Terheyden Co.
Jardiniere and Fern.....	A. W. Smith Co.
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Fancy Plate.....	Miss E. Wolf
Smoker's Set.....	P. C. Lauinger
Razor Strop.....	A. Gloekler
Electric Iron.....	Doubleday-Hill Electric Co.
Doilies.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Towel Rack.....	Mrs. William Murray

Vanity Box.....	W. L. Knorr
Razor Strop.....	A. Gloekler
Fancy Dish.....	A. Hartmann
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Cut Glass Tumblers.....	W. J. Gilmore Drug Co.
Nut Dish (Cut Glass).....	Kaufmann & Baer
1 lb. Candy.....	L. Stubler
Salad Fork.....	Mrs. Howard
Gent's Slippers.....	A. Bachel
Table Light.....	Thomas McLuckie
Doily.....	Mrs. Joseph Donnelly
Cut Glass Water Set.....	Mrs. R. Hartmann
Set of Vases.....	Mrs. C. P. McCrory
Dozen Pie Plates.....	Mrs. Mary McCann
Hand Painted Plate.....	Miss Clara M. Baum
Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Penknife.....	Casper Peppee
Razor and Mirror.....	H. L. Lohmeyer
Slippers.....	Ruffennach Bros.
Box of Cigars.....	Chas. Wiegel
Combination Set.....	George Schwarzel
Cuff Buttons.....	John C. Grace
Doilies.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
1 lb. Coffee.....	C. Moschel
1 lb. Lard.....	Edw. Conrad
Centre Piece.....	Mrs. J. J. Sullivan
Fern.....	J. Wehrheim
Cut Glass Vase.....	P. J. Fahey
Vanity Box.....	Miss May Madden
Picture (Le Burn and Daughter).....	Boggs & Buhl
5 lbs. Box of Candy.....	Reymer & Bros.
Smoker's Friend.....	P. Rosswog
Ash Tray.....	Mrs. J. Mulgrew
Order for a Dozen Photos.....	J. P. Petraitis
Silk-Lisle Half Hose.....	Ray Mansmann
Smoker's Set.....	Mrs. Peter Fisher
Silver Cigar Cutter.....	Grogan Co.

ATHLETICS

'VARSITY BASKETBALL.

IN our February issue we recorded three victories for the 'Varsity: so, too, in this edition we chronicle a similar number of contests in which our opponents came out second best.

DUQUESNE, 31—GROVE CITY, 26.

In a close and hard-fought contest that produced thrill after thrill, the Dukes defeated the Grove City College five, 31 to 26. The contest was well played, replete with sensational shots, and was a neck-and-neck race all the way. The Dukes managed to roll up a five-point advantage in the first half, which ended 19 to 14, and though tied twice, held this advantage through a strenuous second period in which the scoring was even, with 12 points being chalked up by each side. The Grove City squad had a considerable advantage in weight which held in the long run, and had not the locals' snappy passing game allowed them their first half lead, the result might have been far different.

DUQUESNE, 43—CAPITAL, 18.

After an inauspicious start the Dukes came back strong and

defeated the Capital University quintet of Columbus, 43 to 18. The visitors started a puzzling underhand passing game that bewildered the locals for a few moments, but once they got the "hang" of it, they broke it up rather easily, and getting their own faulty combination work straightened out, soon began rolling up the score. The visitors drew first blood, getting past Captain Morrissey and McLean for two field goals before the Dukes woke up, but once the guards began picking off the passes some distance from the baskets and feeding them to McMath, Cumbert, and Obruba, the Bluffites never were in danger. McMath was by far the best scoring unit for Duquesne. Haley, who relieved Cumbert, covered himself with glory.

DUQUESNE, 34—WAYNESBURG, 14.

In a rather listless game, relieved now and then with flashes of good play, the Bluffites won their fifth consecutive game of the season and kept their record clear of defeat at the expense of the Waynesburg College team. The combination play of the visitors was good. Cumbert of the Dukes was the shooting star of the evening with six baskets to his credit. Wolak and Zitzman played a strong defensive game. Obruba and Cumley had a pretty jumping contest at center, with the local tosser having a slight advantage.

ACADEMICS.

Since our last issue, the results of the Academic games are as follows: Academics 19, Duquesne H. S. 33; Academics 26, Crafton H. S. 42; Academics 16, Cathedral Academy 14; Academics 29, Charleroi H. S. 21; Academics 31, Union H. S. (Turtle Creek) 21; Academics 55, Ambridge Academy 14; Academics 53, Reno College 33.

JUNIORS.

Coach Earley's Juniors, as the University seer had predicted, have progressed considerably in basketball science. Seven games have been staged since our last issue and the Dukelings have garnered five victories.

JUNIORS, 15—DE SALES, 32.

The first half of this contest at McKees Rocks, ended 9 to 7, in favor of the Salesians. The superior weight of the home team was too much for the Juniors who succumbed after a desperate rally. Captain Codori and Pavilnac played well.

JUNIORS, 51—COWLEY, 21.

The Juniors had no trouble defeating the Cowley school quintet. The accurate shooting of Davies, who registered nine field goals, was the main feature of the game.

JUNIORS, 66—WALLACE, 13.

The Dukelings swamped the Wallace five of Oakland. Powers, Fuchs and Haendler were in great form.

JUNIORS, 30—DUQUESNE SECONDS, 23.

In a stirring contest studded with many interesting features the Juniors defeated the Duquesne Seconds of Lawrenceville. The visitors started off like real winners, immediately caging two field goals. Kronz then registered a count more than half the length of the floor. Thenceforth, it was a neck-and-neck race

with the score deadlocked twice in the first half, which ended 17 to 13 in the Dukelings' favor. In the second half the Seconds did not lose a moment and came back strong. The visitors again tied the score on two occasions, but the Juniors cut loose with some clever team work which baffled their opponents. Kronz, Krill and Hafermann starred.

JUNIORS, 44—EPIPHANY JUNIORS, 26.

Clever team work in the beginning of the fray put the visitors in the lead by a nine-point margin. The close guarding of Haendler and Fuchs broke the visitors' attack and the accurate shooting of Powers and Pavlinac put the Dukelings in the lead, which they kept to the final whistle.

JUNIORS, 25—W. P. I., 41.

The Juniors were up against a stronger and heavier team when they attacked the Deaf and Dumb tossers of the West Penn Institute. The Juniors led at the end of the first half, 20 to 9. Fresh men were rushed in by the visitors, and they battered down the last-ditch defense of the Juniors who guarded miserably. Krill and Davies were the stellar performers.

JUNIORS, 26—HALLETT, 15.

The first half of the Hallett A. A. game was closely contested and ended with the Juniors in the lead, 10 to 8. In the second half our boys put up a better combination play and scored more frequently. The Herron Hill lads fought valiantly to the last ditch. The guarding of Kronz and Davidson was remarkably good. Powers, Hayes and McKenzie starred.

BASEBALL OUTLOOK.

The 'Varsity Baseball Schedule for the season of 1916 has been arranged as follows:—

April 15	.	Open	.	Home
April 20	.	University of Buffalo	.	Home
April 29	.	Juniata	.	Home
May 4	.	W. and J.	.	Home
May 6	.	Waynesburg	.	Home
May 12	.	Grove City	.	Home
May 13	.	Indiana Normal	.	Abroad
May 17	.	Westminster	.	Home
May 20	.	Grove City	.	Abroad
May 25	.	Muskingum	.	Home
May 27	.	Bethany	.	Home
June 3	.	Westminster	.	Abroad
June 8	.	Indiana Normal	.	Home
June 10	.	Open	.	
June 12	.	Waynesburg	.	Abroad
June 16	.	Alumni	.	Home

Varia.

Our Former President Honored by Pope Benedict XV.

IT was with feelings of sincere pleasure and the deepest gratification that the Faculty of the University learned of the recent action by which our former president, the Very Rev.

John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., now Provincial of the Holy Ghost Order in Ireland, has been signally honored by our Holy Father the Pope. The Sovereign Pontiff has deigned to confer upon him the Degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, in recognition of his distinguished services, both by his learned writings, and by his eloquent discourses, in the cause of the Church. We feel convinced that all those who were ever acquainted with Father Murphy, including his old-time pupils and the clergy of the diocese of Pittsburgh, will agree with his former associates of the Faculty in deeming the honor well merited, at the same time that the gracious manner in which that honor has reached him enhances it a hundred-fold.

We extend to him, on this occasion, our heartiest congratulations.

The following is a partial translation of the Brief from the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, by which he was notified of the Conferring of the Degree:—

"Since it has been clearly established by weighty documents that the Rev. John Murphy, of the congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, who excels in integrity of morals, in zeal for religion and in reverence for the Apostolic See, is so learned in sacred science as to be deemed worthy to be honored with the Degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology, without having to undergo examination, Our Most Holy Lord, Benedict XV., Pope, on the 15th day of January, has graciously deigned to grant to the said Rev. John Murphy, the title of Doctor in Sacred Theology, together with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by those who are promoted to such an honorable degree in canonically established universities."

Mgr. Augouard, C. S. Sp., D. D., Named Archbishop.

A telegram from Rome announces that in the recent Consistory His Holiness, Benedict XV. has proclaimed Mgr. Augouard, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and Vicar Apostolic of the upper French Congo, Titular Archbishop of Cassiope, under which title he will henceforth be known instead of that of Bishop of Sinita, *in partibus infidelium*, which he has borne for the last twenty-five years.

It was, indeed, on the occasion of his episcopal Jubilee, and in recognition of his long and brilliant services rendered to the cause of Christianity and civilization among the pagan tribes of the Dark Continent, that this dignity was conferred by the Sovereign Pontiff upon the humble but valiant missionary. The new Archbishop is well known throughout France and the Christian world, and his name as "Bishop of the Cannibals," is a byword in every household where the annals of the Propagation of the Faith are read. For over thirty years he has been laboring in the interest of the poor abandoned Africans, having entered the Seminary and the order of the Holy Ghost, fresh from the field of battle, where during the Franco-Prussian war, he had won signal honors as a brave soldier.

In conferring this honor, the Holy Father has departed somewhat from the traditional custom of ecclesiastical procedure which had hitherto admitted such a change only in the case of titular Bishops.

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXIII.

APRIL, 1916.

Number 7.

Easter.

THE lilies regnant in the Easter sun,
The curling hyacinths, the golden glow
Of daffodils. the spicy buds that blow
And trail their pink and brown when winter's done,
Slept but a month ago; the swift saps run
With force mysterious; where lately snow
Held naked branches now the maples throw
A thousand shades, for life and death are one.

Life and the tide may ebb—life cannot die
Or seas be still. Death is the rind without.
He seemed as cold as are the marble plinths
Of our great temples, yet to the fair sky
He rose resplendent. Can we live and doubt
Among the lilies and the hyacinths?

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.





The Influence of Journalism on Literature.

PREVIOUSLY, the terms journalism and literature had a like signification, but when the influence of the Victorians began to wane, a vital distinction arose between the two. This difference has been described by a pre-eminent scholar of to-day as "literature in a hurry," and it certainly can not be denied that this definition is, for the most part, correct.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, when the newspapers and periodicals, for the first time, assumed, to a certain extent, the position they now occupy, they became the main channels through which the public was made acquainted with the works of the scholars. Among the foremost literary writers, whose works appeared in this manner, are numbered Coleridge, Carlyle, Dickens, Hazlitt, DeQuincey, and Adelaide Proctor, while Dickens not only himself wrote for the newspapers, but unto that end, even taught and trained, to a mastery of literary technique, a long sequence of writers, who found favour not only with their editors but with the public also.

Thus one can easily estimate the influence that journalism had on literature in the Victorian Age. Journalism was the principal agent by which literature was introduced and made popular. The daily papers contained the sound and healthy expression of the thoughts, the feelings, the mannerisms, and the epochs of the lives of the people. It was sound and universal in its scope and in its construction. It was deep, unrestricted, and all powerful in the forging of the ideas and the opinions of the day, and in imparting to men in general a very high standard of literature together with a taste for the best in all branches of the Liberal Arts.

As the nineteenth century drew to a close, the newspapers ceased to be dominated by the literary spirit, and so at this time Jowett foresaw, in the encroachment of the paper on the book, a real danger to letters. The papers had no longer such editors as Daniel Stuart; nor such contributors as Dickens, DeQuincey, or Coleridge; they had no longer such good, capable men, possessed

of a knowledge of Science, coupled with particular information, regarding politics and letters, who could compose the Westminster Play, prologue and epilogue, in flowing English couplets, for the next morning's paper. These literateurs are now supplanted by the specialists of a few departments, by the "manufacturer of literary pemmican," and the condenser, sometimes of old-world folios, sometimes of the chief points in the universal press of the world, into tabloids, to be taken as an appetizer for breakfast or as a digestive for lunch. Such journalism, no doubt, affords the performers as much real display of ability and resourcefulness, as tasks of a very different kind provided for his predecessors; but their efforts are bent in a decidedly wrong direction as regards the raising of the literary standard of the newspaper.

The one great factor in relation to the newspaper of to-day, is its extensive circulation. There are millions of copies of newspapers distributed daily in the United States. This great sale is due, without a doubt, to a demand which will be supplied no matter how defectively. It arises from man's inherent curiosity or desire to know what is transpiring in the world about him and from a craving for news which is a special characteristic of the average American, and which overrides and destroys even historical reverence for traditions or appreciation of the relics of a past civilization. This fact is very humorously portrayed by the following incident: Dr. Watson (Ian McLaren) had been touring the far East, and had arrived in Palestine. While enroute to Jerusalem he encountered an American acquaintance, and after the salutations, customary when two English speaking people meet at the outposts of the world, were completed, the American questioned Dr. Watson, as to his destination. He replied, "Jerusalem." "Jerusalem," exclaimed the American, "you don't want to go there! I've just come away. It's a slow town. Why, there isn't a daily newspaper in the whole place!" Such is the great inherent desire of man for knowledge of a small kind which causes the great popularity and wide circulation of our newspapers. But as Thackeray's Captain Shandon says, "It's little good comes out of writing for newspapers."

Charles Lamb goes further and declares, "No one lays one down without a feeling of disappointment." For in its haste all the niceties of expression and construction are overlooked, with the results that the constructions are loose, the vocabulary is limited and restricted to a very few words. It is true that the

English language is one of the most comprehensive languages ever written, that it has an expression adaptable, in its true sense, to one meaning only, that the number of these expressions is extensive enough to cover all the sensations and feelings that a person may experience; still they pinch and restrict one word down to a narrow meaning in one place and then later they interpret the same word in an entirely different sense. In order to understand some of these loose constructions it is only necessary to glance at any page of an average daily paper, where we shall in all probability find such expressions as the following: "Between six and seven fire engines dashed up the street simultaneously;" "The gas lamps, which were not yet lighted, made the street appear still darker;" "Thus three members of the one family have passed to that bourne, whence no traveler returns in less than two weeks." Thus, since common usage is the greatest factor in the formation of a person's ideas and the manner in which he conveys them, the carelessness of the phrasing and the lack of connected constructions cause, among the people in general, the same looseness in the current employment of words.

It is commonly declared that the newspaper is the pabulum of the masses, that it is the creation of democracy. But this is not so, as the newspaper appeals to a very narrow circle, and is not suited to the average of mankind. It does not employ speech fit for general use, but rather a very limited dialect of the human language, which too often is the most unintelligible. Let one pick up an average newspaper and glance at the expressions employed. Are they such as could be understood by an older or a younger generation? Could they be understood by the scholar or the laborer? Could an unsophisticated person, that is, one, who is a little strange to society and its customs, comprehend the full significance of these terms? For an answer to these questions, let us consider some of the expressions noticed by Chesterton in an English paper, ("The Star"—November 11, 1913). One of the first peculiar expressions which draw our attention is, "More Lightning Strikes at London Music Halls". Now in any place but in this particular construction, we would interpret, "lightning," as a noun and suppose that in some recent storm the Music Halls were struck by lightning. But in this particular instance, "lightning," is employed as an adjective, and the meaning intended to be conveyed by the writer, is, "Very sudden strikes were declared at the Music Halls". The next

expression he refers to occurs a few lines below in the same paragraph, "Down Fiddles". Now on first thought we might infer this to be some favorite aristocratic expression of some gentleman as Tolstoy, equivalent to, "Down Fido". Or, again, we might consider this to be an announcement of the fact that, a Mr. Down plays a violin; still further it might be concluded that it is an advertisement for a certain kind of violin made in Down County, or perhaps by a firm by the name of "Down". Yet who but some person familiar with the locality and its colloquialisms, would know that this is equivalent to the phrase, "Down Tools", being interpreted, "Lay down your tools, quit working until they meet your demands"? So it is readily understood, when we constantly hear the assertion that the journalist is becoming exclusive, that he is becoming exclusive in the worst sense of the word.

Whereas journalism was formerly on a level with literature, it has now sunk so far below it, that one can hardly draw a comparison between them. Rather, journalism actually frustrates the very end of literature, namely, to enlighten and teach; rather than enlightening, it clouds the minds and disseminates looseness of construction, lack of unity, narrowness, and a limited vocabulary.

The one last chance of journalism ever returning to its own, lies in the superior qualities of some of our periodicals and college reviews, or, as Disraeli calls them, the Miscellanists. He asserts, "The Miscellanists are the most popular writers among every people; for it is they who form a communication between the learned and the unlearned, and as it were, throw a bridge between those two great divisions of the public." The truth of this assertion is readily conceded, and when we consider the superior qualities of our later college journals, with their departments of prose and poetry, we begin to feel more satisfied as to the future status of journalism. This class of magazines is indeed the bridge between the common journal and the book, and through their excellence and ever growing popularity, I feel safe in prophesying that in the not far distant future, the college journal and periodical will successfully bridge over and close up the gap which has existed between journalism and literature since the end of the nineteenth century.

THOMAS J. McDERMOTT, '16.



The Legend of the Hidden Door.

IN the Land of Egypt lived a rich and powerful king. Large were his domains, great his wealth, and loyal his people. Not only was he rich in this respect, but also in wisdom and goodness, and ever had a lookout for the good of his country and the welfare of his subjects.

So, as money kept coming into the royal treasury, day after day, the king thought it well to have a safe place to keep it, where thieves might not break in and steal, and where the money could be had when needed. As a result he ordered that a huge vault be built in the stone foundations of the palace. Of sheer rock were the roof and three sides, the other side of great granite blocks. The only entrance to the vault was a tunnel, and this was guarded with a massive iron gate, of which the king possessed the only key. Here, thought he, the money of the kingdom would be safe, and no more would he need to worry for its safety.

The day after the completion of the vault, the servants of the king came and began their task of moving the treasure from the palace to the room below. All day they worked, and it was late the next night when the work was finished. The iron gate was then locked, and the key delivered into the hands of the king.

But when he visited the vault a few days later, lo! some of the treasure had disappeared! Great was his surprise at this unexpected discovery. Every day he came, and each day a little more of the treasure was gone! But the guards declared that no one had been there during the night, for they had kept strict watch.

This business must not be allowed to go on, for soon would all the treasure be gone. So, to catch the thief, steel traps were set all about the vault. Once a person was caught in one of these, it was impossible to get free, and little by little his very life would be crushed out. Early, therefore, the next morning, the king came to see who was the hapless thief that had looted the

treasury vault. But he found in one of the traps only the headless body of a man.

This proved evidently that there were two of them, the other having no doubt decapitated his accomplice in order to prevent recognition. So the king was as far as ever from attaining his purpose, for of course the other thief was aware of the traps, and might go on carrying away the gold with impunity.

It was ordered, however, that the body of the victim be hung up above the gate of the city. A squad of soldiers was set to guard it, with orders to seize any one who showed emotion upon beholding the headless body. In this way the king hoped to detect the other thief.

His majesty was kept very busy that day, and went to bed quite tired, forgetful, for the time being, of all things save how to find rest. But he was destined to meet with another disappointment, for in the morning word was brought that the body had been cut down during the night; and the squad of soldiers set to guard it were found in a state of intoxication.

"This is a clever rascal," quoth the king, "but at last I've a plan whereby he shall be taken." Whereupon he sent a herald into the surrounding country to proclaim that whoso could tell the princess the cleverest crime he had ever committed, would be entitled to her hand in marriage.

That the wooer's safety might be insured, the princess was to receive the applicants in a dark room, so that none need fear being recognized, and afterwards arrested. But the princess was instructed that if any told of having looted the royal treasury, him she must hold. Also, guards were hid in the next chamber who were to rush in at the princess's cry.

So upon the appointed day many came to try their luck. But at last came one who declared, "The cleverest crime I ever committed was to rob the king's vault!" Immediately the princess cried out; the guards rushed in; the lights were turned on—but the princess was alone, clutching only a man's hand and severed arm. It was the arm of a recently executed criminal!

Upon the failure of this ruse, the king gave up in despair. Again he sent his herald out, but this time it was to offer pardon to the man who had robbed him.

The next day there was a great knocking and pounding upon the door of the palace, so great that the king himself went to inquire the cause. "I have come," said the visitor, "to take advantage of your offer";—thus identifying himself as the thief

of the royal wealth. True to the king's promise, he received full pardon, which was granted on condition that he reveal the mystery of the strange robberies. This he agreed to do, and began:—

"When your majesty decided to build the vault, my father was employed, as architect, to plan and oversee the work. You know that he died soon after. Upon his deathbed he called my brother and me to his side, 'for', said he, 'I have a secret with which I must acquaint you.'" Then he related that, having a mind to possess himself of some of the treasure, he had secretly arranged that one of the blocks of granite should swing on a pivot, thus forming a second entrance to the vault. He was not able to take advantage of this trick, but my brother and I did so.

"One night upon our customary visit, my brother, entering the vault in advance, was caught in the jaws of a huge steel trap. Slowly it squeezed out his life. I was powerless to help him. The best I could do was to cut off his head and bear it away, thus preventing detection.

"The next day I beheld his body hung aloft above the city gate, and I determined it should not go unburied. It was an easy matter to get the soldiers drunk, and then to climb up and cut it down.

"When your strange proclamation went forth, well I guessed the reason why. You were determined, but thrice determined, sire, was I. It was simply a matter of matching my wits against yours. With what success this was done, you already know. I procured the severed arm of a slain criminal, and, with it hidden under my cloak, proceeded to acquaint the princess of my clever crime."

The king was so impressed by the thief's story of his wit and shrewdness, that he not only pardoned him, but offered him the princess in marriage as well, declaring that the Egyptians were a clever people, but that he was the cleverest Egyptian. This offer, however, the thief saw reason to refuse, saying that the man who won the princess should possess other virtues and attainments, besides the barren gift of wit and cleverness.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, 2 Com.

KIND hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood!

—TENNYSON.



The Influence of Journalism on Culture.

THE dawn of the twentieth century ushered in the era of journalism. The marvelous perfection of the printing press, the phenomenal development of telegraphy, together with the systematized method of gathering and distributing news, gave journalism an impetus that cannot be overestimated. It brought the newspaper to every home and made it one of the necessities of life. It is therefore appropriate to consider the effects it has produced, by examining the influences of newspaper literature upon the minds of our contemporaries and upon our own.

The ideal mind is intelligent and perspicuous; in it, thought and the ability to discriminate are ever present; for it also, good taste and a sense of refinement are indispensable. These are the endowments usually imparted by a liberal education. Now, the propensity of present-day journalism is the direct antithesis of these high qualities. Current literature is seldom sagacious. It is not refined, but indiscreet, for it gives utterance to things better left unsaid, and it is invariably in bad taste. It features the worst of mankind, and gives only a kaleidoscopic view of sin and crime.

Moreover, there is an attempt to sway public opinion, to deprive man of his inalienable right to think for himself. Probably the most conspicuous feature of this infringement is the culpable unqualification of its writers. Bound down by narrow-mindedness, or by prejudice, or by superficial knowledge, they distort and even manufacture news; and this, day after day, year in and year out.

Oftentimes journalists are as inconsistent as a frenzied mob. For example, they will pass over the agitation for preparedness with a pretty turn or so, and delve into a ponderous discussion apropos of the expediency of insuring the fistic supremacy of the white race.

It is a truism that the newspapers do influence the reader, even the most cultured. They are our regular,—almost our only—source of information regarding current events. One must read them habitually to be up-to-date. Consequently they exact their toll in making us all either pessimistic or thoughtless. Furthermore, morals are frequently deteriorated by a too careful perusal of court trials and police records.

Journalism, too, affects culture indirectly. Many of our first authors spent their apprenticeship in a newspaper office. Dame fortune would not deign to recognize their talent in the crude, so they were obliged to develop it in a reportorial capacity.

It is matter of controversy whether their sojourn in journalism was more beneficial than detrimental. Some maintain that the benefits are preponderant. They hold that the insight into human nature that is so necessary to the literary man, can in nowise be so well acquired as in the by-ways of journalism.

Others dispute this supposition. They deny that the reporting of scandals, the interviewing of criminals, and the describing of death chambers give the proper comprehension of human nature. It is a morbid, Ibsenesque insight that they give—how utterly unlike the clean and noble humanity that Scott depicts!

In the realm of journalism the princely deeds of man are passed over lightly, if even noticed. Father Damien went off to a martyr's death in Molokai, all unknown to the world. The press took no cognizance of his heroism. One single famous novelist accidentally discovered this humble priest laboring among the loathsome outcasts of the leper colony. By means of his wonderful art, Robert Louis Stevenson brought vividly before the world the superhuman sacrifice of that man.

On the other hand, an infamous scandal never escapes the vigilant eye of the newspaperman. Crimes are played up to their dramatic climax. In a word, journalism makes the notorious the cynosure of attention.

Consequently the journalist is ever on the *qui vive* for these features. His very nature becomes suspecting. So, when in good faith he tries to write up the account of some charitable deed, some philanthropic movement, he almost invariably inserts a question. Perhaps it is a scheme to hoodwink the people, or an attempt of some millionaire to build a monument to himself, or just a crude advertising "stunt." Thus the journalist delves into motives. Maybe he does not do it openly. No matter! The newspaper man is a master in the art of suggestion.

In the course of events he becomes one of our foremost authors, and begins to enjoy a vogue that is as widespread as it is, in most cases, ephemeral. His previous environment is reflected in his works. Just to be *au courant*, we dip into his masterpieces. The plot is excellent, the setting superb. The stately manliness of the hero wins our admiration; the young lady captivates us completely by the nobility of her character; her very loveliness inspires us. But at the most crucial moment, the author lapses into the blunt Billingsgate of journalism. A vulgar metaphor, an indelicate simile—and the tension is broken. From the pure Elysian fields, we fall to the sordid plains of Hades.

This is the besetting sin of Kipling. Thomas Hardy inherited the same evil inclination. The "wild and woolly" Bret Harte is even worse.

Perhaps the best idea of the pernicious influence of journalism upon writers may be gleaned from an incident in the career of Richard Harding Davis. This noted war correspondent was a "Cub reporter" on the *Philadelphia Press* when Robert Louis Stevenson was at the zenith of his popularity. Davis and his fellow-reporters, who had high literary ambitions, were very much infatuated by the thrilling romances of the dying author. One story especially pleased them. In the midst of their enthusiasm they decided to express their appreciation to the author himself. Richard Harding Davis was chosen to pen the epistle to Samoa. In due time a reply was received. Stevenson expressed his gratitude, and availed himself of the opportunity to give the young journalists a hint or two. He bade them leave newspaper work, as soon as possible, if they hoped to achieve anything in letters. If it were not immediately expedient to do so, he admonished them to practice careful writing at home so as to counteract the slipshod style of journalism.

Davis followed the advice to a certain extent. His friend, Robert Neilson Stephens, followed the great author's injunctions much more thoroughly. Stephens is the author of several noted dramas and novels. Richard Harding Davis is also the writer of a number of novels and short stories. But his characters are said to be superficial; they are portrayals of idiosyncrasies rather than of types. His journalistic instinct leads him to the odd and grotesque.

In these diversified ways does journalism influence culture; if it has been detrimental in the past, it need not be so in the future. Journalism is here to stay. It is, you may contend,

a necessary evil; but we may just as well make the most of it until the genius comes who shall lift it to a higher plane. Thus far, the daily papers have developed hardly one great writer. William Dean Howells is perhaps their greatest product; but it is a long time since he forsook them. They were also stepping-stones to fame for the beloved Mark Twain, the erratic Walt Whitman, and the brilliant James Lane Allen. Those two favorite Southern novelists, George W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris, have also had newspaper experience; but probably "Old Creole Days" and "Nights with Uncle Remus" would have been more refined productions, had their authors been able to dispense with that preliminary training.

The editor's chair, rather than the reporter's desk, has been, up to the present, the school for the authorship that brings enduring fame. There Justin McCarthy and Charles Gavan Duffy learned to wield their powerful, fascinating pens. There also, on this side of the Atlantic, John Boyle O'Reilly, Father Lambert, Father John Talbot Smith,—to mention only a few at random—served their apprenticeship.

If the press is to rescue culture from decadence, and to become an agent of greater good, men of riper scholarship, clearer judgment and higher moral calibre, than the majority of its present promoters, must enter the ranks of journalism; and to do so with such a view, would be an object worthy of the college graduate's highest ambition.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.



Pretty Soon.

MARCH is here and spring is coming
Pretty soon.

Stream and brooklet will be flowing,
And the meadow flowers be growing
Pretty soon.

For the months are marching past,
Marching swiftly, marching fast—
Winter will be o'er and past
Pretty soon.

Summer's here and autumn's coming
Pretty soon.

Dead and brown leaves will be falling
And the katydid be calling
Pretty soon.

For the months are marching past,
Marching swiftly, marching fast—
Life will be a season past
Pretty soon.

C. MORGAN.

The Stars.

THE stars are flowerets growing in the garden of the sky,
And, planted there by angel hands, they shall not fade nor
die;

The angels tend them, and the moon sails 'mong them in the night
And helps to keep them blossoming and shining pure and bright.

Sometimes the night is stormy and the clouds come drifting by,
And hide the pretty flowerets in the garden of the sky;
But they are smiling just the same behind the cloudy veil,
While down the milky way the moon is out upon a sail.

The stars are flowerets growing in the garden of the sky,
And they will still be blossoming when you are dead, and I;
So let us live that when we're called to quit this earth of ours.
We shall at once go flying up to dwell above the stars!

C. MORGAN, Com. '17.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary.

"Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

"He was not of an age but for all time."

THUS was the magnitude of Shakespeare's achievement enthusiastically proclaimed by the literary dictator of the time,—Johnson. And the full significance of this unstinted appreciation gradually makes itself felt down the vista of years, until the tercentenary of the Bard's death sees him commemorated in a manner worthy of the veneration in which the memory of the great master of the drama is held by the English speaking people and by the world at large.

Our ideas have changed but little in many centuries, and that which was noble and right and helpful, is so still. This is, in reality, why Shakespeare holds such an interest for all countries, for all ages, and why we in America are celebrating the tercentenary of his life, "not merely to do homage to a real poet, to a great dramatist, but to pay our tribute to one of the wisest of men."

Even England, plunged in strife, when matters of a lighter strain are necessarily left in abeyance in the face of sterner duties, will not leave the tercentenary pass unobserved. "It is right to arrange the observance of the occasion in simple yet dignified manner, consonant with the mood of the nation and its proud consciousness at what England and the world owe to Shakespeare and to the spirit of his teachings."

The interest in Shakespeare in America is hardly separable from that in Great Britain. Editors, critics, scholars, have been numerous and their contributions important, while the plays have been acted constantly and widely through the country.

Probably outside of America there is no part of the world to-day where the study of Shakespeare is so active and where the interest in his work is so widespread. In one respect, at least, the United States in recent years has carried this study and interest beyond England,—in the fields of education. Shakespeare has come to play a more and more important part in the training of youth. In every department of the study of Shakespeare, colleges and universities offer training. The child begins his education with Ariel and the fairies, and, all through the formative period, is kept in almost daily intercourse with the poetry and persons of the dramas.

But Shakespeare is known in the literature and the theatre of every civilized nation. He is the subject of a vast and increasing amount of discussion and criticism; "the source of a scholarship rivaling that devoted to the writers of antiquity. He is the familiar theme for music and painting, the household possession of Great Britain, Germany and America, influencing thought and conduct as few books have ever influenced them, and now an important element in the education of a great democracy." The plays of Shakespeare occupy a position whence imagination "can not pierce a wink beyond, but doubt discovery there." His reputation and influence must change greatly with the years to come, but this at least is secure—three hundred years of an ever increasing sway over the human mind.

J J. McD.

ANOTHER VIEW.—If any proof were needed to refute the statement sometimes made, that this is essentially a material age, it is amply furnished in the unexampled homage being offered to the Bard of Avon. Great captains of war, builders of industries, philanthropists, patriots, and learned scientists have been honored from time to time, and almost always merely by their own countrymen, but William Shakespeare is to-day, three hundred years since he closed his mortal eyes in sleep, being celebrated in all countries and all languages. The gentle and unostentatious poet and playwright is the foremost man of all the world. More has been said and written about Shakespeare than of any other writer in the "tide of times." Men who, since his times, have thought the deepest, and whose imaginations have soared the

highest, have found their understanding inadequate when trying to account for his transcendent genius and art; but while knowing that Shakespeare was "the great master who knew everything" and was himself the direct heir to all the greatness which had preceded him, let us be grateful that he has, in turn, bequeathed this great estate to us, and that we are his loving, idolatrous executors.

C. E. L.



The Study of English.

IT is not an exaggeration to state that the value of the study of English is not understood by the majority of students. Because they have grown up with the language, and can speak it, they fail to see the necessity of devoting much time and effort to acquire perfection in its use.

To speak and write well, in the opinion of many, is a natural gift, a mark of genius. They see the completed works of the master, but not a moment's thought is given to the constant practice, the persistent effort that were required to reach perfection.

Carlyle never said a truer thing than his famous apothegm: "Genius is the art of taking pains." We can see this illustrated in every walk of life. What makes the skilled mechanic, the shrewd business man, the proficient athlete, if not constant practice, continual striving to attain perfection? Apply this same principle to the study of English, and you have the master of prose.

Proficiency in English is not an inborn quality, but the result of constant speaking and writing as well as we know how. Only then shall we become adept in the handling of words, more critical and exact in their choice, and better able to marshal thoughts and ideas into a clear, correct, and consistent whole. Vigor of feeling, breadth of thought, sublimity and beauty do not come spontaneously, but only through constant and unceasing effort. The greatest stylists of modern times, Newman, Ruskin, Tennyson, and Stevenson, were untiring workers. None of them ever left a page, or even a sentence, until they were satisfied that the thought could not be expressed with greater clearness or elegance.

Students, as a rule, are prone to neglect their English studies, precisely because they require such persistent effort. They do

not recognize the value that English composition will have for them in later life. Yet our business, social and political life demands of every man a good command of English. And who of us knows whether or not we shall ever be called upon to express our opinions, to address meetings and assemblies, to write for the papers and magazines? Picture the business man, the agent, the society man, the public speaker, the politician, who is not proficient in English, and you have the failures, not the successful men, in all these lines of endeavor.

As college men, we shall be expected to know at least our mother tongue, and the greater will be our shame if we fail. The sooner, therefore, that a student realizes that English is as essential as any other branch of study, the more he will benefit by it. He will then recognize that talent for writing and speaking is not so much an innate ability as the constant and persistent writing of essays with much time set aside to "cut and polish." Ability to express ideas and opinions with correctness, force, and elegance of style, will then be assured.

G. B. B.



The "Safety First" Slogan.

THE present decade is more than usually characterized by a growing adherence to the slogan "Safety first." New appliances, more efficient machinery and more reliable devices have been added to almost every branch of industry. "Safety always and for all" has now become the password by which the present day employer is admitted into the camp of public respect. With all the force of an axiom, it is published on sign board and in newspaper, it is advocated in theatre and in lecture hall, it is taught in factory and in school.

In fact, it has become so widespread that we now hesitate to undertake any enterprise, and shrink from any encounter, that involves uncertainty, under the plea of safety first. This is certainly carrying caution beyond reasonable bounds. Success in life's various struggles is obtained only by encountering risk, and if golden opportunities for advancement are permitted to be lost because we hesitate "to take a chance," the coveted goal will never be reached. Life's rewards are never obtained unless we strive for them and "safety first" is no excuse for failure to try.

E. L. O'C.

The "Social Glass."

WITH Prohibition laws holding sway in the neighboring State of West Virginia, we are continually reading of clever schemes to outwit the authorities and evade the law. Not so very long ago, the bottom truly fell out of one of these little ruses when in the midst of a funeral procession, an immense quantity of alcoholic beverages fell through the bottom of the casket!

When we consider the personal liberty guaranteed each citizen by the Constitution of our country and then look upon the stringent, prohibitive laws decreed against alcohol, we naturally wonder what it is that has thus caused a State to pass a law so apparently contradictory to the constitution of the country. Some will say it was due solely to the issues of a political campaign. But there must have been some cause more deeply-rooted to prompt the adoption, by a majority of the citizens of a State, of a law whose effect is thus to hold the remainder of their fellow-citizens in restraint. The answer is "the social glass." Only fanatics contend that alcoholic beverages are *intrinsece mala*, wrong in themselves; but the treating system and the one-more-glass-to-be-a-good-fellow habit are what have made alcohol so deadly.

Prohibition may remedy, but it cannot cure, this disease in our nation. In a matter of private conduct, conscience must be reached. Hence, persuasion, not coercion, will alone be effective. Appeals to individuals to "play safety first, last and always" and to abstain totally from alcohol, are the most efficient means of combating this evil. You know a man may enter a saloon intending to take only one drink; he meets a friend * * * and before he reaches home he has described geometric figures too complex to be analyzed. However, drunkenness is no joking matter; for there is nothing more revolting than to see a man make a beast of himself, and that is precisely what the drunkard does by his sin of gluttony. Without the "social glass" society would be better off; and though many remedies have been suggested,—such as the almost universal sale of beer at every shop as is the case in many European countries,—it seems to us that total abstinence is the safest, the sanest, the most Christian, and therefore the most praiseworthy plan.

J. D. H.

Exchanges.

WE notice that in a good many of the college papers we receive, the "Book Department" is beginning to occupy considerable space. In most of them it is well conducted, apparently, of course, in view of genuine literary criticism, and as a guide to the student readers. Such is the case, for instance, with the *Gonzaga*, as well as with the number of the *Boston College Stylus* which we have just beneath our eyes. It is true that in the latter paper this department receives but brief treatment. The few books that the author does mention, however, have been carefully studied and analyzed. We do not agree with the exchange editor that the quality of verse determines the quality of the magazine, for a number of other considerations must be taken into account before one may reasonably judge. The standard is too narrow; it is like condemning or approving a barrel of apples upon the test of one. Why not dispense, in that case, with story, with essay, with editorial, with chronicle and with his own esteemed department? The ex-man, I am sure, can scarcely mean exactly what he says and is the victim of his own enthusiasm. He has made some serious charges and as suspicion betrays the evil conscience, he lays his own paper open to criticism and even censure for the faults of which he would like to accuse others.

It has been some time since we have had the pleasure of reviewing *The Sacred Heart Echoes*, but this month our reading it has amply repaid us. "Robert Hugh Benson" is a very condensed summary of the life and works of that prelate of the Church. The text selected as the keynote of the "appreciation" is hardly one to be used for such a man. It is scarcely correct to say of Monsignor Benson, "It is not in a man's creed but in his deeds . . . that there lies the essence of what is good and what will last in human life;" else, why should he have changed his creed? "Rambles in the West" contains many excellent descriptive passages for the entertainment of the reader. The style, however, is monotonous and the sentences are loosely constructed; there is also a too frequent use of such expressions as "it is," "it was," "there was," etc. "Would Love be Enough?" is one of those gushing love stories that convey no moral and create false impressions. It is, to say the least, out of place in a college magazine. Remember, we do not censure the style or literary composition but only the plot which could have been easily modified to teach a lesson. The local departments are rather brief and give one the impression that the author had a number of events to describe, and wavered that she could do it

with a minimum supply of words. "The Pen of To-day" handles the review of books capably and efficiently.

We wish to extend a special welcome to our friend from the mountains, *The Alvernia*. It comes to us from the college of St. Francis hallowed by joyful memories and pleasant associations. In the past, it has produced much of excellence at a literary point of view, without flash of torch, or clang of cymbals. The present number, that for January, deviates not from the usual course and it is our expectation that this standard will be sustained. *The Alvernia* is especially to be commended for the vigor of its editorials. "How I Became a Catholic" is an interesting semi-biography and "A Fable of a Trip", though at times not sufficiently elevated, shows some fine flashes of wit. "The Coming Volume" is a rhythmic and expressive piece of verse of twenty-eight lines. The rhyme and rhythm are mostly good but the thoughts often descend to the commonplace.

In the *Notre Dame Scholastic* we find a tender lyric under the title, "The Ways of Life". "Homeward" is worthy of notice for the smooth cadence with which its verses flow. An interesting and clever short story is to be discovered in "The C. S. and I. through Oakmead." "The Architecture of the Renaissance" is an exhaustive treatment of the subject. It portrays a depth of thought and a multifarious source of material. In one particular place, however, the writer seems to have followed other well-known authors on the same subject, too closely and apparently. "The Vatican and St. Peter's are the one group of Roman buildings that in scale and monumental appearance more than hold their own with the old Roman work" sounds strangely like Anderson's "Italian Renaissance Architecture". In another place, he has misspelled the name of a certain man for he has "Ludovio Sboiga" for "Ludovico Sforza". These faults, however, may be excused in presence of the high degree of excellence attained by the essay as a whole.

We noticed in *The Alvernia's* exchange column the criticism of a certain college paper which "sits majestically on the very pinnacle of college journalism." The criticism abounds in satire, is well expressed and is no doubt justified. No college journal of any repute should be responsible for such grammatical mistakes as this particular paper is accused of. It has come to our hearing that our own paper has been the subject of destructive criticism at the hands of this same infallible literary judge. The editors had not the courage to forward a copy of that particular number to us, else we should probably have followed the course of *The Alvernia*.

Alumni.

THE following reverend members of the Alumni assembled recently in the University dining hall, to discuss a delectable menu and the good old times:

Rev. Fathers George Bullion, '09; Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., '03; James R. Cox, '09; Joseph P. Danner, '95; Charles F. Fehrenbach, '07; Henry Gilbert, '11; Charles Gwyer, '05; Charles B. Hannigan, '07; Ralph L. Hayes. D. D., '05; Michael McGarey, '98; Bernard G. McGuigan, '10; Eugene N. McGuigan, '06, William J. McMullen, '95; Patrick Maher, '00; John F. Malloy, '04; William Mertz, '05; Albert B. Mehler, '94; Philip Misklow, '09; Francis Retka, '96; Michael S. Retka, '95; Joseph A. Rossenbach, '08; Charles Rudolf, '99; Francis Shields, '10; Albert Wigley, '98; and Leo J. Zindler, '09.

FROM Louisiana comes news concerning REV. JOSEPH POBLESCHKE, '05, who is laboring with much success at Lafayette, and about REV. JOSEPH BAUMGARTNER, '02, who is rector of St. Augustine's Church, Natchez P. O., La. A two column clipping gives a creditable account of the recent dedication of Father Baumgartner's magnificent new school. These two Fathers were former professors at D. U. and are still held in high regard by past and present students who were fortunate enough to come under their influence and who pray that they may be spared for many years as workers in God's vineyard of the South.

REV. FATHERS THEO. SZULC, '11, and WM. J. RYAN, '03, send best regards from Colorado. The former is now in Pueblo and the latter in Ouray.

REPORTS of the work of our energetic Faculty have reached HARRY MALONE, '07, who, from Chicago, sends his heartiest wishes for the success of his dear *Alma Mater*.

JOHN E. KANE, '90, served as toastmaster at the banquet of the Pittsburgh Real Estate Board held recently in the Fort Pitt Hotel. We might also mention other Alumni who are prominent members of this Association: E. S. REICLY, President of the Board; F. G. CAWLEY, J. L. WALSH, and E. GARRICK O'BRYAN.

EDW. F. GIBBONS, '10, is making many friends among the patrons of the Davis Stock Co. by his genial manner in the box-office at the Grand.

IF we ever have the chance we should like to wander about (for a vacation) as FRANK SUNSERI, '12, did when, for business purposes, he went over the following itinerary: Indianapolis,

three days; Memphis, Tenn., two days; New Orleans, one week; Long Beach, Miss., one day; thence to Honduras for an indefinite sojourn.

MAURICE GERLACH, '06, has attained to the position of conductor of the orchestra at the Pitt Theatre.

WORD has been received from Parkersburg, W. Va., that JOSEPH M. MURPHY, of the Class of '99, has been honored with an appointment to the Board of Regents of the University of West Virginia.

JOSEPH H. MCGRAW, '10, whose interesting letter from England we printed in the MONTHLY for January, succeeded in getting away from the noise of Europe at Christmas, and claimed, in Cleveland, O., Miss Catherine McFadden as his bride. Although they are now near the scene of warfare, we earnestly hope that such a circumstance will have no untoward meaning for them, but that their wedded life will be one blest with continuous peace, joy and prosperity!

ANOTHER belated announcement is that of the marriage of JOSEPH F. IRLBACHER, '08-'11, son of the late Joseph Irlbacher, and Miss Margaret Watson, which took place before a Nuptial Mass in St. Raphael's Church on February 16. MR. IRLBACHER is carrying on his father's cleaning and dyeing business. It is needless to add that these newlyweds likewise have our sincere wishes for their success.

We hasten to offer our heartiest congratulations to our old student and well-known athlete of twenty years ago, EDW. F. KEARNS, who, after a splendid career in the National Guard of Pennsylvania, has just been appointed Colonel of the 18th Regiment, with headquarters in Pittsburgh. We feel sure that if there is to be trouble with our neighbors of Mexico or with more distant and more powerful foes, the new Colonel, with his crack regiment, will give a good account of himself.

DURING the very first days of March, one of our old friends dropped in on us most unexpectedly from a neighborhood and from surroundings to which recent tragic events have attracted universal interest. It was none other than JAMES P. BURKE, '12-'14, from East Youngstown, O., where the great strike of last January among the foreign element of that once thriving and important mill district, caused a vast amount of material havoc with a corresponding loss of human life.

The newspapers of the time gave full particulars and lurid descriptions of the strike and of the riots it caused. But JAMES P. who, as manager of a large undertaking establishment and as owner of the only local ambulance in the place, was able to give some vivid touches, of a very personal character, to the accounts we had already heard; since he was obliged to take a very close and active part in some of the proceedings that made the night of January 7th a memorable one in the state annals of Ohio.

Though acting only under a sense of duty in rushing the wounded strikers to the hospitals of the neighboring city of Youngstown, he was threatened with immediate death by the infuriated mob if he ventured upon another trip with a second load of dying men, whom their misguided friends were anxious to secrete in their own bungalows along the hillside. He was extremely lucky in returning at all in safety, as, when he examined the motor ambulance after this trip, he found it riddled with bullet holes, the top blown off, the wind shield and windows shattered to pieces.

Only two buildings in the whole town remained standing the next morning, and, strange to say, his own establishment was one of the two. Fifteen hotels, mostly belonging to Jewish people, were completely sacked and their liquid contents poured out in the gutter, thus adding much to the frenzy of the excited strikers, many of whom were scarcely able to tell strangers for what purpose or in what view the riot had been inaugurated.

James himself is of the opinion that the sudden strike took its desperate and murderous character as a result of the unwarranted as well as indiscriminate and fatal shooting of the strikers by the deputy sheriffs, intrenched within the barricades of the steel mill that had just been boycotted.

We are gratified to know that James is none the worse for his hazardous experiences and has fully recovered the confidence of the strikers among whom he had always hitherto exercised a remarkable influence for good.

We congratulate him on his recent marriage to Miss Ethel George, a young lady who hails from the vicinity of our own great Iron City.

I. VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



CHRONICLE

Department of Speech Arts.

A busy department at present is the Speech Arts. Mr. Lloyd is having an unusual number of men and women coming to him for voice placement, and voice counseling. Men and women who are called upon to make addresses at club meetings, banquets, and at other formal and informal gatherings are discovering that, with most of them, their vocal expression has not kept pace with their other accomplishments, and they are seeking aid. Likewise much activity is being felt in that department of the work, generally called Public Reading. Demands are made for people capable of giving highly entertaining and spiritual interpretation to poetry and exceptional prose compositions. This work is done before clubs, lyceums, etc., for entertainment and instruction. If a cause were sought as a reason for the return of this work, which has been in a comatose state for about twenty years, it might be found by considering the so called "silent drama", the moving-picture. Entertainment and information that reaches the brain and heart, only through the eye, appears to be passing.

But the most marked, and not the least gratifying inquiry, is for special instruction in the interpretation of the Shakespearean dramas. Classes have been formed and others are in preparation for the study of these world masterpieces. Mr. Lloyd, whose understanding of the literary values of Shakespeare's plays has been proved in class-room and on the platform, brings to his work the added asset of a thorough stage knowledge of the plays. He has played many of the leading roles in first-class companies. He knows the acting or stage traditions at first hand. His teaching gives the illusion of going behind the scenes and studying the plays and characters with the stage director. Shakespeare, you know, was an actor and his own stage director—this in addition to being the greatest poet and playwright of all time.

The many celebrations on foot and under way commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the death of the gentle bard, have contributed, primarily, to this exceptional revival of interest in the Shakespeare drama. Special classes are studying

Julius Caesar; King Lear; Macbeth, and others of the great plays. Classes are permitted, on vote, to make their own selection of plays for study.

Pre-Medical Department.

The Pre-Meds are just finishing the vascular system in Comparative Anatomy. In the spring term Neurology will be taken up.

Joseph Karabasz has returned to class after a short illness. He looks good and says he is ready to jump in and make more nitrous oxide if necessary.

Harry Davies received a severe burn the other day when he tried to light his pipe with some Phosphorus. The Phosphorus is now in the cupboard beside the \$8.00-a-pound silver nitrate and the \$7.20 Iodine. The class will be pleased to hear that M. A. Hodgson, one of its most brilliant members, has been elected to the presidency of the Ippy Ki Yi's, a prominent society of Dormont.

High School Commercial.

On March 1st, Rev. Leo J. Zindler addressed the class on the Advantages of Stenography to a Commercial Education. He included in his address a brief historical account of the origin and development of Stenography in England and America.

On March 8th, Rev. A. B. Mehler delivered a lecture to the class of '16 on "The National Banking System". He dwelt principally upon the Origin of the System; Bond Deposit had circulating notes; reserve power; organizing a national bank.

On March 14th, Professor W. H. Kelly addressed the class on "Money as a Medium of Exchange"; March 16th, Joseph Lackner spoke on Collections; March 20th, J. Loulan on Value and Price; March 22nd, Ed. Horen on Spanish as a Factor in Commercial Course; March 27th, L. Wagner on Personal Efficiency in Business; March 30th, James Sweeney on Bank Supervision.

Although the class of '16 were very busy preparing a literary and dramatic programme for "Commercial Night," March 12th, still the "Round Table" came forward with some very interesting discussions on commercial topics. Father Mehler is giving the students every help and encouragement to make the Round Table talks a success. Besides contributing several interesting lectures, he has promised to give to the library of the commercial department fifty volumes treating of Finance and Commerce.

R. E. MALONE, '16.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

Mr. James Milholland, the young practicing attorney teaching Law II. has discussed during the past month the legal phases of Bailments and Sales, and Landlord and Tenant. The Sales of Real Estate will be considered during the coming month.

Mr. L. P. Collins, C. P. A., in Advanced Accounting, has spent considerable time explaining Constructive Accounting, taking up in detail sales, cost of sales, purchases, administrative cost, the voucher records, the theory of columnarization, and the controlling accounts. These phases of accounting are comparatively new ones. The thorough explanations and the designing of accounting systems that embody the principles have made these lectures of practical value to the class.

In the Accounting Practice, Mr. E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A., discussed executors' and administrators' accounting practice and procedure, the records, forms and reports that are required in orphans' court practice. A very interesting evening or two was spent in explaining insurance accounting. While in several other periods the accounting requirements of stock brokers and investment brokers have been discussed, Mr. Barnes invariably shows the special forms that are required in the specific business under discussion, the accounts that are kept and the most efficient method of assembling information and concisely reporting it.

Mr. H. P. Shearman recently gave a series of talks on the Application of Psychology to Successful Selling. On account of the interest shown in this class of selling by the members and its professor, it is not unusual for the session on Wednesday evenings to be prolonged hours after the other classes have been dismissed. A very lively class is the class in Industrial Management, which meets on Tuesday evenings; during the past month or so Mr. Shearman, its able instructor, has explained the Taylor System of Scientific Management, Emerson's Twelve Principles of Efficiency, and Gantt's Methods of Applying Scientific Management. Another absorbing class under the tutelage of the same Mr. Shearman is a Friday evening discussion in the realms of Economics; to this class the professor shows practical applications, drawn from varied tours in the marts of the world, to the theory of this every-day topic "Economics."

Mr. John P. Egan, the Secretary of our Law School, twice a week endeavors to explain—with eminent success—the intricacies of Commercial Law to our day students. He is very well liked by

the boys on account of his apt method of giving examples that makes easy the understanding of the law.

Mr. Joseph Corriols has two very interesting classes in Commercial Spanish. If we test his popularity as an instructor by his ability to retain the interest and attention of his students, undoubtedly there is no more popular teacher than Mr. Corriols, because whereas the other instructors can keep their students for three or four minutes over time in alternate weeks, this tutor instructs his Spanish class almost (?) until the "wee hours of the morning."

A small man in stature but a big man in ability, if we believe the students in the Cost class, is Mr. Irwin C. Snyder, C. P. A. This gentleman spends Thursday evenings regularly with us in telling the Cost Accounting Systems that he has introduced in some of the larger manufacturing institutions and industrial organizations around Pittsburgh. His particular forte is to get some difficult problem in Costs and then show how easily he can solve it. His knack in outlining cost systems and accounting forms amazes and bewilders the newcomer, but it is natural for this instructor to fathom all the minutiae of cost finding with ease.

J. M. D.

Law School.

The members of the First Year Class have finished in Damages under Mr. Loeffler, and were put through a severe examination, which is reported to have been satisfactory. They are at present busy on The Law of Sales, with especial reference to the new Sales Act of the State passed in 1915.

They have almost completed the course in Contracts, and will soon be ready for review. They are, said one of their professors, getting just now to the point, where they begin to ask a good many questions, and even to dispute decisions, which is a good sign of increasing interest.

In general there is no formal review of class work, except for the Third Year men, who will complete every subject in April so that they may devote the rest of their time to a review for the LL. B. exams, as well as for the State tests.

One remarkable, and perhaps regrettable, feature of this present year's all round work is the apparent lack of interest in the Library, which, however, is a splendid one, thoroughly equipped with good books for consultation. The graduates of '14 were noted for their assiduity in the Library, spending a good

deal of their time therein, even far into the night. But, according to some of the present third year men, it is not from want of studious inclination or from a distaste of reading that this arises; it is more from the hard and strenuous programme which has to be followed—as well as from other accidental circumstances.

The Second Year men are taking a very deep interest in Mr. Scull's lectures on Partnership and Agency. His Honor, Judge Reid, is rounding them into form in the matter of Pleading and Practice. Between Mr. Laughlin's splendid comments on Hughes, and Mr. Bane's impressive and illuminating lectures, they are getting a good dose of "Evidence".

The other day, the First Year men had a nice little test in Torts, being unexpectedly called upon to answer by writing four interesting questions that demanded a summarized account of the whole treatise of Torts so far used. Just now they are at the subject matter of Nuisances, Waste and Trespasses.

They are following very closely the Honorable Dean's lectures on Real Property, into which subject they are now launched about midway. He has, by his clear-cut terminology, and by citing a good many practical cases, made the question of Mortgages very interesting.

L. MCG.

General News.

On Thursday, February 24, occurred the death of Gilbert J. Dillinger, a promising and exemplary student. On the following Monday, after Mass in the parish church of St. Mary, McKees Rocks, he was laid to rest. Rev. Fr. Jordan, his pastor, was celebrant; Rev. J. A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., deacon; and Rev. A. L. Bruker, subdeacon. The Very Rev. President preached an eloquent sermon, holding up the deceased as a model to be imitated in and out of the class room. Over one hundred students, members of his sodality, attended the funeral services, and the children of St. Mary's school furnished the choir.

A month's mind Requiem High Mass was offered for the repose of his soul in the University Chapel on March 22nd. Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., the celebrant, was assisted by Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., and Rev. J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp., as deacon and subdeacon respectively. This Mass, as well as four others, were asked for by the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

The Forty Hours' Devotion began on March 1 and closed on March 3. All the students approached the sacraments.

Since the beginning of Lent, Rev. Charles Rudolf, recuperating from illness at the University, has been saying Mass at 8:30 to afford the day-scholars an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Many devout worshipers make it a point to attend.

On March 9, Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., Ph. D., delivered a lecture to the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy, Seton Hill, Greensburg, on "The Boys and Girls of Pioneer and Revolutionary Days."

Several interesting trips—in the interest of science, be it well understood—have been made by the Chemistry classes. The Fourth High visited the Metallurgical Exhibit at Carnegie Museum, and also Heinz's famous pickle factory. On the last excursion they were accompanied by the Pre-Medics.

Three entertainments, in charge of the Freshmen, Commercial, and Sophomores respectively, varied the wintry monotony of March. At each there was some feature that showed the enterprise of the planners. On March 5 Pathescope Motion Pictures, remarkably clear, were the feature.

March—Boys' Brigade	Students' Orchestra
Director, Professor C. B. Weis.	
Recitation—The Music Grinders	Paul J. Ubinger
Waltz—Marguerite, from <i>Faust</i>	Orchestra
Ballad—When I Dream of Old Erin	Alfred S. Collins
Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.	
Declamation—Alexander Taming Bucephalus	Cyril J. Kronz
Medley of Popular Airs	Orchestra

MOTION PICTURES

- (1) Comedy Excellent Glue
- (2) Travel Luxembourg Gardens; Nice and Its
[Environs
- (3) Natural History Ants; Their Ways and
[Habits
- (4) Military Gymnastics at Joinville, France.

DEBATE—Resolved, That the Reading of Fiction Should Be Encouraged amongst Students.

Chairman—Michael F. Obruba.

Affirmative—Stanislaus M. Zaborowski, Edward J. Quinn.

Negative—George M. Simchak and Alvin V. Forney.

The concert given by the Commercial on March 12 was enjoyed by a large audience. The humorous recitations were especially diverting. We append the programme:

Overture—Bridal Rose	Orchestra
Song of Marion's Men	James W. Rylands
Violin Solo—Danclo's	Thomas P. Ford
Song—My Little Girl	Lyceum Four
Eugene J. Boyle	Lawrence Kennedy
Ferguson Moffatt	Harry Walsh
Piano Solo—Her Sweet Smile Haunts Me Still	Julius J. Hildenbrand
The Quack Doctor	Augustine E. Swan
Melody in F	Orchestra
The Rival Orators	James F. Donnelly, Anthony M. Gunkle
Cornet Solo—Selected	Paul P. Fidel
Song—Medley	Lyceum Four
America I Love You	Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That George Washington is Greater in the Eyes of the American People than Abraham Lincoln.

Chairman—Paul J. Kaylor.

Affirmative—George H. McKenzie, Raymond F. Haren.

Negative—Ralph Strobel, James J. Sweeney.

There was an Irish flavor to nearly every number on the programme March 19. Literary and musical selections alike delighted the audience. Father Malloy's song,—the lyric for which was written by Rev. Francis J. Donnelly, S. J., president of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.—made a decided hit. William Wallace's interpretation of Chauncey Olcott's fine ballad was also very well received. The orchestra was at its best. The debate was adjudged to those in favor of the appointment of judges.

Medley March—Dublin, <i>Recker</i>	Orchestra
Director, Professor C. B. Weis.	
Recitation—The Dreams of Willie Algernon Jones	Robert G. Reilly
Ballad—Angels in Irish Smiles, <i>Olcott-Ball</i>	William J. Wallace
Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.	
Medley—The Lakes of Killarney, <i>Evans</i>	Orchestra
Declamation—Shamus O'Brien	Lawrence J. White
Song—What an Irishman Means by Machree,	Rev. J. F. Malloy
<i>Donnelly-Gartlan</i>	
(First time in Pittsburgh)	
Reading—The Fret of Father Carty	I. Victor Kennedy
Finale—The Little Gray Mother, <i>De Costa</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That Judges Should Be Elected.

Chairman—Joseph L. McIntyre.

Affirmative—Stanislaus Gawronski, Dudley J. Nee.

Negative—Dennis J. Mulvihill, William F. Galvin.

Students of the College and Preparatory Medical Departments held a Smoker on Monday evening, March 20th, in the new science hall preparatory to its opening. They took advantage of the occasion to express their appreciation of the ample opportunities afforded them especially for laboratory work by presenting to the Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, a framed picture of himself in his robes as Doctor of Laws. In an appropriate speech he accepted the gift, expressing his thanks and foreshadowing further developments in the near future.

A lengthy programme was rendered and hugely enjoyed. Music was furnished by Charles J. Deasy and Francis M. Hoffmann, and strenuous bouts by Doyle and Davies, Bruno and Donnelly, Sorce and McIntyre. M. P. Hinnebusch, as chairman, had an appropriate introduction for each speaker. Rev. P. A. McDermott indulged in reminiscences and forecasts that were alike deeply interesting. Rev. H. J. McDermott told of his own studies along scientific lines in witty and diverting fashion. Rev. J. A. Dewe interested his auditors for some time with one of his "intellectual treats." Rev. C. B. Hannigan commented on the success of the basketball teams, and announced the names of those of the 'Varsity whose work had won for them the distinction of "wearing the D", viz.: Captain Morrissey, Cumbert, McLean, McMath, Obruba and Zitzman. Prolonged cheers greeted the presentation of the letters. Rev. E. N. McGuigan made a rousing speech on "college spirit," culminating in several spirited cheers led by Ray Baum. Professor Sullivan and Professor Norris gave hearty talks along the same line, showing their calibre, not only as excellent professors, but as zealous patrons of every college activity. The refreshment committee then did the honors, and thus was concluded one of the most satisfactory affairs ever engineered by the students.

The approach of the school-year's end is the signal for prize-essay contests. In none of those announced is greater interest shown than in that inaugurated by the Duquesne University Club, composed of graduates holding the B. A. degree. Only students in the College Department can compete. The subject assigned is "Money and Ideals". The judges, Messrs. John P. Egan, LL. B., John R. O'Keefe, B. A., and Joseph S. Szepe, B. A., will render their decision on Commencement Day, June 20th.

The Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests are to be held on April 30th.

The play, "Brown's in Town", will be produced in the Lyceum Theatre on May 10th.

FRANCIS C. STREIFF, '17.



BASKETBALL.

PASSING in review the various teams which represented the Red and Blue during the recent basketball season, we extend our meed of praise and congratulation to the self-sacrificing managers, the energetic coaches and the floor artists. In all, 54 contests have been staged, either at home or abroad, and the local scribe records only seven defeats. The following is the record of the various teams:—

'Varsity won 7 and lost 2; Academics won 8 and lost 2; Juniors won 10 and lost 2; Personals won 7 and lost 1; Agnetians won 14 and lost none.

Of the three games played since our last issue, the 'Varsity lost two, the only defeats of the entire season.

DUQUESNE 19—WESTINGHOUSE CLUB 20.

Only one field goal was scored in the first half and that was made by Skinner of Westinghouse. Cumbert caged eight consecutive foul goals. The half ended 9 to 8 in the club's favor. The Dukes jumped into a tie at 11-11 and again at 12-12 early in the second half and held the lead at 14-12 and 16-12 on successive field goals by McLean. Westinghouse crept up to 16-15 terms and a field goal by McMath again kept the Dukes in front at 18-15. The final spurt by both teams then made the score 19-18 with the Dukes leading, when Bassett snatched the victory for Westinghouse by his long toss just before the final whistle. The game was well handled by Referee McCulloch of Tech. The Dukes were minus the services of Captain Morrissey on account of an eye ailment. Zitzman, who replaced his chief, put up a stellar defensive game.

DUQUESNE 34—THIEL 36.

With Cumbert absent and Captain Morrissey rushing out of the hospital the Dukes boarded the train for Greenville, where they were defeated in an extra-five minute session by Thiel

College 36 to 34. A record-breaking crowd jammed the town hall.

The local referee was a bit strict, but absolutely impartial. The Dukes were royally entertained by Mr. Morrisry at his New Commercial Hotel and displayed considerable talent at an impromptu musicale. McMath and Haley were the bright stars of the evening—in the cage as well as in the drawing-room.

DUQUESNE 76—THIEL 11.

With the eyes of a large gathering of the "old boys" upon them the Dukes set to work on Alumni Night to erase the 36-34 defeat administered by Thiel College, and so well did they rub and blot that the two-point defeat was lost sight of completely, under the 76-11 trouncing they administered to the visitors. The brilliant passing game of the 'Varsity, with all the regulars in the first half, had Thiel all at sea, Obruba, the elongated center, with 13 field goals, made the most impressive appearance.

LETTERS. At a Smoker held to celebrate appropriately the opening of our new Science Hall the following 'Varsity men received letters: Captain Morrissey, Obruba, McLean, McMath, Cumbert and Zitzman.

ACADEMICS.

The Duquesne Academics, the second of the floor teams of the University, have just closed a successful season under the capable tutelage of Coach Martin. Of the nine games carded by the manager, Father Mehler, the Academics registered seven victories. The Dukelets were defeated by the clever Craftonites and by the sturdy Duquesne High School quintet. In the games both at home and abroad the Academics gave a good account of themselves. No small amount of credit must be given to the two men at center, for they acted as pivots for the Academics' innumerable passing combinations. Following the example of their enthusiastic captain, O'Malley, the guards put up a high class brand of passing and fed the ball to the lynx-eyed forwards who almost invariably found the range of the basket. Without doubt, those of the Acs who are no longer eligible, will make the 'Varsity next year.

JUNIORS.

That athletic ability at Duquesne University is shown not only in more advanced departments, but also in the preparatory, is

an established fact. The Prep. basketball team, better known as the Juniors, has made an enviable record. When their Rev. manager, called for candidates, the Prep department was a beehive, and every day the buzz of conversation centered on the possibility of becoming a member of the Junior floor team. After a careful training, Coach Earley finally announced the names of the fortunate aspirants.

That his selection was a good one is proved by the record his proteges have made. Twelve contests were staged at home and abroad; the Duke Juniors garnered 10 victories. The two defeats recorded against them were due, not so much to the speed and agility of their opponents as to their avoirdupois and aggressiveness. In the two games with the De Sales Juniors the Dukelings broke even. Only one game was slated with the Noonan Five, who could not give a return game. The Juniors have met and defeated the two claimants of the 15-and-16-year-old championship, viz.: the Duquesne Seconds and First Presbyterian Church Juniors. The Juniors scored a total of 457 points to 294 for their opponents.

BASEBALL.

Forty candidates of unknown quality responded to the call for the baseball season issued by Associate Manager Nicholas J. Popow. These candidates have been working out regularly in the gym, and the prospects for a good 'Varsity nine are by no means dark. The schedule was published in our last issue.

TRACK.

Father McGuigan is preparing a small squad of track men for competition in the Middle Atlantic A. A. U. indoor title games which will be held under the auspices of Carnegie Tech in the Motor Square Garden, on March 28. Ten candidates who have shown noticeable ability in sprints, distance runs and field events have been selected and are making considerable progress under careful handling. A team will be entered in the one mile College relay, with Nemmer, Drengacz, Obruba, and Haley the chief contenders. Loulan, Kane and Schaffer are out for the dashes. Wolak thus far has done excellent work in the shot-put practice, and Holman, Baum and Dyson are showing up well in the distance runs. If careful training is a criterion of success, the Red and Blue sprinters have a good chance to carry off the palm of victory.

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Sweet Orbs of Light.

(A Tribute to Our Blessed Mother.)

VENUS' eyes were not like thine,
Eyes that dart such rays divine—
Eyes whose depth, and light, and hue
Rival heaven's fairest blue.

Yours are fairer than the skies,
Fairer than the Persian dyes.
Fairer than the sun-kissed hills,
Fairer than the dancing rills.

Within those orbs are peace and love,
Within, a spirit rapt above,
Whose flame lights up that heavenly face,
Revealing endless depths of grace!

Illumine, then, sweet eyes of light,
The nether darkness of our night,
And let each beam that shines afar
Be on our way a guiding star.

G. B.



Microbes.

ETYMOLOGICALLY considered the name "microbe" is derived from two Greek words, one a noun and the other an adjective. Its literal signification is "small life" and it is the name applied to all microscopic creatures whether vegetable or animal. The name is a convenient one, indeed, for the reason that it clears away the complications that might result from making a distinct class for the animal and another for the vegetable micro-organisms. Another name by which they are sometimes designated is that of *bacteria*. The word is also derived from the Greek and means literally a rod. These micro-organisms are probably so-called from the fact that a large number of them resemble tiny rods in shape. *Parasites*, too, they are often called because they feed on other organic bodies. This name is also derived from the Greek and is used to specify these microscopic beings on account of their resemblance to the parasitai, who were the the corn-gatherers of Greece. By far the most common name by which they are known is *germs*, which name is derived from the Latin noun, *germen*, denoting an egg, and it is probably so used on account of the resemblance of these tiny beings to the eggs of insects.

It was these tiny organisms that Needham and Buffon with the aid of the then new invention, the microscope, found living in vinegar and sour milk. It was the existence of these organisms that they explained by their theory of spontaneous generation. Though the Abbé Spallanzani refuted their theory by showing that, if putrescible matter were hermetically sealed and then submitted to a high temperature, no decomposition could take place until the air was once again admitted, the discovery of these small organisms was not accepted until the time of Louis Pasteur. This noted scientist collected a quantity of dust, placed it in suitable media and by showing the presence of these microbes demonstrated without a doubt the existence of an organic world invisible to the human eye. He showed that they abound more in the air of the city than in that of the country. The year 1868, then, establishes the discovery, and by that I mean the intelligent discovery, of these organisms whose existence is now an accepted fact.

Among the first difficulties to be overcome after the discovery of their existence, was, as has been suggested above, to ascertain whether they were plant or animal. The dilemma in which the scientists of a half century ago found themselves in this respect may be aptly compared to the impressions of untrained men of

to-day in that regard. Some imagine them to be small plants, while others, and by far the large majority, believe them to be animals. One may wonder why it should make so much difference whether they are plants or animals; but scientific precision demands such nice distinctions, to prepare for further discoveries in the future. The fact, as discovered by science, is that the great majority of these beings are plants while a few others, including the microbes of malaria and sleeping-sickness, are low forms of animal life.

The next step was to find the method of reproduction. This they found to take place in the principal forms, that is the circular, the rod, and the spiral-shaped, by constriction in the middle of the organism, whereupon it splits in two. Each of these parts then grows in size and repeats the operation. Another method is that which manifests itself by the formation of a spore that is born at the death of its parent. This spore grows into a young microbe and begins to reproduce by division. Thousands of offspring are thus produced from the one germ in a few hours, if conditions are favorable for growth. Conditions are not always so, and it is fortunate for us that they are not.

Microbes are divided in their disposition toward mankind. Some are his stanchest friends, while others are his bitterest enemies. When one speaks of germs the ordinary mind thinks at once of disease. But such should not be the habitual disposition with which we regard them all, for certain kinds of microbe actually assist us in our daily life. We could have no bread, no cheese, no wine, without the presence of harmless microbes to cause fermentation. Nor is this type the most helpful, for the scavenger microbes assist as much to prevent the spread of disease as certain others do to increase it. When Pasteur was proving the existence of microbes he demonstrated another important fact. Previous to his time, it had been admitted that living microorganisms accompanied putrefaction; it had not been imagined that they were the actual cause of that process. To Pasteur belongs the honor of this important discovery. Suppose that the carcasses of all animals and the refuse of all vegetables that had ever lived were strewn about the earth. The planet would not be an especially pleasant place to live on, would it? Consider, then, what a service these scavengers are doing us, when they cause these dead bodies to corrupt and to return to the parent matter. Their action in putrefaction is one of analyzation: they break the body up into its simple elements to be reassimilated by new forms of life.

Besides these helpful germs, there are also the disease germs, which, although comparatively few in number, make up in deadliness what they lack in quantity. As long as man is in good health and his tissue in good condition, his body is not a good breeding place for microbes, but as soon as he loses some of his vitality, these germs begin to work, and he becomes afflicted with some kind of a disease. As soon as the deadliness of these varieties became known, scientists at once sought means to exterminate them, or at least to counteract their influence. It was found, by covering a tube with black paper containing a small hole near its center and then exposing the culture to the sunlight, that the microbes grew in every part except that into which the sun's rays penetrated through the hole in the paper. Sunlight, therefore, prevents the growth of microbes. Then it was discovered that, at a temperature of 150° F., few, if any, bacteria can live. This discovery has led to a practical means of prevention of disease; namely, sterilization. It was discovered further that many kinds of bacteria can be arrested in their growth by a process of freezing. This discovery has been put to practical use in the method of freezing the appendix to cure appendicitis.

It seems strange, but it is none the less a fact, that few germs which produce a disease in man will affect animals, and conversely. Now, when germs begin to breed they produce an excretion called a toxin. It is this toxin or poisonous fluid that is the cause of the disease. To combat its effects the blood produces another fluid which has been called anti-toxin. Science, therefore, taking advantage of this knowledge, has introduced germs of various diseases into the blood of animals. When some of this blood is drawn and allowed to clot, there issues a "serum" which is able to neutralise the toxin of that particular disease. The serum used to combat diphtheria is particularly efficient if used in time. Other anti-toxins such as vaccine, or the lymph from a cow afflicted with cow-pox, matter extracted from the spinal cord of a rabid dog, and even our ordinary antiseptics, carbolic acid, listerine and peroxide of hydrogen, have been obtained by the medical and surgical sciences to help humanity in its fight against disease.

That it has been successful there can be doubt. Yet it has not done all. The fact that the germs of many diseases have not yet been even discovered should show us that there is still a great deal to be done in this particular field. Let us feel thankful, however, that science has accomplished so much, and let us hope for its continued success in the future.

J. D. HANNAN, '16.



An Actor's View of the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.

"It is the bright day that brings forth the adder :
And that craves wary walking."

WAS Shakespeare forecasting the bright day of his fame, when his honors were to come thick upon him, when a class of dilettante literary investigators, and professional controversialists would try to strip him of his splendid raiment and leave him naked to his enemies?

At each period when the poet comes specially prominent before the world the iconoclasts have sallied forth and with labor worthy of a better cause have tried to tear down the lordly edifice of his great renown. This present tercentenary is not an exception. We had thought the ghost of Baconism had been laid: but here it is again casting its baleful shadows in the poetical glimpses of the moon.

The theories and vagaries of these pseudo-scholars are so insubstantial and of such baseless fabric, that to speak of them even, and to that extent grant them recognition, gives to them a strength they do not deserve. I hope I may be pardoned if I make a personal allusion. It is this,—that I recall the shock received when attending school at Akron, Ohio. I had read, somewhere, that a doubt was thrown on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. The plays, or rather those which I had read, greatly interested me, and I was much perturbed. What meagre information I could find I read with gravest apprehension; but when I learned that Delia Bacon, of Talmadge, a little town three miles East of Akron on the old NYP&O road (now the Erie) was the discoverer of this alleged secret authorship, my fears vanished. For to a boy, living in so noteworthy a town as Akron, which like ancient Rome, sat on her seven (or more) hills, what good could come out of a little neighboring cross-roads town; and from an Akronian viewpoint particularly Talmadge?

It was always with scorn that the boys spoke of this quiet little place. I had never read Bacon; and what school-boy had? But the doubt put upon the authorship, nevertheless, had left some fears in my mind, until sometime afterwards, chancing to be in Talmadge, I learned that poor Miss Bacon had died in an insane asylum. The storm of discussion, which Miss Bacon had raised with her inquiries soon passed, but later a revival came about and the Baconian theorists were busy again.

They had some rivals this time, for quite a number of their literary kinsmen, and particularly kins-women, were certain that Sir Walter Raleigh was the author of the plays, or that they were the literary products of the Earl of Rutland: Still others argued that a "syndicate" of poets, scholars and playwrights, including: Heywood, Ford, Jonson, Greene, Webster, Middleton, Marlowe, Nash, and Beaumont and Fletcher, had written them. All were in possession of alleged proofs and, the Baconians, especially, with many "ciphers." The Baconians routed the others; not that they had any better arguments—none of them had any facts—but because the Baconians had mobilized a much larger army. The Baconian ciphers, too, while never convincing, had the merit of picturesqueness. Each Baconian had a different cipher—in fact each had several ciphers—which they assured us could be found in the plays, and that any and all of them would prove that Bacon wrote the plays. It required a mathematical and cryptographic acrobat to follow the versatile ciphers. Out of the maze of explanations, as near as could be learned, the usual method of cipher search was, to form a sentence or two, containing what they thought Bacon would put into the plays, which for some mysterious reason he was ashamed to acknowledge as his own at the time they were written; then they would begin to count words and scenes, beginning somewhere—it didn't matter where,—till they came to the first word in their previously arranged sentence. Now they would take up the next word; the same count never reached it; but that made no difference; and another method of counting would be adopted. They would start at the top of a page or a scene; or at the bottom, or at the right hand corner, or the left hand corner. If they failed to capture the right word, why, then, the word would be changed; and so on and on, with plan and scheme, *ad infinitum*.

They were exuberant with joy, when Ignatius Donnelly came gaily out of the West—to be more exact, the North-West (did not Hamlet say something about being "mad North, North-

West" ?); well, anyhow, Donnelly entered the lists armed with his mighty cryptogram. This was in 1888—Delia Bacon had started the thing in 1856. The author of the cryptogram had somehow broken into the columns of the Associated Press, and few books had had so much advance publicity. His brow charged with thunder, his lance shining, and wielding his huge volume, the new champion pressed on with heart aflame for victory. The Baconians were in ecstasy, and they, unhesitatingly, put all their cryptic cipher eggs into the Donnelly basket. And what a fiasco! The huge bubble burst. The whiff and wind of the exploding cryptogram scattered the little bubbles the Baconian boys and girls had blown. There was no risibility so dormant that the noisy retreat of the great hoax did not awaken. There was a scurrying and hurrying for cover. And now under the protection of the short memories of busy mankind they are abroad again. Like the eels of Lear's "Fool" no matter how they are belabored over the heads they will not "down."

Still no facts and no new argument. This time the favorite weapon is that of abuse. Shakespeare, an "illiterate actor"! How could this "actor" write the plays? This they ask; and the mere asking seems to the Baconian substantial proof that Shakespeare did not write them. Then, who did? Why, Bacon, of course! Bacon was a scholar, so he must have written the plays! And there you are!

The usual practice, in dealing with the Bacon theorists, has been to accept their wild statements, as if they were facts, and proceed to make answer. But why do this? Shakespeare's friends, because of an unshakable conviction in the righteousness of their side of the controversy, have been too meek and gentle with these character "butchers."

To their assumption that "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," was a buffoon what proofs have they offered? None! Absolutely none that can square with reason. Bald statement cannot be accepted as proof. It is a great boon to your Baconians, and they try to make much of it, that little is known of the real facts in Shakespeare's life. But except of those who held public positions in business or politics, as much is known of Shakespeare's life as of any of his contemporaries.

It is sufficiently well established that he attended the Grammar School in Stratford. The course of study in all the Grammar Schools was the same as that in practice in the leading universities. We have been told, and there is nothing to disprove

it, that the head master in the Stratford school was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. All schoolmasters in that period were well versed in the classics. Several letters are extant, written in choice Latin, by school-mates of Will Shakespeare. It is not likely that the boy Shakespeare was the dullard of his classes. What he learned of the classics, there, could have been easily augmented later. And if it were not, there were English translations, of the highest scholarship, everywhere procurable.

Ben Jonson's "little Latin and less Greek" reference to Shakespeare has been seized with great glee by Baconian protagonists unmindful of the fact that Ben was considerable of a literary poseur. All his exact Latin and perfect Greek did not put humanity into his plays, for in spite of the fact that his friend, the actor Will Shakespeare, produced his best play, "Every Man in His Humor", and lent his great name to it by playing one of the leading characters, it has not survived, except on forgotten library shelves. With Jonson, and others of his time, and, indeed, of a later time, a man had knowledge in proportion that he had Greek and Latin. It was even a superstition among some of the scholars, that if a man spoke Latin, he could address a ghost and the ghost would answer him. All unhappy shades, it seemed, spoke Latin. Middleton, in his "The Witch", has one of his characters cry out when a perturbed ghost appeared and would make no sound to their questionings: "Let's call the butler up; he can speak Latin; and that will daunt the devil." So, with Jonson—who, notwithstanding, was a loyal friend of Shakespeare's—and with others, no matter how superhuman Shakespeare's knowledge, he was not learned unless he could read the classics in the originals. Shakespeare gives us unmistakable proof that he is a patron of learning; he makes his most intellectual character a student at the leading university in Denmark—and that, at a time in Hamlet's life when it stretches consistency; but at the same time he has the actor's mental attitude toward mere pedantry and scholastic posing. Shakespeare hated shams, and he never condoned insincerities. In the lines of Birom—"Love's Labor Lost"—he had in mind the man with mere book learning:—

"Small have continuous plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are."

Bacon never wrote that. Shakespeare believed that something besides formal education was desired; observe Iago:—

“One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theories,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he; . . .”

And Mercutio, too, when wounded by the fiery Tybalt:—“a villain that fights by the rule of arithmetic.” Shakespeare favored the “oldness of the spirit,” rather than the “newness of the letter.” He never displayed spleen toward those of a better formal education, although many of his contemporaries must have sorely tried his patience. He sat serenely in his pride of place of intellectual supremacy, and, guided by a wise and gracious tolerance, never lost his composure. But now and then, we can see him, responding, like Jacques, in the Forest of Arden:

“I think of as many things as he;
But I give heaven thanks and make no boast of it.”

No matter how often the actor-playwright may be hawked at, no mousing owl can ever kill his immortal name. He sits apart in lofty grandeur, yet always near. The essence of his wondrous understanding nestles close to the heart and mind of all mankind. While all unconscious of it he was the greatest teacher among men. He knew their hopes and fears. He was instinctively great. He was in perfect harmony with nature in all her moods. To him there was a Marconi station in every land where mankind dwelt to which his sensitive heart and mind and soul was exactly attuned.

He was not the scholar that Jonson was, or that Bacon was, and he did not need to be. Had he been he would have lost something of that “one touch of nature” which made him the nearest of kin to all mankind.

He disregarded all previous laws of the drama,—never heeded the sacred unities of the classicists. He made his own dramatic laws; and the puissance and intellectual might of his genius standardized them. He mingled laughter and tears. He joined Comedy and Tragedy and officiated at the wedding, and the world was present at the nuptials. He created a world of his own, and peopled it with living human beings, who thought and felt and suffered and rejoiced. They were not the cold, imperfect abstractions of the classics, or the personified moods of the Mystery,

Morality and Miracle plays. He made the unities of Time, Place and Action his servants. He showed "virtue her own feature, scorn her own image." The wings of his transcendent imagination carried him with graceful pinion from sunrise to sunset, and his luminous eye saw and understood and recorded.

Bacon had no opportunity to learn the trade of play-writing. There is not a line or a hint anywhere that he was ever present at a rehearsal, or that he knew one of the actors of Shakespeare's company. Nobody but a stage-director could have written Hamlet. It abounds with the vernacular of the stage manager's table. Who but a stage-director would show such deep concern about the voice and height of the boy who played the ingenue and female leads? "Why my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw thee last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring." Only a stage-director who was compelled to train boys for the female roles, always to find that when they had sufficient experience to make them valuable, their voices cracked, and that they were usually too tall, necessitating doing the work all over again with younger boys, could have written that. It is possible—just possible—that a great theoretical student of acting and the stage—which Bacon was not—might have written Hamlet's advice to the players, though nobody but a stage-director could have written the lines quoted above; nor reported the intimate talk of wigs and characterizations of the "rude mechanicals" of the "Dream".

Shakespeare makes many allusions to the stage, more than any other writer. The "poor player," in Macbeth, is the utterance of the "shop" tired actor and play-wright. It is the "common drudge", of Samuel Johnson in his definition of a "lexicographer", in that first great dictionary of the English language, which it took Johnson ten years to compile and write. Hamlet's inquiry about the stage children, who were "tyranically clapped for," and whose popularity was making inroads on the patronage of the globe is "behind the scenes" talk. Particularly his observation that these children were setting a fashion that would redound to their own disadvantage when they themselves became "common stages". Picture Bacon having any understanding or concern about these things! Allusions to the stage could be multiplied beyond the limited space of this simple discussion. But, in passing, it might be asked: is it likely that a man of Bacon's type—

who at all times was ready to make any kind of sacrifice, even honor, to be in favor with rulers, statesmen and all who were in the high places of his time—would have likened the world to a stage, as is done in "As You Like It;" and would have drawn his human illustrations from a world entirely outside of the class which all his life he labored to please? "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players" never came from a man who, if his friends are right, was ashamed of any connection with the stage.

The stage vernacular of the plays, alone, not to speak of the high opinion held by their author for the profession of acting, should be enough to eliminate Bacon as a claimant. Shakespeare has Fortinbras say of Hamlet, "Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage: for he had proved likely, had he been put on." All the circumstances and experiences of Shakespeare's life—after he left Stratford—were of the kind to fit him for his great work. He was lacking only in scholastic attainments. But, to a mind like his which saw

" . . . Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

this was not such a handicap as his enemies would wish to have us think.

He left school because his father had failed in business. Whether he assisted his father, directly; was apprenticed to a butcher, or became a lawer's clerk—all of which tradition tells us he had done—it matters little. He may have done all of them—flitting from one to the other—as no one, or all of them, could have held him long. At 22 he left Stratford for London. Eleven years elapsed before his first play was produced. Here is where your Baconian is happy! What was Shakespeare doing in those eleven years? They would make a great mystery of this. But they overlook the one simple and logical explanation.

We know that all the best companies of "strolling players" visited Stratford. John Shakespeare, William's father, was High Bailiff of Stratford. He was a friend of the players, and strove to make their visitations pleasant. Burbage, the foremost tragedian of his time, was of Warwickshire, as was Shakespeare; and Thomas Greene, a leading member of the profession, was a native of Stratford. What would be more natural than that the brilliant son of their friend would be offered employment with them? He was comely, of fine figure, and had the quick qualities of mind that were essential attributes of the actor.

Burbage and Greene would be quick to see the fitness of this gentle, gracious youth for the stage.

We know, too, of Shakespeare's frugal, practical nature—his enemies have been quick to recognize this,—and as he had a wife and three children, it is not likely that he would leave them and go to London without prospects. (The story of his holding horses for the patrons of the Globe is not to be considered; for, aside from the uncertainty of remuneration, the Globe was on the side of the Thames opposite London and conveyance must have been by boat.) Shakespeare, then, by a natural process of reasoning, became, at once, an active member of the company.

Beginners on the stage were invariably assigned some duties aside from playing small parts—usually as assistants to the stage manager. As first (new) productions were being made, all of which would require some re-writing and re-vamping, the future greatest of playwrights began his apprenticeship. His adaptability for, and skill in, this work, would soon make him a valuable member of the company. While re-arranging, and touching up, the plays of others, he, no doubt, began work on his own. A playwright, like a prophet, finds it hard to gain honor at home; thus the delay—till 1598—of having his own plays put into rehearsals. Producers look askant at the plays of untried authors, preferring to produce those of established playwrights.

If the assertion, so freely made and so persistently adhered to, is true, that actors were social outlaws, it is evident that an exception must have been made for Shakespeare; for we have it on good authority, that he was in favor at court, and that he wrote the "Merry Wives" by request, or command, of Elizabeth, and played it before her and her courtiers at the palace. At the Mermaid, too, he was accustomed to meet with the best wits of the time. It was a period of rapidly moving events. The actor-playwright would hear tales of adventure and discoveries at first hand. He would be learning in the school of actual experience the ways of the court, and the ways of humanity outside of the court, all of which would be drawn on in the construction of his dramas.

Ships were coming into London from all parts of the known world. Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Russians, Redmen from America, and other peoples of every rank and custom, were met with daily. This was the environment for a playwright. Downright study of books could not accomplish what this actual contact with humanity would. There is a pretty

well established tradition that Shakespeare had visited the continent. The company of which he was a member, following the practice of the period must have played in Germany during some of the time covered by those eleven years of apprenticeship. Trips to Germany were made through France and Italy. Thus, instead of—as his enemies contend—the "strolling player" not having favorable opportunities for acquiring the knowledge, which his plays indicate that he had acquired, the conditions were ideal.

Admirers of Shakespeare do not claim that he was a scholar. If he had been, he would not have sailed ships into Bohemia, quoted Aristotle in the time of Troy, used cannon in the reign of King John, or put hats on the Romans—these anachronisms and mistakes would alone clear the accurate and superlatively scholarly Bacon from authorship of the plays; but his admirers do claim that he had knowledge sufficient for the work he did. It has been held that Shakespeare was a lawyer, because of certain references, in good taste, to the law; also that he understood medicine; was a botanist, and many other things. There is nothing in the plays to warrant an assertion that he had made a technical study of any art, science, or profession outside of his own. He had genius, he had some scholarship and above all he had great common sense. He did not need to drink a bucket of water to know what a barrel tasted like. He was a close observer, a thinker, a philosopher, and over all he was a poet,—the greatest the world has known. He describes the suffering of the beetle in "Measure for Measure", and we are sure those sufferings are the kind the beetle would have felt. He gives us the experience of a drowning man—Clarence, in "Richard III.", and we know that is the way a drowning man would feel. A hint from the book of Nature was enough for the "Myriad-minded Bard".

No one during Shakespeare's life, and for over two hundred years afterwards, doubted that he was the author of the immortal dramas which bear his name. It is true that some of the world's ablest men have expressed wonder that he wrote them; but these same men would have expressed wonder no matter who wrote them. They seem so far beyond the reach of human understanding that wonder is awakened that any brain conceived them. Yet they were written, and wonderment that Shakespeare wrote them, or that any other man could write them, does not make Bacon their author. Jonson—the friend of Shakespeare,

and for some time one of Bacon's secretaries—recognized Shakespeare as their author. There never was a question in his mind, or in that of any other contemporary, as to the authorship. After Shakespeare's death Jonson wrote affectionately, and in terms of admiration and love, of his friend. "I loved the man and do honor to his memory this side of idolatry as much as any." Early in Shakespeare's career he had excited the envy of Robert Greene, a contemporary playwright—who in his "*Groatsworth of Wit*", spoke of the poet as an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers;" the publisher of this pamphlet, Mr. Chettle, apologized to Shakespeare and repudiated the accusation of Greene. He spoke in highest praise of Shakespeare's honesty, uprightness and fair dealing; and of his grace "of writing, and his art."

It has been charged that it would have required a miracle for Shakespeare to have written the plays; but we have the plays, and it would be a greater miracle if Bacon, in addition to what he has written, could have written them; and to assume that a dozen different playwrights wrote them would be assuming a dozen miracles. Sensible men know, however, that plays are written by "wit and not by witch-craft," and common sense tells us that for a man—such as the Baconians would have us think Shakespeare was—to have made all the poets, playwrights, statesmen, and his own actors, in London, during his life, believe that he wrote the plays, is impossible of belief. Even if the scholars, actors and others of his time knew Shakespeare was capable of writing the plays, and yet had not written them, the secret that Bacon was the author could not have been kept.

Besides this, the reasons given for Bacon not taking the credit of authorship, are not convincing. It was not, as they assert, unpopular to write a play, that is, for a man of some other profession to do so. To make writing for the stage a profession was not looked upon with high favor; but to be able to write a successful play, in addition to being an accepted writer in other branches of literature and learning, was considered a desirable accomplishment. But setting all that aside, it was not taboo to write real poetry. And what about the Sonnets? Why did not Bacon claim these? They alone would have established the highest standing for their creator. Bacon would not have overlooked that; for while Pope has told us that Bacon was the "meanest" of mankind, he has also told us he was the "wisest." A wise man would have seen the poetic grace and high lyrical quality of the Sonnets.

There is no record, tradition, or anything else, to indicate that Bacon ever received a penny from the Globe theatre. Shakespeare amassed a fortune there. Bacon was always heavily in debt—he died deeply in debt—and he was not the man to refuse money. Bacon was a lawyer, a member of parliament, Lord Chancellor to King James. He wrote voluminously: on Law, Philosophy; and Literature. But he wrote no poetry. He tried to, but he couldn't. He was not a poet. He did not have the temperament of the poet. He had not the loftiness of thought or the warmth of heart of the poet. He was not a good enough "mixer" to be a playwright. He did "mix", however, his philosophy with nonsense. He tells us in all seriousness that "snow is colder than water;" that "bears wax fat in winter; though they eat nothing;" that "there is a kind of stone, if ground and put in water where cattle drink, the cows will give more milk."

Shakespeare puts such things in the mouths of his rustics and clowns. Compare the simple old shepherd in "As You Like It": "The more one sickens, the more one is ill at ease"; and, "he that is without money, means and content, is without three good friends"; "that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn"; that a "great cause of the night is lack of the sun." Shakespeare had a great sense of humor—the greatest of all mankind. Bacon had none. Bacon was superstitious. Shakespeare was not. Bacon believed in witches. Shakespeare uses witches only as "props" for his plays. His imaginary witches are more real than Bacon's real ones.

Bacon accepted bribes. Shakespeare has Brutus reprove Cassius for accepting them. Bacon was an ingrate. He sent his friend and benefactor, Essex, to the scaffold. Read what "Lear" says of ingratitude; and follow the fortunes of Enobarbus, in "Anthony and Cleopatra". Enobarbus dies of a broken heart because he deserted Anthony. "I am alone the villain of the earth, . . . I will go seek some ditch wherein to die." Enobarbus was not an historical character, but purely an invention of the poet's mind: thus Shakespeare went out of his way to condemn ingratitude.

Bacon had no imagination. His reasoning was cold; his mind analytic. There was no poesy in his soul. Read his essay "Of Love"; then read "Romeo and Juliet". If that is not a fair comparison, then read Emerson's essay on "Love". The theme was the same; the purpose the same. Both were writing preos

but the lines of Emerson breathe the very essence of poetry. If you will say that Bacon's thought is as clear as Emerson's even though it lacks beauty, then I will say, is a thing less true because it is beautiful? Is the rose less beautiful because in its velvet folds it embraces the soul of perfume?

And now, finally, read Bacon's one acknowledged piece of stage literature, the masque: "The Wedding of the Thames and Rhine," and even you, oh Baconian, with "ciphers to this great accompt on your imagination forces working" could not possibly see a resemblance, to any—the most lame and impotent—play, scene, chorus, poem or induction from the great master playwright's brain and hand.

It is held by many of the world's best thinkers that Shakespeare's personality is less revealed through his works than that of any other great writer. This is because his personality looms so big that we have nothing within our own experience with which to compare him, yet each critic discloses, unconsciously perhaps, that there is one distinct and glorious personality and individuality behind the plays and poems. It rises so high and at the same time is so close to us that our perspective is wrong. Not so with Bacon. His personality is distinctly revealed to any one who takes the pains to read all his works. Each writer's personality is revealed to us in large measure in what is known as his "literary style". A Baconian, with eye in "frenzy rolling" might find a resemblance in the literary styles of the two men, but it is safe to say that nobody else could.

Shakespeare's words flame and burn. Bacon's never catch fire. Shakespeare's thoughts take wing and fly. Bacon's go on all fours.

But after all, "Feste", Shakespeare's delicious fool in "Twelfth Night", was right when he playfully observed, "Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun, it shines everywhere."

CLINTON E. LLOYD,

Dept. of Speech Arts.





Flood Glimpses.

THE RUNAWAY.

IT had been a long, hard winter. Ice gorges had formed in all the upper valleys. Then there came a sudden thaw.

The swollen rivers are now filled with grinding, crushing ice and all sorts of debris.

From the nearby hill-top you can see skiffs, adroitly handled, conveying men to work, and a breathlessly chugging tow-boat, close to the shore, making headway against the swift current.

Suddenly, below us, a coal barge breaks away from the landing. A crew of rivermen hastily rush across the "field of coal" and swiftly toss a rope over one of the pegs of the escaping barge. The rope grows taut, but does not snap under the tremendous strain; and slowly, the crunching of ice and the swish of waters protesting against its resistance, the runaway barge swings around into place again.

JOSEPH H. FITZGIBBON, 4 H.

PENN AVENUE.

FLOATING slowly and mournfully down Penn Avenue, the yellow, murky waters gently lapping its bruised and battered sides, was a solitary little beer-keg. From far up the Allegheny river, at Etna, this little keg had journeyed; where, on the night previous, it had been swept, with a number of its fellows, from a back porch into the raging flood. Buffeted about for many hours on the foaming tide, it was rescued by two small boys, out of the fullness of their young hearts, only to be hurried on its journey with a fusillade of stones. Storm-tossed and weary, it rests in the middle of the submerged street, a pathetic example of desolation wrought by the elements.

My train of thought was interrupted at this moment by a rough jar as our boat hit the door of the dairy lunch. I was thrown forward into the lap of a fat customer with a market-basket full of potatoes which was nearly upset in my wild

scramble for the lunch counter. After consuming three good American "jitneys" worth of pastry, I stood at the window watching the boatmen reaping a harvest from the throngs that issued from Rosenbaum's new store. A wonderfully lucrative business that of ferryman in flood times!

Here comes Boggs & Buhl's passenger automobile, plowing along with decks awash. There! It has run a-foul of my little beer-keg. But no, the man in livery has pushed it aside with a pole, and at last I see it in a safe resting place in the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre. Furtively, a lone voyager who has taken refuge there draws out the bung, and tests the contents. The look on his face tells me plainer than words, "Empty!"

A muttered imprecation, a vicious kick, and once more the keg is sent on its journey.

J. BERNARD LYNCH, 4 H.

THE IRON TUG.

WHILE we have been watching the rising waters, all manner of flotsam has been streaming past. Odd pieces of lumber, a half-submerged wash-tub, with an ark-shaped dog-house hurrying to catch up to it, a loosely-strung section of fence—all tell of some back yard that has been cleared by the flood. Now a bobbing keg catches the eye. The uplifted arm of a rolling tree suggests a towering forest monarch, undermined and swept away. A grotesque shanty rushes to destruction on a hidden reef,—the armored beak of the Brunot's Island dike, now lying beneath the surface and rending the mighty river into yellow plumes that wave lower and lower as the waters mount.

The stream has stolen across the railroad that skirts its bank and four pairs of glistening rails shine no more. Around the bend where the tracks appear on the higher ground, a passenger train moves cautiously. Out upon the yellow flood it creeps, looking strangely out of place and seeming to float on the river's broad bosom. Directly in front of us its steady progress is halted while a man on the cowcatcher thrusts aside a drifting log with a long spike-pole. The iron tug starts forward again, drawing its complement of oddly-appointed barges. It has passed in safety the deepest stretch of the submerged tracks, and begins to ride more buoyantly. As the train gains momentum and speeds away, the fan-like swells it has left would deceive one into believing that a gasoline launch had passed inshore.

JOHN J. SCULLY, 4 H.

Song of the Trees.

TREES are the harps of the winds and the seasons.
Every breeze plays a tune as it blows :

Some of the songs are of wrongs and of treasons,
Some of a love like the breath of the rose.

Trees in the autumn are loud in their wailing,
Sad for their children, the leaves that are dead.
All through the winter, whilst snowflakes are sailing,
Dirges they chant till the season is sped.

Now it is spring, and the foliage tender
Sways with the zephyrs that gently go by;
Sweeter, more soothing, the song that they render—
Heavenly music come out of the sky.

Grateful their shade when the noontide is highest,
Precious alike unto fruit and to flow'r.
Thanks to Thee, Father, who ever suppliest
All that is needful in life's fleeting hour.

CELESTINE MORGAN, 2 Com.



The Contents of an Audit Report.

Paper Read Before the Evening School Association of
Duquesne University, at a Dinner, April 18, 1916.

AUDIT reports may be classified under three general headings which are as follows:

1st—Current Audits, covering the annual or periodical examination of public or private corporations, co-partnerships or individuals; 2nd—Installation of Cost Systems, Accounting Systems and Efficiency Examinations; 3rd—Investigations or Special Examinations which are for a definite purpose. Under this third heading may be classified adjustments of partnerships, examinations in respect to liquidation, re-organization or bankruptcy; also investigation of charges of mismanagement or fraud, and for mis-application of funds or property.

The next point in respect of an audit, which it is absolutely necessary to know, is the purpose or purposes for which the audit was made, and this may be classified or divided as follows:

1st—To ascertain the actual financial condition and earnings of a concern for (a) its proprietors, whether partners or stockholders; (b) its executors, whether managers, officers or directors; (c) its bankers or investors who are considering the purchasing of its securities; (d) its bankers who are considering the discounting or purchasing of its promissory notes: 2nd—The Detection of Fraud or Error, which is self-explanatory.

The Audit Report which I shall discuss briefly is the Current Audit of a going concern which has been authorized to be made by the management of the concern.

After the usual introduction in a report, there should follow a General Summary, in which is given a summary of the operations for the period under review and comments upon the same. In making any comments, it is essential that only facts be stated that can be supported by figures or are reasonable conclusions, arrived at after thoroughly understanding the concern audited; for, to make qualifying statements in a report is only to weaken the results attained in the mind of your client.

It is well to bring out a short history of the concern, in respect of incorporation, organization and operations; it is moreover quite essential to give an idea as to the scope of the examination conducted, and in this there should be a brief description of all the work done in conducting the examination.

The next comments are on the Balance Sheet. It is good form to submit a Balance Sheet in an exhibit appended to the

report. A good form of Balance Sheet is that which classifies all Balance Sheet items into fixed assets, current and working assets, and deferred charges, etc., while the liabilities would also be classified in this order, as fixed liabilities, current liabilities and accruals; in this way the relationship can be noticed with little trouble, and an idea of the financial condition of the company is readily gathered, by comparing current liabilities to current and working assets, and fixed assets to fixed liabilities.

Now, taking your first item as appearing on the Balance Sheet—say Real Estate—it would be well to show a summary of additions made during the period under review, bring out what this principally consists of. Then take Plant and Equipment, showing, as just stated, the summary of transactions during the period, also what rate of depreciation was reserved, if any, and the amounts reserved. It may add to the value of the report to submit a schedule showing what plant and equipment consists of, the book value, the rate of depreciation, amount reserved and the net plant value.

The audit may be continued in this manner. The accountant takes up each item on the Balance Sheet, showing what were the transactions on each account during the period, and commenting only on such facts as are notable.

Possibly the most important statement is the Profit and Loss Account, which, together with supporting schedules, includes the following: a statement showing volume, nature and source of gross revenue, under appropriate headings; the cost of producing and selling a commodity, with data as to proportionate cost of production, distribution, selling and administration, etc. The auditor should make comparative statements of gross revenue, costs, expenses, etc., as compared with a preceding fiscal period, giving reasons in the report for important fluctuations. Also, after making the cost statements he can determine just what lines are profitable, and what are not, and these points should be duly emphasized. Any large increase or decrease in production should be shown, and what effect it has on costs.

From these suggestions, such statements could be compiled as to give information that would enable an accountant to present the results of his investigation in an intelligent and useful manner; for, however thoroughly an audit is performed, unless it is reported on in a way that will be useful to his client, the purpose of the audit will have failed.

THOMAS J. COOK,
School of Finance.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

A Notable Tribute.

MUCH has been said, especially in our Exchanges, upon the subject of Shakespeare, his personality and his genius.

Nor could the occasion of his tercentenary be allowed to pass without the usual discussion upon the question of "authorship". But we doubt if anything more satisfactory, more interesting and more illuminating has been written upon the Baconian controversy, than the article, to be found elsewhere in this issue, from the pen of Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, of Duquesne University School of Speech Arts—a man who, after a life-long study of Shakespeare, has lectured on the subject all over the country, has interpreted on the stage most of his famous characters, and who is thereby most capable of appreciating and measuring, at their proper angle, the elements in Shakespeare's career and personality which made it possible for him to create and construct such masterpieces of dramatic and literary genius.

E. J. N.



College Residence.

THERE is no doubt that the training of the intellect, which is best for the individual himself, and which best enables him to discharge his duties to society, is that afforded by residence in a university.

In a boarding school, tact, knowledge of human nature, diplomacy, and the spirit of give and take, have exceptional opportunities for development and practice.

To attain a firm hold of these good qualities, it will not suffice merely to attend the university a few hours each day, but one must really live in it, and be in that element, heart and soul. We find the same kind of necessity illustrated in the professions. Take for instance the doctor. Before he can qualify, he must actually reside in the hospital for a period of six to eighteen months before he can begin his outside practice. The clergy, before they can take up the work of their sacred ministry, must also leave their happy homes, and reside together in a community, under a common rule, for a period of not less than four years. And so it is in regard to general college life, and the life of the world.

The reasons for all this are very obvious. This system of boarding helps the student to know himself, to test his strength, his weakness, his limitations, his purpose and his ambition. He acquires the polish and social culture that will give him great power for good in after years. He acquires those personal traits and moral qualities which go to make him a good son, husband, father or friend, and he is trained to such perfection as to enable him to serve his fellow-men with credit to himself and advantage to them.

"The college campus and student dormitories are elements in the democratic training of men which should not be spared." The dormitory system makes the campus the center of the student life. It brings men together in open, natural and harmless relations, which will be intensified to their mutual benefit in after life. In the same way dormitory life has the advantage of formation of friendships—friendships which prove to be most intimate and of life-long continuance.

I also maintain that I look upon the dormitory as at once the safest moral place, and strongest agency for formation of character. There, men live together in time as well as in space. As for the younger boys, where would they be without the example of the older boys? It is only as a resident, that the student gets all the value that he can realize out of his college career. In a word, the residents have as it were a little world of their own which is a preparation for the larger one.

Where would college spirit be without the resident students? "College spirit is not what it once was," is the cry of all our college papers. Here is the explanation. Love of teacher and student for the college, plus the submission of the individual to the general academic good, plus the appreciation by the

students of the highest ideals, plus songs and sports, as expressing college devotion—these constitute college spirit and can be imparted only by college residence.

The importance of discipline, as a factor contributing to marked success, can not be overestimated. It is the necessary condition of all order and of all effective labor. The organized methods of the fire-brigade discount the distracted efforts of a volunteer but scattered mob to extinguish a conflagration; the disciplined army wins more brilliant victories, and suffers less serious losses, than the brave but disorderly hosts of untrained soldiers. So, in schools, discipline is the necessary condition of learning and it contains the essential elements of punctuality, quiet work, and prompt obedience. Outside of the army and navy, no sphere of human activity affords such abundant opportunities of practising self-restraint. From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, the life of the student is governed and directed. Each hour of the day has its allotted duty, its class and study periods, its meal times and recreations. This regularity induces method in life, and method is ever a characteristic of the men who fill the world with the glory of their achievements.

Altogether, the residential system has the following advantages: The school becomes a little world in itself, and furnishes unequalled opportunities for acquiring tact, an intimate knowledge of human nature, and the exercise of the most delicate diplomacy. The student learns to know himself, his strength, his weakness, his limitations, his purpose in life, the surest means to obtain the object of his legitimate ambition. He acquires polish and social culture, while the rough angles of his character are planed off, and he respects the rights of others. He forms friendships of a life-long continuance. He exercises a wholesome influence on the younger element; and kindles and keeps alive a college spirit which stimulates him to work for the glory and honor of his *Alma Mater*, and to shed a reflected lustre on his school by the renown of his own achievements. By a life of discipline, he is enabled to control himself and eventually to control others. So many, indeed, and so great are the advantages which a boarding school affords, that Lowell exclaimed, "When a family leaves its ancestral home, the house should be burned down. But the college is so sacred to the student that it should stand forever."

JOSEPH L. MCINTYRE, '18.

Philosophy of Relaxation.

ALL are agreed that, as we cannot always be occupied with serious study and serious work, because we are made up of flesh and blood, we must have some relaxation. On this point the Angelic Doctor says: "As man needs rest to refresh his body, which cannot labor continually, because its strength is limited and proportioned to finite toil, so is it with the mind, and for the same reason. When, therefore, the mind exerts itself beyond its measure, it labors and is fatigued thereby, especially because in the operations of the soul the body also labors, inasmuch as the intellectual soul uses powers that work by means of bodily organs."

But as bodily fatigue is thrown off by the repose of the body, so must psychical fatigue be thrown off by rest of the mind. Now the mind's rest is pleasure or delight, and the intense or continued application to rational pursuits must be for a time intermitted.

Thus we read of St. John the Evangelist, that, when some persons were scandalized to find him at play with his disciples, he told one of them who had a bow to shoot an arrow at a mark, and then to do so again and again, until at length he asked the said disciple if he could go on doing that always. "No," said he, for if I tried to do that always the bow would break." "Well," continued the saint, "so it is with man: his bodily powers would break, if his mind were kept forever on the strain."

But we must be careful to remember that recreation is meant only for those who have really worked hard, and need some relaxation. What, therefore, shall we think of those whose whole life is a continuous round of recreation—outside of a few occasional spurts of serious mental work—because most of it, even when they do not indulge in pleasures of a baser kind, is taken up with vain, light reading of romances and other superficial writings as have little or no connection with their duties?

This is in strict accordance with the dignified language of Cicero: "We are not so brought into being by nature as that sport and jest should be accounted the end of our existence; rather we are meant to be on serious thoughts intent, as well as on grave and weighty purposes. It is lawful to use play and jesting, but only when we have acquitted ourselves of our serious purposes."

M. J. R.

CHRONICLE

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

Alumni of Duquesne University and students in other departments should give close attention to the rapid development of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

Expert Most of them are engaged in business, or
Training shortly will be, and the practical training in business administration that the School of

Commerce affords should be utilized to the fullest extent.

Over thirty courses in Accounting, Finance, Commerce, Industry, Selling, Government, Transportation, Business English, Public Speaking, Spanish, Law, Banking, Corporations and other subjects give a wide range of choice to meet the requirements of men who desire practical training in any line. An education in business is indispensable to one who would secure and hold a valuable executive position. Executives are too few, and competition is too keen, to enable a young man nowadays to excel in a business race for which he is not prepared. The trained man is in demand.

There are many splendid business professions in which opportunities for good salaries and rapid advancement are frequent. The School of Commerce offers expert training in these various fields, including preparation for the Diplomatic Service, banking or brokerage business, secretarial work, correspondents, credit man, sales manager, commercial teacher, corporation executive, certified public accountant, etc. The Government Consular Service, for instance, offers excellent opportunities at salaries ranging upward from Two Thousand Dollars a year. The Pittsburgh Public High Schools employ commercial teachers who are University graduates at salaries ranging up to Two Hundred Dollars a month. The demand for certified public accountants far exceeds the number that can be prepared for that work within the next few years, and the salaries run from Two Hundred to One Thousand Dollars per month. The opportunities for young men prepared to represent United States concerns in South America are very numerous. It is a field scarcely touched as yet, with splendid remuneration for those who enter it well prepared.

All students and alumni of Duquesne University are probably aware of the fact that our School of Commerce holds the highest record of efficiency in the United States in

Our Record preparing men for the difficult State examinations required before the certified public accountant's certificate is awarded. It is the policy of the School to specialize in a few things and do them well rather than to do things indifferently. All instructors are practical men of broad experience; each one an authority in his own line; and no time or effort is spared in the attempt to give the finest possible instruction in every subject. Classes are held in the day time for those who can devote their entire time preparing for their business careers and earning their degrees. Evening classes in nearly all subjects are offered for those who are unable to attend day classes and are yet ambitious enough to seek advancement which could not otherwise be had. All classes are held on the Fifth Floor of the Vandergrift Building, 323 Fourth Avenue, in the heart of the financial district of Pittsburgh and convenient to all car lines and stations.

The School of Commerce occupies the entire floor of a modern office building and enjoys unequalled facilities. The floors are covered with cork, the rooms are large and well ventilated, a system of reflected light is used to relieve eye strain, and every modern convenience tending to increase the efficiency of the work is employed. A large and well equipped library is maintained for the benefit of students, containing all modern works of value on commercial subjects, as well as all useful government reports, maps, charts, etc.

In the coming summer and fall a number of new courses are being added, including special summer instruction for commercial teachers leading toward the degree

New Courses of Bachelor of Science in Economics. New courses in Law and Accounting are being opened in the Evening School. Preparation is being made for a registration which is expected to double that of the current year. It has always been the policy of the School strictly to limit all classes in size, with the consequence that a number of subjects will require two sections to accommodate the large enrollment. It is through this limitation in the size of classes, and insistence upon the very best instruction, that the reputation of the department has been built.

Anyone interested in Duquesne, or in his own business advancement, should not fail between now and summer to visit the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, inspect its facilities, and discuss the courses; an interview will entail no obligation to register. A new departmental catalog will be gladly mailed on request.

F. P. A.

General News.

The last week of March was given over to the strenuous work of the third term examinations. At the proclamation of their results on April 4, one hundred and

Examinations sixty-seven honor cards were distributed, and the following were announced as the leaders of their classes: Junior, Philip N. Buchmann; Sophomore, Joseph M. Ganter; Freshman, Stanislaus M. Zaborowski; Prep. Law, B. J. Taszarek; Prep. Medical, Michael A. Hodgson; Fourth High, James J. McCloskey; Third High, Cyril J. Kronz; Second High A, Francis X. Kleyle; Second High B, Andrew J. King; First High A, James B. Cunningham; First High B, Theodore W. McBride; First High C, Robert G. Reilly; Third Commercial, Joseph A. Lackner; Second Commercial, John J. Loulan; First Commercial, Harry Teese; Fourth Scientific, Harold D. Greene; Third Scientific, Clarence W. Robertshaw; Second Scientific, A. J. Farwick; First Scientific, Edwin J. Murphy; Second Prep., Joseph Rozenas; First Prep., Edward P. Draus.

On April 9, Messrs. Sarandria, Goodyear, McCloskey, Bearer and Mulgrew, of the Fourth High, debated the question,

Debates "Resolved that one is more benefited by Motion Pictures than by the Spoken Drama."

The discussion proved highly interesting, and when the vote was taken a majority were of opinion that the supporters of the more modern form of amusement had the advantage. However, the use of the movies in connection with various phases of education was made into what was perhaps the most telling argument on the affirmative side.

It rested with the Freshman Class to close the debating season. This they did on April 16, presenting the pros and cons on the question of the advantages of fiction-reading for students. Michael F. Obruba was chairman. S. M. Zaborowski and Edward J. Quinn spoke for the affirmative, and won; their unsuccessful opponents were G. M. Simchak and A. W. Forney.

Each of these debates was preceded by a very entertaining programme of musical and dramatic numbers.

The "moving season" is at an end, and all the science classes are now conducted in the new building, which is found to be roomy, light-some, and in every way convenient. Prof. Sullivan now has as his assistants Messrs.

Parfait and Norris.

On Monday afternoon, April 10, the Faculty and students had an opportunity to listen to a lecture on "The Practical Side of Literature" from one whose daily occupation qualifies him to speak authoritatively on that subject, namely, the editor of a great Catholic magazine. Mr. L. A. Baldus, managing editor of *Extension*, was the speaker. Literature, he said, is studied for its cultural value. That is its theoretical side: it has a practical side also, to train men to be writers. And as those who write generally write for publication, those who are preparing for authorship should bear certain principles in mind. Timeliness, thorough acquaintance with one's subject, directness, and condensation, seem to be the prime requisites for a successful literary product. His treatment of the subject illustrated these principles in a highly interesting fashion.

Rev. E. J. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., Director of the Holy Childhood in America, addressed the assembled students on Wednesday morning, April 12, in behalf of foreign missions now so much in need of help from this country, as the generous source of supplies from Europe has been cut off by the present impoverishing war. His fervid and eloquent appeal found a ready response in the hearts of his youthful audience, and a handsome collection was contributed to the worthy cause for which he is a most devoted and untiring worker.

A very large audience assembled in the University Hall on the evening of April 28 for the Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests. The reciters—pupils of Mr. Lloyd and Father Malloy—and the orators—pupils of Father Dewe—gave evidence of varied talent and splendid training. On the subjoined programme, the winners are indicated by an asterisk.

March—Kaiser Friederich, *Friedmann*

Students' Orchestra

Director, Professor C. B. Weis

ELOCUTIONARY CONTESTS

DIVISION I.—SILVER MEDAL

- Robert G. Reilly—"Out to Old Aunt Mary's"
James Whitcomb Riley
 Kenneth A. Leopold—"Charge of the Light Brigade", *Tennyson*
 * Charles S. Donnelly—"Jerry, the News-Boy", *Miss Lowe*
 Edward J. Caye—"Oration on O'Connell's Centennial"
Wendell Phillips

Violin Solo—O Belle Nuit, from Les Contes d' Hoffmann
Offenbach Andrew T. Walta, Jr.

DIVISION II.—SILVER MEDAL

- * Francis J. Fisher—"The Baffled Champion", *Wilbur D. Nesbit*
 Francis J. Toole—"The Vengeance of the Flag"
Henry D. Esterbrooke
 Anthony M. Gunkle—"Bernardo del Carpio", *Felicia Hemans*
 John T. Walsh—"The Traitor's Deathbed", *George Lippard*

Instrumental Quartet—Spanische Tanze, *Moszkowski*, Op. 2
 Prof. C. B. Weis Prof. W. H. O'Connell
 Rev. J. A. Dewe J. B. Lynch

DIVISION III.—SILVER MEDAL

- Gerard V. Buchele—"Instigation Scene from Julius Caesar"
 Louis H. Follet—"If", *Kipling*
 * C. Herbert Dyson—"Tiger Lily Race", *Mrs. Fiske*
 Stanley P. Balcerzak—"Old Man and Jim", *James Whitcomb Riley*

Chorus—King Henry's Prayer, *Wagner* Glee Club
 Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit.

ORATORICAL CONTEST—GOLD MEDAL

- Dennis J. Mulvihill—"Progress and the Home"
 Leo J. Zitzman—"Pittsburgh Co-extensive with County"
 Francis P. Anton—"The Value of time"
 * Charles J. Deasy—"Honor, the Stimulus of Private and
 and Public Achievement"

Medley—The South Before the War, *Coffin*
 Students' Orchestra

DECISIONS OF THE JUDGES

- Very Rev. Edward A. Crehan, C. S. Sp., D. D.,
 President, Immaculate Conception College, Trinidad, B. W. I.
 Marion H. Murphy Michael J. McMahon
 Attorney-at-Law Former Principal, Duquesne Public School
 Finale—Rocky Road to Dublin, *Grant*

Alumni.

WE were greatly pleased with the account given on April 27 by the Catholic papers of the diocese concerning the timely undertaking of REV. FATHER BERNARD G. MCGUIGAN, '10. FATHER MCGUIGAN has always shown a keen interest in the welfare of the Catholic youth and while assistant at Holy Cross Church he founded the Holy Cross Guards, an organization which, together with others of its kind, has proven that our boys respond to any movement towards their betterment.

FATHER MCGUIGAN's plan of having the diocese purchase a suitable country place where our cadet societies might enjoy a wholesome vacation under ecclesiastical supervision, has been realized. The Rt. Rev. Bishop has approved the St. Raphael's Boys' Training and Recreation Association and its purchase of a beautiful farm on the Connoquenessing river. We hope that in his work as director, FATHER MCGUIGAN will receive much encouragement from the people of the city, who, after all, can appreciate a good thing when they see it.

JOHN DIEGLEMAN, Ex-'13, is preparing himself at St. Vincent Seminary for sacerdotal labors in the diocese of Toledo, Ohio

ALL other alumni who are also at Beatty dutifully paid their respects to their *Alma Mater* during the Easter holidays.

Among the alumni, none are found more loyal than the graduates of the Commercial Department. There is always a sprinkling of them at the games, and they were very largely represented at the alumni smoker. Recent callers were William Graham, '12; Joseph McClain, '15; James Madden, '15; Peray Crowl, '10; John Moorhead, '07.

VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.

Sunshine and Rain.

'TWAS ever thus: on earth's green fields
That flow'r the sweetest fragrance yields
That is well dewed with rains.

So with the heart: the fairest, best
When 'tis not e'er with sunshine blest,
But often tried with pains.

FRANCIS J. ROHR.



THANKS to the weatherman, who sent along a few warm, balmy days, scores of the students crowded the campus with gloves, bats and balls to convince the enterprising managers and argus-eyed coaches that they were there "with the goods". Never before in the history of the school have there been such large squads of candidates for the three representative teams, the 'Varsity, University High and Juniors. The ambition to become a Duke, a Dukelet or a Dukeling ran high in all the departments of the school.

' VARSITY.

When Prince Harenski's court-criers went through all the Bluff-realm and issued their master's proclamation calling his Dukes to defend the Red and Blue standard of Old Duquesne, forty knights of the bat, tried and true, assembled in the lists; and ere this goodly company of champions could be reduced to less unwieldy proportions, many a long tournament was fiercely fought, many a knight unhorsed, many a lance broken on the Campus Duquesniculus. Armed and accoutred, they have met on their native soil three invading hosts, two of which fell before their prowess, and one gained over them a slight advantage.

APRIL 21. BUFFALO, 5—DUQUESNE, 2.

The University of Buffalo defeated the Duquesne University nine in a fast and exciting game, 5 to 2. The inexperienced infield of the Dukes went to pieces, leaving Captain Harenski in the lurch. The outstanding feature of the game was the coolness of Harenski, who repeatedly retired his opponents when hits would have meant runs. Only four hits were garnered off his delivery, counting the two home runs in the third frame. The Dukes outbatted their opponents, but were unable to overcome the lead. In their cavorting on the Bluff campus, the Bisons displayed a wonderful burst of speed.

In the fifth inning Jupiter Pluvius put in an appearance, and drove the Bisons and Dukes to shelter at the end of the eighth.

APRIL 29. DUQUESNE, 4—JUNIATA, 2.

In a snappy contest, chock full of real baseball, the Duquesne University nine defeated the well-balanced Juniata College aggregation on the Bluff campus, 4 to 2.

Andy Harenski, who pitched for the Bluff Preps. last year, made his collegiate debut. He had the Indian sign on the Juniata boys, who went hitless for six innings, and in the three remaining frames allowed merely two hits, striking out 13 batsmen.

The Dukes got an early lead. In the first inning Joe Harenski drew a base on balls and tallied on Morrissey's hit for three bags. In the fourth, Morrissey hit for two bases, was sacrificed to third by Zitzman and scored on Popoff's timely clout for an extra base. The latter reached third on Engle's error and brought in the third run on O'Malley's infield out. In the fifth Joe Harenski was hit by a pitched ball, reached third on Obruba's screeching single and crossed the rubber on Morrissey's sacrificial grounder.

Juniata scored in the sixth. Good received a complimentary to first. He pilfered second and scored on Fowler's crashing double to midfield. In the ninth Flory reached first on an error and advanced to third by the same process. Harenski uncorked a wild pitch, Flory crossing.

Juniata, with Good and Engle very much in evidence, put up a classy brand of fielding. The timely batting of Morrissey and Popoff and the startling recovery of a misjudged ball by O'Malley were the features.

MAY 1. DUQUESNE, 12—WAYNESBURG, 10.

In a game which at times was listless on both sides, the 'Varsity defeated Waynesburg College. Marsula, who pitched his first college game, left the mound after three innings with the score 8 to 4 in favor of the Bluffites. The Duke infield joined the army aviation corps and Page was raced to the firing line.

The visitors used three pitchers and in this way succeeded in holding the Dukes to eight hits. The Waynesburg boys outbatted the locals, but their hits were untimely. The home team bunched hits when they could easily be transformed into runs.

In the sixth Cumbert coaxed a free ticket to first and Zitzman smashed a floater over the right field fence for a home run.

The visitors looked dangerous in the ninth, but a lightning double play, with one out, Schaffer to Popoff to Zitzman, put an end to the score and the game.

D. J. N.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

What's in a name? Well, it depends what that name is. No longer do we hear the name that has brought so much credit and honor on the high school department of the University in athletic circles. That grand old name of "Academics" has passed into history. The name of Academics was a watchword of defeat for the local high school athletes, who were under the impression that they had to face an Academy nine. To correct this erroneous opinion the management of the second team has rechristened it the "University High". The personnel of this team, like that of the Academics, is restricted to the high school department. University High, we welcome you, and wish you the well-deserved success of your predecessors, the noble Academics!

The University High, under the joint management of Rev. A. B. Mehler and Professor Nicholas J. Koch, has played two games which resulted in victories.

DUKE HIGHS, 5—KNOXVILLE, 4.

In a game replete with excellent pitching and ragged fielding, caused by wet grounds, the Duquesne University High defeated Union High of Knoxville, 5 to 4, winning out in the last inning.

The visitors tallied three runs in the first inning. Fitzpatrick singled with the bases full, and two of his team-mates scampered across the plate. The fleet-footed Shannon scored when Flannigan, who dropped the third strike, threw to first. In the fourth inning Roberts singled, was advanced to third on Hopp's timely swat, and the Knoxville boys chalked up their final run on a sacrificial floater by Henning.

In the first chapter, with second and third occupied, Ruffenach sent a sizzling liner to center field, scoring the Duke-lets' first two runs. In the eighth, O'Brien, who reached first on an error, stole second and cavorted home on Whalen's two-base hit. Whalen reached third on a strikeout, and taking a big lead scored on an infield out.

With the score deadlocked 4 to 4 in the ninth, Hogan

managed to reach first, pilfered two bases and scored when Ruffenach beat out a slowly fielded ball to third.

Too much credit cannot be given to Whalen, who fanned 18 batesmen, allowing only five hits. Shannon, who had 11 strikeouts, was the mainstay of the visitors. The fielding of Follet and Fitzpatrick was superb.

JUNIORS.

Fired with the ambition to duplicate the record of the Junior basketball team, fifty-two youths responded to the call for baseball candidates. The fourteen gems that sparkled most brilliantly on the diamond amid the glowing rays of the vernal sun were gathered together and ranged in their proper places by the diamond-setter. Under the painstaking care of Rev. Leo J. Zindler, we expect to see the Junior baseball team meet with the same success as the cage and gridiron clubs.

JUNIORS, 5—ST. THOMAS HIGH, 4.

The Juniors inaugurated their baseball season on the Bluff campus with a victory over St. Thomas High School of Braddock.

The high school boys garnered three runs in the fifth period, leading the Juniors by one run. In the eighth chapter, Gaffney and Whyte singled. Gujski received a ticket to first, thus filling the bags. Davies, who on two previous trips to the plate was unable to hit, upset the calculation of the opposing pitcher and tore off a slashing single, scoring two men, sewing up the game.

The hits were evenly distributed. Dave was effective in critical junctures of the contest. The fielding of Captain Vitkauskas, Whyte and Haver was excellent.

AGNETIANS.

The younger element of the school, known as the Agnetians, under the able direction of Prof. Jos. Kirkbride may be seen daily on the campus romping like a flock of frisky lambs in a well-protected pasture. One red-fleeced lamb who responds to the name of Egan has been chosen to lead the fold.

The Agnetians will play parochial school teams. K. L.



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A Song of Summer.

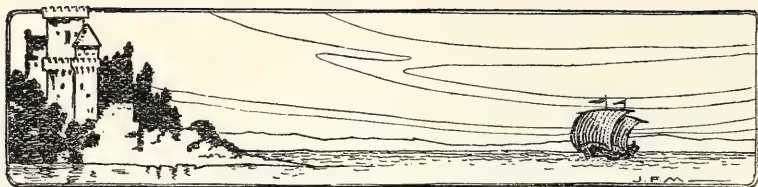
'TIS now we roam in merry sooth,
Through fields of sweet, red clover;
Our bosom friends are joy and youth,
And happy every rover.

Hill, vale and mead we wander o'er
While bob-o'-links are singing;
And wooded lands as ne'er before
With laughter gay are ringing.

In cool retreats where mosses grow,
And brooks their ways have wended,
We see the fish dart to and fro—
And hues in flowerets blended.

Then come we back in merry sooth,
As night doth round us hover,
All happy every maid and youth,
And happy every lover.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, '17.



The Poetry of Philosophy.

TO the ordinary observer, the problems of philosophy are too much characterized by a mathematical preciseness to admit of any fanciful flights into the realms of poetic phantasy, yet it is a remarkable fact that many of our leading poets have depended a great deal upon philosophy in the development of their poetry. To enumerate all who have in this way developed poetic systems of philosophy would require much space, and the mere recounting of their names would be of no great advantage in an article of this kind. Suffice it to name two of the representatives of the school, who, it seems to us, are the greater poets and the greater philosophers among them all. Dante, in Italian poetry, with his "Divina Comedia", and Milton, in English, with his "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained", rested upon the inspiration of Christian philosophy for the exquisite grandeur and solemn sublimity of their respective poems. And both were happy in poetic construction and in their delightful delineation of even some of the more abstruse problems of philosophy.

The question now arises whether poetic philosophy is of the logical or of the intuitive order; whether the philosophic poet proceeds with the same care and toil of reason from premises to conclusion as does the philosopher or whether he generalizes with one clear, perceptive glance of his aesthetic imagination. There can scarcely be question that the major part of poetic philosophy is of the intuitive order, but we must not be too ready to suspect the validity of its doctrines on that account. We must remember that poets are born, not made; and so, being men of genius, they may be able to perceive the truth and reality with little exertion and thus may claim as much for their generalizations as may the philosopher who arrives at his conclusion by a toilsome process of reasoning. And, in this way, it may properly be contended that the philosophy of our poets has an important intrinsic value as representing the thoughts of really talented men, and that it is not rashly to be condemned even though its arguments do not follow a formal, logical process.

If we may go back as far as Chaucer, we may say that he had a peculiar genius for touching every part of human life, and so developed in his poems a system of moral philosophy or ethics that is substantial and worthy of notice. In the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* he describes with simplicity the characters of the several pilgrims and with telling sarcasm exposes their faults while with sympathetic praise he lauds their virtues. A representative example may be found in his description of the clerk of Oxford.

“For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;

Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyed in forme and reverence,
And short and quik, and full of hy sentence."

The beautiful lines of Robert Southwell on the death of Mary Queen of Scots state with delicate imagery the consolation afforded by the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

"Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;
 It was no death to me, but to my woe:
 The bud was opened to let out the rose;
 The chains unloosed to let the captive go.

The naturalness of sentiment and the compactness of the thought of this passage will not go unnoticed by the true lover of poetry, and the force with which the doctrine of immortality is presented will, we think, be pleasantly apparent to all.

We come now to one who imitated Chaucer to a great extent both in form and thought. Edmund Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene", strove to present a detailed system of social philosophy. The poem is written in allegorical form and represents the struggles between virtue and vice in life. A passage from his description of the Cave of Mammon will show at once the luxuriance of his versification and the general character of the philosophic aim of the poem.

"Before the door sat self-consuming care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,

Nor would he suffer sleep once thitherward

Approach, although his drowsy den were next,
 For next to death is sleep to be compared;
 Therefore his house is unto his annexed;
 Here sleep, there riches, and hell-gate them both betwixt."

In an essay of this kind we cannot neglect the greatest dramatist of all times. Shakespeare was a keen observer of character, and it is this trait more than anything else that has so abundantly filled his plays with the true philosophy of life. Many pleasing and sonorous passages of this kind are to be found throughout his works, but perhaps the most lyrical, the soundest and the one most pleasant to the philosopher on account of its logical procession is Portia's plea for mercy in "The Merchant of Venice":

" Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy."

"Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained", magnificent epic poems composed by the blind Milton, manifest the influence of Christian philosophy in their treatment of the struggle between the powers of good and the powers of evil. A tide of supreme sublimity, marred only now and then with ripples of irreverence, runs throughout the poems and makes them two of the greatest epics and at the same time two of the most philosophic effusions in our language. The speech of Satan to the fallen angels reveals Milton's belief in the immortality of the angels and the impossibility of annihilating a supernatural substance:

"Powers and dominions, deities of heaven;
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
 I give not heaven for lost."

Though the popularity of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is indeed greater than the merits of the poem warrant, still it must be admitted that the poem is based on ethical philosophy, showing the Christian's way to heaven, albeit from a Baptist's point of view.

Dryden, in his "Religio Laici", has devoted much time and space to proving that Reason is but the hand-maid to Faith. He proceeds logically in verse, especially when he argues that the

pagans in their philosophic aims were at sea without the aid of Faith.

"One thought Content the good to be enjoyed :
This every little accident destroyed :
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil :
A thorny or at best a barren soil."

The greatest philosophizing poets of the Classical Age, which was at best an age of cold and passionless composition, was Pope, who, with his "Essay on Criticism" and his "Essay on Man" must certainly be accredited a philosopher. His verse is the precise and defined language of logic, and little enthusiasm does it betray. His principles are excellent and repay study. An instance of his clever power of argument is to be found in the passage on "Pride" in the "Essay on Criticism":

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!"

The critical brilliancy of this comment upon the customs of life is marred only by its artificiality, a trait peculiar to the age in which he wrote.

Who has not read with appreciation Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"! Scarcely a line is to be found therein that does not contain maxims of a beautiful philosophy of life. Few creations in poetry can excel, in truth and in melancholic sweetness, the following passage:

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Robert Burns, the poet of Scotland, gives proof, in his immortal lyrics, of a wonderful knowledge of ethics, synthetically acquired. They abound in passages of sage advice and wise principles of life. The following lines from an "Epistle to a Young Friend" will illustrate our meaning:

"I'll no say men are villains a'—
The real, hardened, wicked;
Wha hae nae check but human law
Are to a few restricked :

But och ! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted :
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted."

Among the principal fountains of Percy Bysshe Shelley's early inspiration was a philosophy of atheism and anarchism. Questions of ethics engaged his mind, and the soul of "Queen Mab" is a philosophy of negation.

Wordsworth admitted that he had an ambition to become a philosophic poet. Nature and society were the principal fields in which he sought to exercise his aesthetic and philosophic powers. The following lines from his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" will show the general character of his poetic philosophy :

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath elsewhere had its setting,
 And cometh from afar,
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
 From God who is our home."

Whoever has read "The Idylls of the King" cannot doubt that in this wonderful epic of the English language, Tennyson sets forth many elevating sentiments of Christian ethics. The following lines from the "Morte d' Arthur" are to be commended for their laudable view of prayer in connection with the final good of the soul. In Arthur's farewell, Tennyson seems to express a doubt as to the soul's immortality, but it must be remembered that the poet is speaking in character.

" More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those that call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest,—if indeed I go—

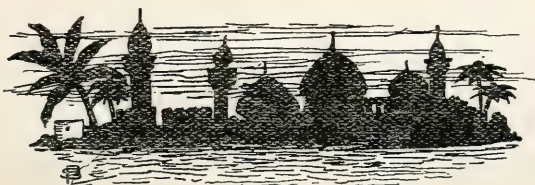
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt),
To the island-valley of Avilion."

Of all the American men of letters, Henry W. Longfellow is the most remarkable. Perhaps no other poet has produced works of such strength and beauty that they have become companion-pictures of scholars and unlettered people alike. And so, we are not surprised to find that he was a philosophic poet, endowed with such a true philosophy of life as endeared him to the hearts of all his countrymen. What nobler expression of the soul's immortality can be found anywhere in the field of poetry or philosophy than the following lines taken from his "Psalm of Life"!

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

There are certainly a vast number of philosophic poets and poetic philosophers whose contributions to the world of philosophic poetry have not been comprehended in this little essay. The fact of the matter is that every poet who has attained to any degree of eminence has been characterized also by a philosophic spirit. It will be noticed that the philosophy contained in the above quotations related either to nature, to man's soul or to society. There can be no doubt that these particular phases of philosophy are at the same time the most interesting and the most timely. The poets, then, have clothed some of the most sublime, though abstruse, problems of philosophy with popular similes and, with their subtle imagery, have driven home lessons to multitudes of their fellowmen.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.





The Certified Public Accountant in the Business World.

THERE are many men to-day in clerical positions receiving higher salaries than the majority of the graduates in the various professions, while the higher grade positions in our larger business institutions are proving more remunerative than the chosen vocations of large numbers of our professional men. The increasing number each year entering the professions of Law, Medicine, Chemistry, and Engineering in its various phases, and the present surplus of good men already practicing in these professions, should cause the student, looking forward to a professional career, to pause and consider carefully before entering the field for his life work.

Regardless of these numbers, it must here be conceded that there is always room at the top and, whether in business or professional life, the success of the individual is measured by his ambition and his constant and persistent effort to attain his ideals.

In years gone by the man of education naturally turned his attention to the professions. It was an accepted fact that, if the intention was to enter business, no time should be lost acquiring an education unless it was the fundamental essentials learned in the public and parochial schools. However, to-day, conditions are changed, and the business man has got to go to college because the college man is going into business. When the business man finally discovered the advantages and need of a college education, he also discovered that the ordinary college curriculum contained but little of value in a practical business way. He was not slow in making his needs known, and the result was that great changes were made in our college courses, and to-day many of our great colleges and universities include courses which train men for the practical duties of a business career.

Not only are courses provided to train men who are looking forward to the choice of a business career as a life work, but

evening schools have been established in order that men already in business, who have not had the opportunity of a higher education, may avail themselves of these privileges. In this movement, our own Duquesne University has not failed to realize this need and we have our School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, with day and evening sessions, where men of all walks of life meet to study and to solve successfully not only the perplexing commercial problems of their own businesses, but the broad problems of industry, finance and economics. The study of Accounting and kindred subjects forms an important part of this work. The accomplishment of our school in November, 1915, when seven out of eight of our students who attempted the State C. P. A. Examinations were awarded the certificate, is known far and wide.

The profession of Public Accounting is old, but recently it has greatly changed, and, to use the expression of Mr. Frank Wilbur Main, C. P. A., writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "the accountant is now looked upon as the Business Physician." The Practice of Public Accounting offers an interesting, a fascinating field for one's endeavors, and yet, even while learning the practical side of the work, so essential to the aspirant for the C. P. A. degree, the student is enabled to earn better than any average salary. This is the only profession I know of which offers this opportunity. The remuneration after the student becomes a practicing Certified Public Accountant depends entirely upon the individual. The surface of the field of his endeavors as a "Business Physician" has barely been touched, and the opportunities for the Certified Public Accountant in the future are unlimited. His work familiarizes him with the problems of all businesses. The problems of Organization, Financing, Manufacturing, Buying, Selling, Credits, Cost Finding, Traffic, Departmentalizing, etc., etc., are constantly being faced, and, as the "Business Physician," his experience and training enable him to solve them in their order.

When companies are organized and the stock sold, accountants are frequently called in to complete their organization, outline their financial policy, study their manufacturing methods, adopted or to be adopted, look into the market conditions in relation to their buying policies, and outline the methods and policies of selling. The bases for credits are studied as they relate to that particular business; the accounting system for recording the financial transactions is devised and installed, and methods of cost finding instituted. The traffic problems are

studied and solved, the business is departmentalized and internally organized, and the business is started and operated under the careful guidance of the experienced accountant.

To carry out successfully the duties enumerated as above, the knowledge of the Accountant must extend from that of the Engineer on the one hand to that of the Lawyer on the other, without encroaching on the field of either.

The experience gained by the Public Accountant in his practical work enables him to take and creditably fill many positions with private concerns.

The Accountant may leave the public field and become private auditor of any concern where his knowledge of business in general will enable him to perfect the internal organization of the company, outline reports to be prepared monthly, suggest the best possible means of acquiring the information to be included in these reports, as well as to effect the economies suggested by these reports.

To fill the position of Credit Manager, the Accountant is exceptionally well prepared. His knowledge of market conditions, his ability to study and interpret financial statements, his familiarity with business practices, and his talent as an executive, all qualify him for this important position.

The Accountant appointed Factory Superintendent is frequently a success. His skill for organization, his familiarity with shop practice, and finally his knowledge of reports and his ability to study the same and to secure the maximum efficiency suggested readily qualify him for the position.

The Secretary of a Company, who was previously a Public Accountant, has little to fear from the difficulties of this position. His acquired executive ability, his knowledge of business organization, his familiarity with the reports he is required to make to the Board of Directors, his facility in interpreting these reports for the Board, and the recommendations he would offer for the reduction of costs and the effecting of economies as shown possible by these reports, make him a very valuable man in this position, too frequently looked upon as more or less unimportant.

As a Banker, the former Public Accountant can expect nothing but success. In the organization of a bank, it is the endeavor to complete and record the greatest possible amount of detail in the least possible time consistent with practical need, and here, too, his experience enables him to outline such an organization. His clear interpretation of financial statements received from the

larger borrowers and his illuminating deductions from these statements make him invaluable in this part of the work. And as Banker adviser to concerns that must be fostered and nurtured by the banks, the qualities acquired in his former position as "Business Physician" enable him to fulfil this duty capably.

In unfortunate affairs, where businesses become insolvent, or where financing becomes difficult, the Certified Public Accountant appointed Receiver is in a position to render his greatest possible service. Insolvent or financially embarrassed concerns handled by professional Receivers, or by Institutions that make a business of this kind of work, are usually conducted upon strictly legal principles, which provide for the speedy liquidation of the enterprise; and in too many cases the Receivers are too much interested in the liquidating process to devote the proper attention to the broader and more important duty of conserving the assets for the benefit equally of Creditor and Stockholder. Several instances are on record where concerns having a surplus have been hastily closed out, and finally paid less than 75 per cent. to the creditor and nothing to the stockholder, who, if the business had been carried on by a capable trained executive, would have received back their business in a healthy condition and the creditors would have received 100 cents on the dollar. The Accountant, with his knowledge of curtailing expenses, his ability to reduce costs, and his wide experience in solving the difficult problems of business, is in a particularly advantageous position to handle Receiverships.

In public positions, such as Municipal Comptroller, Treasurer, Department Head, etc., the Public Accountant can be expected to give a capable, economic account of his stewardship.

Finally, in positions of all kinds requiring executive ability and detail training, the Certified Public Accountant is frequently found and is never found wanting.

E. A. FORD BARNES, C. P. A.



The Conqueror.

IN a dim and dreary forest, deep within a silent glade,
Rose a tall and lofty castle 'mid the shadow that it made;
Echoes weird and noises dismal sounded through the vacant
rooms,

Nightly came departed spirits, there to wander, while the tombs
Ever eagerly awaited for the breaking of the day,
Knowing that their restless tenants soon would have to come
away.

Ever since the mighty whirlwind swept along with rush and roar,
Levelling the ancient forest, stands the castle there no more;
Long ago in days now olden 'twas a fair and wondrous sight,
Yet behold!—one single tower looming skyward through the
night.

In like manner states and kingdoms rise majestic and sublime,
Only to be overthrown by unconquered Father Time.

CELESTINE V. MORGAN, '17.

My Life.

MY life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may not choose the colors—
He worketh steadily.

Full oft He weaveth sorrow,
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
And I the under side.

FATHER TABB.



When the Sunlight Disappeared.

ALL was still and peaceful on the river. The great city was resting in the cool of evening after a sultry summer day. Only the billowy clouds, through which the round moon drifted, drifted, looked foreboding.

The Tired Graduate had not fully recovered from the nerve-racking though successfully terminated "finals", and after the stress his spirit craved repose. Unconsciously he fell under the spell of the spectacle before him, and began to note its more striking features. The drifting moon, the dark and silent flood, the far-off, shadowy banks, the distant city's droning, the fresh odors all about him—each on its proper sense its apt impression made.

Above the "Point", a form aglow with light moved out from the heavy shadows along the shore line, and glided slowly downstream. As it approached the watcher, its oblong shape was seen to be the resultant of many lights, blended into one in the distance, and their broken reflection on the water. "An excursion boat, without doubt: yes, the *Sunlight*, as I live!" muttered the T. G. to himself. Wisps of black smoke curled from either stack, to be tossed in weird phantasy by the wind. The soft, sweet strains of "Aloha Oe" came over the water, to thrill the lone watcher and to stir old memories. As the boat draws nearer, it takes on a sharper outline, the music works a more subtle charm, and the spirit sways to the rhythm of the dance. Even when the floating palace of mirth is abreast of him, the dancing couples are not clearly discernible; the white gown of feminine frivolity and the tennis togs of masculine levity, as they pass and repass, give only a blurred impression of brightness and motion.

The fairy pavilion draws away again as gently as it has come—alluring after it, and leaving a sense of loneliness behind.

Suddenly, the lights begin to blink out—those on the lower deck a little before those just above; and back along her whole length the mantle of darkness is drawn. The gay music is hushed! That merry company is strangely still! As her last light disappears, the moon struggles up through a heavy surge of clouds to find the black water composing its ruffled surface over the spot where the boat had floated but a moment before.

A sight, truly, to appall the most callous of onlookers! The Titanic, the Great Eastern, the Lusitania disasters, at once leaped to the Graduate's memory. But soon his training asserted itself, mind o'ermastering feeling. A college graduate is prepared to

cope with any situation, to calculate the relation of any given event to some unknown set of circumstances. So, assuming the attitude of the Thinker, as he remembered it from the study of Rodin, he set about to explore the mystery.

Surely, no hostile undersea boat could have ventured so far up an inland river. But the packet was gone, and where? Perhaps the jutting apex of some former upheaval of rock strata is responsible for the tragedy. Or, if geology cannot solve the problem, perhaps mechanics can. . . .

A moment later, the T. G. is startled from his calculations by a shrill whistle, coming, apparently, from nowhere, which he recognizes as that of the *Margaret*. Peering intently across the black waters, he sees a light hovering high above their surface, which steadily grows larger as it moves upstream, until it takes on the appearance of the well-known pool-boat, barges before and churning paddle behind! Was he dreaming, or were they phantoms he had seen?

Like an inspiration, with tropical suddenness the solution dawned on him; but, according to his training, he went over it step by step. The ice that comes down the Allegheny and Monongahela every spring had eroded Brunot's Island to such an extent that the Government had caused a huge dyke to be erected at the head of the island to break the force of the ice. As the *Sunlight* moved down the channel on the side of the island opposite the observer, the dyke, sloping backward from the water's edge, caused "the lights on the lower deck to disappear a little before those just above." The T. Grad's tired eyes had failed to observe that the smoke continued "to curl from either stack." As for the music, it probably stopped because the dance was over. Clear, also, was now the reason why the company grew "strangely still." And, of course, the side-wheeler had churned up the water in passing and "ruffled the surface" of the river.

Wholly satisfied with his clever explanation of the difficult problem, the erudite detective wended his way homeward.

And, as before, the round moon drifted, drifted, through the clouds.

JOHN J. SCULLY, 4 H.

Time, Our Greatest Asset.

OUR forefathers had more time than we both for work and for leisure. They labored, toiled and studied; yet they patronized the arts, the sciences, and literature. They had more time, and they used it well and nobly.

This is one of the stangeſt paradoxes of our paradoxical age. Invention and co-operation should have given us even more moments. We no longer walk to town; we ride—an hour saved! What it formerly took ten men ten days to do, one man now accomplishes in one day. All these days free, and yet we are ever rushing and hurrying,—never quiet, never still.

And why?

We muſt ſurely have found ſome ſtrange means of occupying—and loſing— thoſe moments ſo happily given us. And we have—in uſeſſ exertion while we work and while we play. We have become ſlaves of labor in the hope of becoming maſters of pleaſure. We cut our leiſure down to a minimum till we earn enough to take us on one ſhort daſh along the path of pleaſure. Then we work again.

We are accuſtomed to ſpeak of things in terms of money. The element of time is forgotten. We receive the ſum of five dollars one day. The next day we ſpend it, and think that our loſs was five dollars. We are wrong: it is ten! We ſhould have gotten five more during that day! The little leiſure that we do give ourſelves is lavishly diſſipated.

We are improvident. We procrastinate. We conſume. We loſe.

The man of buſineſſ waſtes his ſpare moments in uſeſſ argument; his wife, at her teas, waſtes hers in ſtill more uſeſſ chatter; the girls go out every evening, of courſe: and every evening they know more about Mrs. Vernon Caſtle and leſs about Shakeſpeare. They love to ſkate, to dance—but why criticize! Their ſmiles repay our loſſes, ſo we bring ourſelves to believe.

With the youth is there the greateſt cauſe for fault-finding becauſe the youth is the growing man. It is upon him that the future depends and it is from him that we muſt expect the maximum reſults, the reſults of the opportunities that have been created for him. Now many young men work hard, ſtudy hard, and play hard; but the majority “are here becauſe they’re here,” and here they’ll ſtay until they ſee ſigns of work. If they have money they ſpend it; if they haven’t they’re determined to ſpend ſomething, ſo that ſomething is time. And this extravagant expenditure of time that ſome of us call play and moſt of us call loafing, is a criminal ſhame.

It is said that the habits of a young man's life are formed before he is twenty, and that is just about the period when he is most prone to cultivate the luxurious habit of laziness. It is then, though, that he has a golden opportunity to gain an education, to prepare for a proper start in life. His necessary expenses are generally lower and his responsibilities fewer. His years of juvenescence should be taken with the purpose of building a strong mental and physical foundation for his future career.

He has this chance and then ignores it. He prefers to be known as a good fellow or a man of society. The fraternity appeals to him more than does the class-room. He wants attention, he courts popularity. But he should remember that none of the great men historians love to quote waited for their friends to accompany them along the road to fame—they went by themselves. There is plenty of room at the top, but the way there is so narrow that there is often only space enough for one to pass at a time.

In the days gone by, the man of refinement, the man of science, and the man of toil, were in classes as far apart as the castes of India. Things were that way not because they so preferred them but because their lives were too short to cross their lines of division. But now we have, or should have, the time to couple with our commercial instincts culture, travel, history, and general knowledge.

Now do not imagine that I am condemning the time used in honest recreation. There is such a thing as productive pastime music, comedy, athletics and those many unclassified frivolities that may be aptly termed Joys Triumphant.

But the words, value of time, seem to have become a meaningless phrase. The modern efficiency of which we boast is far below its proper plane. What is there to be done? We must free ourselves from the slavery of pleasure and of fashion—at least until we earn them by actual production. We should work while young to retire when old, appreciating the higher values of life and getting peace and contentment from our existence.

We can achieve this only by a proper co-ordination of our opportunities with our moments. Thus can we progress as it was intended and attain the ultimate goal of human endeavor, prosperity and good will, not by conquest but by conservation—the conservation of our greatest gift and our least appreciated asset—Time.

F. P. ANTON,

Economics, '16.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Two Kinds.

THE editor of "The American Boy" has the right idea. He says:—

"There are just two kinds of boys in the world—Pushers and Draggers. The Pushers are making somebody's load easier by their help; the Draggers are making it heavier by their weight. You can see Pushers around every day; they are the fellows who are mowing lawns, . . . taking subscriptions for magazines. You can also see plenty of Draggers. They are the fellows who ask Dad for the money to buy a new bicycle instead of earning it, who sit around complaining there is nothing to keep them interested. After a while the Pusher will be the fellow who goes out and gets himself a job; the Dragger will ask his Uncle with a pull to get him one. A few years after that the Pusher will be owning the business, while the Dragger drives one of his delivery carts. The idea is that dead weight exerts itself only in one direction—downward. Try it with a chunk of lead and see."

We thank thee, "American Boy", for that word. The Pushers and Draggers can be seen both during the school year and during vacation. Also, during vacation some that were Pushers are sorely tempted to become Draggers.

Attende tibi!

J. J. McDONOUGH, '17.



A Propos of the Magazines.

WE wonder how many students saw the "friendly talk" quoted above in the magazine on our library table. We wonder how many "dip into" the magazines regularly. It is a good habit. Much that is of permanent value goes into these reviews. It can be said that the English of the magazines is considerably better than that of the newspapers—at all events, far in advance of the language of the *Sporting Page*. The writers, or the great majority of them, are specialists in their lines, whether it be fiction, verse, criticism, or current history. All of them have really something to say, new viewpoints to present, and talent for presenting their views entertainingly. They would not be paid for writing otherwise.

A taste for reading is always a good thing. The magazines help the student to acquire it. We are always safe in reading those censored by our faculty librarian. For the others, we must be on our guard.

J. J. McDONOUGH, '17.



The Mexican Imbrolio.

IF the invasion of Mexico was necessary, as we shall presume it was, why not go about it in the right and most effective way?

Why send a handful of troops into the country presumably under the protection of a man who is in reality our enemy? Why not amend our former mistaken policy and disregard the be-whiskered president of the Latin republic? Let the country unite against us. Then we'll know where we stand; we shall not be fired upon from ambush by our friends. Then let us send a real army into Mexico, not a couple of regiments, so that we may accomplish our purpose in a decisive and impressive manner, without spending months on a wild goose chase. Then we may take the administration of the Government into our own control and give the people of Mexico the peace and security that they have not had for many years. Nothing is gained by doing things half-heartedly, and the sooner the United States puts its shoulder to the wheel with full determination to accomplish its design, no matter what the cost, the sooner shall it gain its proper recognition among the nations of the world.

J. D. HANNAN, '16.

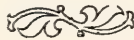
A Baseball Stadium for Amateurs.

IT has been observed in the past that Pittsburgh does not offer the same athletic opportunities to her youth as do other cities. It is true that our city has been backward in this respect, and although she is beginning to awaken, she has much before her.

There are many who advocate the fitting up of a baseball stadium for the amateur teams of the city. Such a stadium would be beneficial to the "fan" and to the player. The attendance at Federal League games during the two years of the League's existence, convinced most of us that the enthusiasts will patronize cheaper parks, if they may see pretty nearly major league ball played. Then, there are a great number of amateur teams in the city, each of which has its following. There is no doubt that the city would be able to pay for the cost of construction of the park by charging a nominal rental.

Such a park, being adapted for good fielding, would develop our young men into major league players and would make Pittsburgh a name to be considered in the field of baseball. We have had many players from our town develop into major league stars, and with the added opportunities that a properly equipped field would allow, Pittsburgh should contribute a still larger share to the progress of athletics.

J. D. HANNAN, '16.



Deserved Oblivion.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" is defunct. A little more than a year ago a new editor took it over, and reverted to the policy of bigotry and immorality that had once before characterized it. Colonel Harvey was tolerable, but Norman Hapgood was infamous; and the result of his despicable tactics might easily have been foretold.

Students may remember that only two numbers appeared on the library table after the new management had taken hold of the "Weekly".

E. J. N.

Exchanges.

THE current issue of *The Magnificat* appeals to us with greater force than ever before. Its material is well-balanced and takes in the scope of poetry, essay and story. There is an equilibrium existing between the grave and the lighter articles that makes the magazine one that can satisfy almost every taste. It seems strange that we should give first place to a story rather than to an essay, but it is our firm conviction that "The Dawn" should carry off the palm. The ode "On a Nun Decorated with the Iron Cross" is supreme in the poetic field. Its majestic imagery and martial tread must please all who study it. "The Ideal Catholic Home" and "Precocious Children" are practical essays both written in plain and concise style.

The spring number of that excellent quarterly, the *D'Youville Magazine*, is to be praised alike for the quality and the quantity of its articles. There has been a sacrifice of neither for the sake of the other. Quite a unique article is that on "Imagist Poetry", which deals with the possibility of development of free verse, i. e., verse without rhyme or metre. "Two Romanticists" draws an interesting parallel between Edgar Allan Poe and Gustavo Adolfo Becquer. The points of coincidence are well chosen and the phraseology is appropriate. "In the Light" is a war story which is to be commended more for construction of plot than for the lesson it attempts to teach. A more definite title, too, could be chosen, for one can scarcely determine just what light is referred to. "The Evil Eye" treats in an interesting manner of an old Italian superstition, but the author leaves us doubtful as to whether there is any real foundation for the superstition. A woe-ful lack of poetry is apparent; there is not one line dedicated to the Muse, beyond the verse of the several quotations. The prose articles are all excellent, but it should be remembered that poetry always relieves the impression of monotony caused by a long succession of prose articles.

"You and I" is a rather novel piece of verse appearing in the April number of the *University Symposium*. "The Evolution of the English Novel" is an essay whose title promises much that the article does not produce. What the author says is good and we have no fault to find with his style, but he did not say enough and gives us little more than a superficial sketch or outline of the novel's development. Of the two short stories, "A Christmas Pardon" is the better. Though somewhat unseasonable, the

ingenuity of plot and the rhetorical effect of its language are to be commended. There is only one editorial and, though it is timely and well written, it cannot fill the void left by those that might have been.

A unique piece of verse, abounding in quaint imagery, is entitled "If", in the *May Laurel*. "Queen of May" and "A Flower Song" are poems dedicated to Mary and her month; the former is elegant, with a tendency toward pompousness, while the latter is simple and picturesque. "Ralph Rupert, Star Reporter" is the central character in an originally constructed short story with a rather unexpected though refreshing ending. There appear three well-handled essays on subjects not often met with. The writer of "Catholic American Poets" shows himself intimately acquainted with the activities of contemporary Catholic versifiers, and gives proof of nascent critical ability.

During the course of the year the reviewer's eye met with much worthy of notice that could not at the time be even referred to in these columns on account of the exigencies of time and space. We take advantage of this last opportunity to repair the most notable of these apparent oversights.

"The Business End", an essay appearing in the *Abbey Student* for December, struck our fancy on account of a certain directness and assurance that marked it as coming from one who knew whereof he spoke. The writer laid down principles to be followed by business managers of college publications—in the main, practical and sure. The editorials, too, are worthy of commendation, that entitled "Et in Terra Pax" being exceptionally well handled.

In the Christmas number of the *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, the question, "Was Shakespeare a Catholic"? is answered affirmatively with proofs that sound logical, but are of course not apodictical. Apparently, a great amount of research work was done in the preparation of this essay. "Baseball Dope" shows quite an insight into the workings of big league baseball, and also, by the way, proves that athletic news can be well written without the use of slang.

It is not often that one finds an exceptional piece of fiction in college circles; there are plots aplenty, but the college author generally shows a lack of experience in handling his plot, and a lack of the power to sustain interest. In the January *Fordham Monthly* we found a story that simply compelled attention from

start to finish. "In Thy Most Need" was its title, and it dealt with political intrigue in a masterful manner.

There was a touching biography of "A Martyr of Charity", Father Thomas of Jesus, in *St. Mary's Messenger* for February. Incident followed incident in fascinating manner. The article showed careful study of sources and diligent preparation.

The author of "Why a Catholic Cannot Be a Socialist" in the March number of *The Exponent* handles a heavy subject in a very capable manner. In the end, shorn of its abstractions and its subterfuges, Socialism appears to the ordinary reader what it is in reality—illogical, unchristian, impracticable. "Jimmy McGuire, No. 47" has a rather fantastic plot dealing with a supposed international conspiracy. The story is one of absorbing interest, but it is hardly calculated to promote good feeling among certain races that are not too friendly now.

J. D. HANNAN, '16.

The Play.

THE "Big Play" given in the Lyceum Theatre, May 10, was remarkably successful. From every quarter the Faculty have received congratulations on the all-round brilliancy of the performance. As one of the daily papers put it, the boys from the big school on the Bluff showed that they can do things along dramatic lines as well as in the realms of scholarship and sportdom. The Red Masquers gave proof of wisdom in their selection of a vehicle; they did not go beyond their depth by essaying Shakespeare, Bulwer-Lytton, or even George Bernard Shaw, but hit upon the lightest of modern farce-comedies, "Brown's in Town", in which the frivolity and the energy of youth have ample opportunity for finding an outlet. The big audience—the biggest the Lyceum holds in a season—rocked with laughter during the short two hours of the performance, at the difficulties in which a young couple found themselves more and more deeply involved in their efforts to conceal their marriage from parents and former suitors, and sighed with relief at the happy settlement that came in the end.

Joseph A. Burns, '17, gave a sprightly interpretation of the resourceful but embarrassed bridegroom, *Dick Preston*; and his bride of a week, *Letty Leonard*, as played with maidenly grace by John J. McDonough, '17, infused the honeymoon poetry and

springtime freshness into the whole piece. A splendid bit of character work was that of Ray Baum, '19, in the role of *Abel Preston*, the father, by turns affectionate, mystified, wrathful, and appeased.

Arthur Howard, the intruding suitor, was played with joyous abandon by Joseph Monteverde, '16, and served as an apt foil to the pert and vivacious *Suzanne Dacre*, acted with fine effect by Edward J. Nemmer, '16. Joseph L. McIntyre, '18, already famous as the Irish cook in four Duquesne plays, brought down the house by his manner of "doing" the part of *Primrose Johnson*, a darkey culinary artist. Frank Anton, '16, was quite at home in the role of the cultured *Worth Carew*, and his comical distress in situations unusual to a gentleman of his standing caused no end of merriment. *Pollock*, the gardener, was effectively impersonated by E. Lawrence O'Connell, '16, and *Freda Von Hollenbeck*, the heiress intent on pushing a breach of promise suit, was played with laughable naturalness by Kenneth A. Leopold, '19.

In fact, naturalness, vivid truth to nature, was the dominant note of the acting. That a crowd of amateurs could do this—the hardest of all things to do on the stage—is entirely due to the effective training of Clinton E. Lloyd, head of the University's Department of Speech Arts.

The costuming, particularly that of the "ladies", was handsome, and sartorially perfect to the last degree. Much thought and excellent taste were shown in the stage settings. The garden scene in the first act was made especially pretty with a wealth of flowers and plants, kindly loaned by A. W. Smith Company.

The second part of the evening's programme consisted of a series of drills with wands, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs, by the pupils of the High School Department. The graceful and rhythmic movements, executed with perfect harmony, to the accompaniment of music and under the play of colored lights, made a spectacle of unaccustomed beauty. Mammoth pyramids "built" by over fifty boys, closed the exhibition. Dr. Carl Stein trained the gymnasts.

In the intervals, William Wallace, a promising young baritone, sang, and Francis Kleyle, an exceptionally clever boy violinist, played. The University orchestra, under the baton of Professor Charles B. Weis, furnished excellent music throughout the evening.

There was a handsome souvenir programme to take away as a remembrance of the Big Night.

OLD-TIMER, '04.

CHRONICLE

Law School.

During the past month, the members of the third year class have been engaged in their examinations for the degree of LL. B., which have covered all the subjects of their course. With the conclusion of these tests, the members began preparing for their final and important examination before the State Board. It is confidently hoped that the splendid record of the last two years will be fully sustained by this year's class.

In 1914 and 1915, every single one of the candidates that presented themselves passed the State Board and since then have been admitted to the bar.

The first and second year men are being examined in all the subjects of the past year.

Next year all the classes will be held in the late afternoon and evening, namely, from 5:30 to 7:30 P. M.

Hon. Judge Way, president of the County Court, whose serious illness, due to an auto accident, we have already chronicled, has resumed his lectures in Domestic Relations, Federal Court Procedure and Bankruptcy, to the extreme pleasure and gratification of all the members of his classes.

We are happy to say that without an exception all the members of the present eminent and experienced staff, now so well-known throughout the State, will be found in their respective chairs at the beginning of the next school term.

J. A. B., '17.

College.

The Senior Class has just completed its severe test in the form of the examinations for the B. A. degree, which covered all the important branches of collegiate work

The B. A's. Despite the fact that the class is the youngest in the history of the University, not one member having yet attained his majority, it was announced

to them recently that each single member had been successful and would receive the coveted degree.

The successful young men are: Jerome D. Hannan, Michael P. Hinnebusch, Francis M. Hoffman, Thomas J. McDermott, Thos. P. Nee, Edward J. Nemmer and E. Lawrence O'Connell.

The valedictorian will be J. D. Hannan. Edward J. Nemmer will give the Latin salutatory and T. J. McDermott has the bachelor's oration.

The Seniors are repeating the work of the past year, especially in philosophy, in which they have yet to undergo an oral examination. The Juniors are assiduously preparing for their finals.

The College classes listened to a most impressive talk on "Thrift", by Mr. E. A. Woods, on May 5. A nation's wealth, he affirmed, lies not in the money amassed by

"Thrift" her people, but in their *character*. A nation is tested more by riches than by poverty. . .

A man's fortune consists not in what he makes—be it even millions—but in what he *saves*. . . Your life, your education, your *self*, represents a sacrifice made by others; it is a capital, an investment, to be returned to society. . . Very few realize this; fewer still act upon it.

Several of the Seniors and Juniors were selected by the *Press* to act as officials at its recent meets.

At Meets Thomas Drengacz, in particular, has proven himself especially competent.

The Juniors defeated the Seniors in the annual class game between the two classes, May 26.

Class Game The victory was due chiefly to the stellar pitching of Zitzman.

F. C. S. '17.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

The school year closes upon conclusion of the final examinations, Tuesday, June 6.

The School of Commerce has announced the opening, the latter part of this month, of several new special courses for Commercial teachers, leading to the degree Bachelor of Science in Economics. These courses will include Advanced English, Transportation, Investments, Commerce, Industry, and others which have not yet been determined upon.

The Evening School Association of the School of Commerce will hold its first annual banquet, June 12th, with the Honorable James Francis Burke as the principal speaker.

The School of Commerce has just concluded a lease which will nearly double the size of its present quarters. The school now occupies the entire fifth floor of the Vandergrift Building, with a new and enlarged library and a large assembly hall for special lectures, students' meetings, etc.

F. P. A., '16.

High School Commercial.

The class of '16 have been very busy preparing for their final examination, scheduled for the first week of June.

On May 9, Mr. W. H. Walker, Dean of the School of Finance and Commerce, addressed the graduating class on the Advantages of a Good Commercial Education. On May 15, Mr. Shearman, Instructor in Economics at the down-town school, spoke on Preparedness in the Commercial Field. On May 19, Mr. H. M. Rowe, Jr., of the Rowe Publishing Co., of Baltimore, Md., addressed the class on Practical Points on Bookkeeping and Accountancy.

On May 25, Rev. A. B. Mehler, Head of the Department, gave the class of '16 a talk on the Real Success of Life. Prof. Leo P. Gallagher, M. A., has favored the Commercial students with several interesting talks on Commercial Law during the course of the month just past.

JOSEPH LACKNER, '16.

General News.

The Very Rev. President attended the semi-annual meeting of the College and University Presidents of Pennsylvania, held at Juniata College, Huntingdon, April 17. Two

At Juniata questions occupied the delegates: inter-collegiate athletics, and the standing to be given in our colleges to graduates of the Pennsylvania State Normal schools. After the conference, President Harvey, of Juniata College, entertained his guests in an automobile ride to the mountains and later at dinner in the Students' Hall.

A visit much appreciated by both Faculty and students was

that of Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Order in the United States. Father
Father Phelan Phelan was for many years a professor in the "Old College", and in his official capacity has contributed very materially to the present success of the University.

Very Rev. Edward A. Crehan, C. S. Sp., D. D., President of St. Mary's College, Trinidad, British West Indies, was a guest at the University for two weeks in the early
Dr. Crehan part of May. He has been in the United States since last December, taking a needed rest after years of arduous labors in the tropics. Previous to his going to Trinidad in 1906, Father Crehan was President of Rockwell and Blackrock Colleges and Provincial of the Irish province. In his boyhood days, at Blackrock, he had been a fellow-student of the President and Vice-President of the University. During his stay in Pittsburgh he visited all the places of historic interest in and around the city, as also the houses of members of the Society.

We are proud to record the successes scored by students of the College over which Dr. Crehan so ably presides. Competitive examinations are set by Cambridge University, England, on the results of which depend yearly three scholarships, each equivalent to the sum of \$3000. During the last three years, students trained by Dr. Crehan and his associated professors carried off seven out of the nine offered; only two went to the Royal College, maintained by Government funds.

The scaffolding which for several months past had darkened the sanctuary of the University chapel, was
Chapel taken down at Easter, revealing a vision of
Decoration beauty, entirely the handiwork of Brother Fulbert. He is now engaged in decorating the body of the sacred edifice.

The officers of the University C. T. A. U. have been taking the "census" of the adherents of the great Total Abstinence movement. They have on record some two
C. T. A. U. hundred and fifty names. In many classes there is not one boy without the pledge that means so much for the present and future. Father Malloy, Spiritual Advisor, addressed the whole student body after Mass on a recent occasion, on "Why I Am a Total Abstainer".

During the two days of the street car strike, many sorts of conveyances were pressed into service to bring the day scholars to school. Some champion walkers were developed, too. The following, for instance, walked from beyond the city limits on both days: Becker, Gillen, Haren, Power, Ruffenach. Others "footed it" from distances nearly as great.

A scholarly address, with many intimate personal touches, was that delivered to the student body on May 17, by Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, of the Society of African Missions of Lyons, whose name has for some time past been prominently before the public in the Eastern dioceses as an eloquent and successful lecturer. He dwelt on the romantic history of Egypt in pagan and Christian times, and spoke of the efforts of modern missionaries to restore its ancient glories.

FRANCIS C. STREIFF, '17.

Alumni.

ONCE more with joyous pen we set down the record of the ordination of some of the University's favorite sons to the holy priesthood. GEORGE P. ANGEL, '11, JOHN F. REGIS CORCORAN, '12, and PHILIP A. DUGAN, '11, received the holy unction from the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons on Thursday, May 25, and celebrated their first solemn Masses on May 28, at St. Joseph's, Bloomfield, St. Richard's, and St. Mary Magdalen's, Homestead, respectively. The Very Rev. President preached the sermon at Father Dugan's first Mass. Rev. P. A. McDermott was present at Father Angel's, and Rev. H. J. McDermott at Father Corcoran's.

BEFORE this issue of the MONTHLY will have reached its readers, another well-remembered alumnus, JAMES A. MANLEY, '14, will have advanced to the altar of God. His ordination takes place June 4, at the Abbey church, Belmont, N. C., and his first solemn Mass at Pleasant Hill, Mo., a week later. June 23 will see the promotion of EDWARD J. MISKLOW, '12, and CLARENCE A. SANDERBECK, '11, to the holy priesthood, at the diocesan seminary. There, to be complete, we must also chronicle the ordination of MARTIN LUSKIEWICZ, Ex-'11, and FRANCIS X. WILLIAMS, M. A., '14, which took place at the Holy Ghost seminary, Ferndale, Conn., some months ago.

That all these "elect of God" may ever retain the fresh happiness, the earnest holiness, and the enthusiastic zeal, of their ordination day, and that their work among souls may be long and fruitful, is the wish not only of the Alumni editor, but of the whole University.

THE old boarders have always looked upon themselves, not as transient visitors, but as part of the establishment; and even those among them who have settled far away from the scenes of their boyhood days, ever and anon gravitate back again to the campus on the Bluff. ALFRED SMITH, '01, has been nine years in Oklahoma. But no sooner had he found his way back to Titusville for a flying trip, than he switched off to the Smoky City and the old school. Most of the time Mr. Smith has been in the west, he has been occupied with the work of an Expert Accountant, but more recently he has taken up the oil business, and made a great success of it. He says there are wonderful opportunities in Oklahoma and Texas for the young man from the east; in fact he will succeed better there than the native westerner or southerner. The latter are "too sociable to be good business men," and they lack the easterner's gift for plodding and detail work.

AMONG those preparing for the C. P. A. examinations at Duquesne University School of Accounts is LOUIS WETZEL, '13. He has been, since graduation, bookkeeper for Leeds Co., Tailors, Federal Street.

THE energy which HERMAN STRATMAN, '09, displayed as a member of the 'Varsity football team he now expends in the Court House, where he is busy making out licenses to brokers, hunters, fishermen, and doing the thousand other jobs that fall to the lot of the Mercantile Appraiser.

A VALUABLE man in the sales department of Spear & Company's Furniture establishment is a certain stenographer and-bookkeeper named URBAN CROCK, '15. "Peggy" has developed into something of a giant, too.

WALTER MACIEJWSKI, '14, is assistant to CLARENCE MC-DERMOTT, '09, head bookkeeper in the factory office of the Bernard Gloekler Co., Sixteenth Street. MARTIN GLOEKLER, '07, manager of the factory, is a business man of uncommon ability.

THOMAS J. CLARK, '14, holds a responsible position in the office of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works at Bessemer, Pa.

J. J. O'CONNOR, '15, is an efficient stenographer in the employ of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad.

A PLEASANT surprise was the announcement of the marriage of JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15, which took place at St. Leo's Church, N. S., on May 9. His bride was Miss Barbara Hickley. Our best wishes, Professor!

VICTOR KENNEDY, '17.



LOYALTY in practice sessions and consistent team-work in the contests have rounded out the four representative teams of the University into winning combinations. Thus far each team has lost only one game. Both managers and coaches are laboring with might and main to continue this proud record, realizing that only by consistent effort can it be done.

' VARSITY.

Since our last issue, the 'Varsity has played and won six games.

MAY 4—with W. & J.

In a blood-tingling contest the Duquesne University nine defeated the Washington and Jefferson College team on the Bluff campus, 3 to 2. It was a grand old contest, which brought honor to the vanquished Red and Black as well as to the victorious Red and Blue. Captain Harenski and Scrubby McCreight were on the firing line, and a pretty pitchers' duel ensued, the former having a slight edge on the latter. Both pitchers gave an excellent exhibition of control.

In the fourth frame Bixler singled and Captain Heyman followed suit. Leydic flied out. McDermott sent a screeching single to center, advancing his chief to third, who scored on a passed ball. In their half of the same inning the Dukes also put two runs across the plate. Obruba walked, pilfered the key-stone sack and cavorted home when Morrissey grounded across the right side of the diamond. On the throw-in Morrissey reached second and scored when Taggart's throw hit the second baseman's shoe and caromed into left field.

In the next chapter Harenski walked, worked a delayed steal and scored on Obruba's opportune single. Cumbert, Schaffer and Stobbs accepted some very difficult fielding chances at critical junctures of the contest, which lasted 1 hour and 35 minutes. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	WASH-JEFF.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Cumbert, m.....	0	0	5	0	0	Stobbs, 3.....	0	0	0	3	0
Obruba, 2.....	1	0	2	3	0	Stewart, 1.....	0	0	8	0	0
Morrissey, r.....	1	1	1	0	0	Bixler, s.....	1	1	1	0	1
Zitzman, 1.....	0	0	9	0	0	Heyman, m.....	1	1	1	0	0
Popoff, 3.....	0	1	0	0	0	Leydic, 2.....	0	0	4	3	3
Schaffer, s.....	0	0	1	3	1	McDermott, r.....	0	1	2	0	0
O'Malley, 1.....	0	0	1	0	0	Yourd, 1.....	0	1	4	0	0
Sweeney, c.....	0	1	8	0	0	Taggart, c.....	0	0	4	2	0
J. Harenski, p.....	1	0	0	2	0	McCreight, r.....	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	3	3	27	8	1	Totals.....	2	4	24	10	4

W. & J.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Three-base hit—Yourd. Stolen bases—Obruba, J. Harenski. First base on balls—Off Harenski 1, off McCreight 4. Passed balls—Sweeney 2. Hit with pitched ball—Taggart, Yourd. First base on errors—Duquesne 2, W. & J. 1. Sacrifice bunts—Schaffer 2, Stewart. Left on bases—Duquesne 3, W. & J. 6. Struck out—by Harenski 8, by McCreight 4. Time—1:35. Umpire—Harkins, County League.

MAY 6—with WAYNESBURG COLLEGE.

In a game which at times was listless on both sides, the Duquesne University team defeated Waynesburg College on the campus, May 6, 12 to 10. Marsula, who pitched his first college game, left the mound after three innings, with the score 8 to 4 in favor of the Bluffites. The Duke infield joined the army aviation corps and Page was raced to the firing line.

The visitors used three pitchers and in this way succeeded in holding the Dukes to eight hits. The Waynesburg boys outbatted the locals, but their hits were untimely. The home team bunched hits when they could easily be transformed into runs.

DUQUESNE.....	0	0	8	1	0	2	0	1	*—12
WAYNESBURG.....	2	1	1	0	1	0	1	2	2—10

MAY 12—with GROVE CITY COLLEGE.

With slow and measured tread "Andy" Harenski scaled the Duke hillock and by his cool and accurate sharpshooting completely riddled the Grove City contingent. The final count was 15 to 5.

DUQUESNE.....	0	3	5	3	0	4	0	0	x—15
GROVE CITY.....	0	0	0	0	3	1	1	0	0—5

MAY 17—with WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

Pluvius and Boreas had a merry tilt on the campus, May 17, and had it not been for the benign influence of Old Sol the Duquesne-Westminster game would have been postponed.

Despite the rain and cold the contest was a thriller from start to finish, with the Dukes on the long end of a 5 to 3 score.

Marsula, the young pitcher, was on the mound for the Dukes and the coach kept him there although at times the spectators were verging on heart failure as he pitched himself into and out of holes. He allowed nine hits and was wild in spots, but was effective, generally, when men were on bases, and came through triumphant. He was going bad in the fourth when he issued two passes, one of which filled the bases and the second of which sent a visiting runner across the plate. Westminster had many opportunities to sew up the game, but, backed by excellent support, Marsula tightened in the pinches.

Though the Dukes got only five hits, they were inserted at timely junctures. Coulter started for the New Wilmington nine but lost the range in the fourth and Anderson succeeded him.

DUQUESNE.....	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	*—5
WESTMINSTER.....	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—3

· MAY 20—at GROVE CITY.

In the return game the Grove City team braced considerably and lost a well-fought contest, 4 to 1. Page and Penman staged a pitching duel, the former having a slight advantage. Page was just as effective with the bat as with the pellet.

DUQUESNE.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0—4
GROVE CITY.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

MAY 25—with MUSKINGUM.

Captain Joe Harenski of the Duquesne University nine limited the Muskingum College batters to one lonely hit, and the Dukes chalked up their seventh successive victory by the score of 8 to 0. This hit came in the sixth inning from the bat of Wilson, but Harenski never loosened up, although his chance of entering the hall of fame was spoiled. Only 29 batesmen faced him.

This performance, coming after two weeks on the bench with a sprained ankle, is a remarkable one.

The Dukes backed him up with flawless fielding and hit behind him for 13 counts. In four trips to the plate Zitzman smacked out four safeties, two of which were for extra bases.

DUQUESNE.....	4	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	*—8
MUSKINGUM.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hits—Doran, Zitzman 2. Stolen bases—Cumbert, Sweeney, Zitzman, J. Harenski 2, O'Malley. Wilson. Double plays—McIlvaine to Cain to Frazier; Harenski to Zitzman to Popoff. First base on balls—Off Harenski;

1, off McIlvaine 2. Passed ball—Sinclair. Hit with pitched ball—Zitzman, Wilson. First base on errors—Duquesne 2. Sacrifice bunt—Obruba. Sacrifice fly—Harenski. Left on bases—Duquesne 9, Muskingum 3. Struck out—By Harenski 5, by McIlvaine 5. Time of game—1:48. Umpire—Shalley of Pitt.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High tossers have struck a winning streak since the last issue of the MONTHLY. Although Captain Garahan, who seems to have thrown his arm out, is unable to play, he is the life of the team and his work on the bench and the lines has been material in helping the team win games. The High Nine have thus far played seven games, garnering from that number six victories and one defeat. The six games played since our last issue, came off in the following order:—

APRIL 29. UNIVERSITY HIGH vs. HOMESTEAD HIGH.

The Duquesne University high on its first trip abroad defeated Homestead High, 22 to 12. Elmer Hayes, the lead-off man for the Dukelets, smashed the first pitched ball for a home run. The young Dukes brought their batting orbs along and walloped the pellet hard. Jim Hogan pitched a steady game, but weakened in the eighth, and was relieved by Whalen. The score by innings:

UNIVERSITY HIGH.....	5	2	3	2	0	3	2	2	3—22
HOMESTEAD HIGH.....	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	8	0—12

MAY 2. UNIVERSITY HIGH vs. BEN AVON HIGH.

In a contest brimful of spectacular fielding on both sides, Ben Avon High defeated Duquesne University High on the local field, 6 to 4. The visitors played an errorless game, while the Dukelets slipped up on two occasions. The Avonites garnered 11 hits from the two Dukelet hurlers, Hogan and Whalen. The latter were unable to solve the puzzling benders of Anderson, who held them to five scattered hits. The score by innings:—

UNIVERSITY HIGH.....	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0—4
BEN AVON HIGH.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0—6

MAY 5. UNIVERSITY HIGH vs. FORD CITY HIGH.

In an interesting contest on the Bluff campus, the Ford City High School nine was blanked by the University High. Whalen, the elongated slab-artist earned for himself a niche in the hall of fame, when he applied the brush so thoroughly, that the visitors went hitless and scoreless. The consistent hitting of the Dukelets was the main feature. In the first inning R. Hayes poled a

two-base hit and McGonigle imitated him. The same pair worked in harmony in the third inning; Hayes singled, stole second, and trotted home on McGonigle's opportune bingle. In the fifth chapter the Dukelets scored three runs on singles by Ruffenach, Butrym, McGonigle, and Whalen's smack for two bases. Elmer Hayes caught a brilliant game. Goldman and Benner starred for the visitors. The score by innings:—

UNIVERSITY HIGH.....	1	0	1	0	3	1	0	0	*—6
FORD CITY HIGH.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

MAY 9. UNIVERSITY HIGH vs. CRAFTON HIGH.

In a well-balanced battle with Crafton High School, the Duke 'Varsity High came off victor with the score favoring them 4 to 2. The Dukelets played hard and well the role of home defenders, with Whalen on the slab. The visitors were held to one hit until the ninth frame when they secured two runs on two hits and two bases on balls. The Craftonites tried hard to stage a rally in the ninth inning, but a spectacular catch by Hogan sealed their fate. The fielding of Szelong, Flanagan and O'Brien was superb. Lober, Haas and Wilcox starred at bat for the visitors. The score by innings:—

UNIVERSITY HIGH.....	0	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	*—4
CRAFTON HIGH.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—2

MAY 12. UNIVERSITY HIGH vs. UNION HIGH OF KNOXVILLE.

On their second trip abroad the University High nine defeated the Knoxvilleites in McKinley Park, 8 to 3. The incident marks the second defeat the Union High suffered at the hands of the merciless Dukelets. Though a school and neighborhood turned out to root against them, the Dukelets were undisputed. With E. Hayes and Whalen as batterymen, with Captain Garahan on the sidelines, with all the Dukelets tuned up to the acme of the baseball art, Duquesne soon left the home defenders behind them. The little band of "D. U." students who accompanied their classmates thither now did all the rooting. The "U. His" batted like Cobbs and Wagners. Wagner, Shannon and Fitzpatrick were the mainstay of Knoxville. The score by innings:—

UNIVERSITY HIGH.....	1	0	0	1	3	0	0	3	*—8
UNION HIGH KNOXVILLE.....	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0—3

MAY 15. UNIVERSITY HIGH vs. HOMESTEAD HIGH.

The Duke 'Varsity High took the Homestead High into camp for the second time this season and defeated them by the

decisive score of 13 to 3. The Dukelets pounded McGuire off the mound in the fifth frame, and treated his successor with no better consideration, netting from the two twirlers seventeen hits. Whalen and Hogan wielded the bat with terrific effect for Duquesne, while Campbell did the best stick work for Homestead. The score by innings:—

UNIVERSITY HIGH	2	0	0	0	9	2	0	0	*—13
HOMESTEAD HIGH	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—3

JUNIORS.

The Juniors' ledger for the past month shows seven games on the credit side and only one on the debit side. This last they are eager to wipe out, and will shortly have the opportunity.

JUNIORS 8—MUNHILL HIGH SCHOOL 6. Bruno made his debut as a moundsman and exhibited great control and speed. Schorr and Doyle were the batting heroes.

JUNIORS 7—INGRAM JRS. 10. By bunching their hits and profiting of errors, the visitors managed to give the Dukelings their first defeat of the season. Captain Vitt and Marecki were the stellar performers.

JUNIORS 13—OAKLAND PIRATES 11. The Pirates went down to ignoble defeat after winning eight successive victories. A mighty influence on this result was the willow-wielding of Davies and Vitt.

JUNIORS 23—MOON RUN JUNIORS 1. The visitors, though powerful in appearance, were unable to hit the curves of Marecki, who struck out no fewer than nineteen men. Burgman's spectacular catch, and the batting of Kronz and Gaffney, were outstanding features of the game.

JUNIORS 16—MUNHALL HIGH SCHOOL 1. Shorr, twirling his initial game, allowed the Juniors' guests only three safeties.

JUNIORS 8—MOON RUN JRS. 3. The Dukelings traveled to Moon Run and gave the big boys a second beating. With all the bases occupied, Gujski doubled, and won the game.

JUNIORS 5—HOLY ROSARY JRS. 4. In a very interesting extra-period contest, Krantz managed to keep the hits well scattered, and displayed great coolness in pinches. In the ninth inning, Gaffney tripled to centre and tied the score on Davies' single. In the tenth each team recorded two tallies. Finally, in the twelfth, Doyle received a ticket to first, stole second and scored on a two-bagger by Davies.

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A Valedictory.

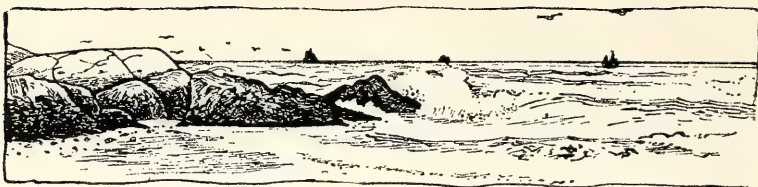
GOOD-BYE, our *Alma Mater*! See,
With tear-dimmed eye and aching heart
We speak the word; and at thy knee
We crave a blessing ere we part.

Good-bye, our guides and teachers, true
Upbuilders, firm of mind and will!
The true and good we'll e'er pursue;
We pledge stern duty to fulfil.

Good-bye, companions, comrades, friends!
Gone are the tilts of hall and field.
Though sadness this farewell attends,
The future's joys are unrevealed.

Good-bye, 'Sixteen! Once more, three cheers!
With honors crowned and high resolve
Let's do and dare. Th' eternal years
Our Friendship's bond will ne'er dissolve.

G. BILINNE.



The University and Her Graduates.

(Master's Oration.)

TO estimate the degree in which the University has influenced the history of the world would indeed be a difficult task.

Since the dawn of civilization the triumphs of brain over brawn have been innumerable. Education has been found necessary for the general good of society, and to provide education our universities were founded.

If we consider the achievements of men who have made good use of their time at college we must conclude that college life is not only worth while, but a privilege too little appreciated by those who share it. Some people are under the impression that the badge of real success in college is to be recognized in the fraternity pin or the varsity letter. Young men are sent to college because it is the thing to do, and parents regard their intellectual progress as wholly secondary in importance to their social success. These young men enter college with the idea that it is a gentleman's condition and that success socially is the main end of their college career. These same individuals, if they pursue their studies to graduation, are changed from useless drones in the busy hive of life to useful and energetic members of society.

The real opportunity of the university, beyond the furnishing of a modicum of information and the formation of habits of attention and industry, is the chance to develop in its students a healthy intellectual curiosity. This will produce the initiative, efficiency and culture so much desired.

American education, in its scope and in the efficiency of its accomplishment, depends largely upon the attitude of its graduates. A fault to be found with many educated men is the haughty assumption of superiority, the possession of knowledge making them disdainfully proud in the midst of their fellows. They forget they owe a duty to their less fortunate brothers—a duty which devolves upon them as educated men. If university training succeeds in fitting men to be of more assistance to those

in need than they would be had they been deprived of such education, then its work is accomplished. It remains with the individual to make use of the principles instilled into his heart.

University training in the hands of a man is like the chisel in the hands of the sculptor. Humanity is the marble. All the conditions requisite for a great work are at hand, yet it remains undone if the sculptor fails to make his chisel play upon the marble before him. Much more could be accomplished by the educated man if he did not isolate himself from the fields that await his efforts. But his usefulness is often hampered because he has immured himself within the narrow realm of selfishness; because he disdains rather than pities those who are his intellectual inferiors.

To the graduate the college means more than the mere externals. It means more than a place in which for a monetary consideration and some personal effort a certain mental equipment was obtained. It means the place of wonderful dreams of future conquest; of days when the only cloud which marred a perfect sky was a lecture or a neglected recitation. It means the place in which friendships were formed which will endure even in the hereafter.

The school is known, not by its curriculum but by its graduates, and they are known through the spirit which is instilled into them in their *Alma Mater*. This spirit gives them the smashing vim that makes them distinguished in every walk of life; this spirit sends them out over the world to cross mountains as pioneers, or to pierce these same mountains; it is this spirit which brings them again to the reunions of their class to clasp with tear-bedimmed eye the hand of a class-mate of the long ago.

To those who know nothing of this spirit, this is merely a juggle with words; but those who have experienced it will tell you that it chains the imagination as the sparkling eye and dazzling scales of the serpent enchant the hovering bird; it is winged with lofty feeling; it establishes an electric current of sympathy between the students, and thrill after thrill of sentiment and emotion is sent vibrating and pulsating to the sensibilities of the students until their very heartstrings seem to be held in its grasp; it strips those who experienced it of their independence and invests them with new life, making them obedient to a strange nature; it divests men of their peculiar qualities and affections, and turns a vast multitude into one man, giving it but

one heart, one mind, and one voice, and that the echo of their *Alma Mater*. It is then a power which is felt through the length and breadth of the land.

I have attempted to point out the need of a good education; I have tried to show that this education may be obtained in the university. But some may say Edison never attended college; others prominent in the business world succeeded without a university degree. True—but they are the exceptions which prove the rule. Glance at the roll of men who have achieved fame in all walks of life, and you will find the educated man leading the field.

Let then, O Graduates, your course in life be such that when the Omnipotent King has called you over the Great Divide, the world will write with golden letters opposite your names in the Book of Life the name of your *Alma Mater*.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, M. A., '16.

Assurance.

WHAT can you say when you've gone to your rest—
Night dews are falling, the sun has dropped low

'Neath the dark hills in the purple-gray west,

Moonlight and starlight beginning to glow
Over the far-lying easterly crest—

What can you answer the voice that is heard,

Questioning, brooking nor wait nor delay,

Whispering inwardly one little word:

What have you done to-day?

Daylight is fading and life's on the wane;

Over the past shines a glimmer of light.

What now remains of the pleasure and pain?

What can I carry thro' Death's darksome night?

Sternest of Judges! Oh, then wilt Thou deign

Works of Thy creature benignly to test.

Humbly but trustfully then can I say:

Weak as I am, I have just done my best—

That's what I've done to-day!

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Ideals and Money.*

"Happy is he that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding:
For the merchandise of it is better than silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold."

—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

SO mad are we for the practical as opposed to the theoretical that it is not an uncommon thing to discover students who ridicule certain subjects in a curriculum of studies because they will probably have no use for them in after life and because they do not express a definite monetary value. It is not so repugnant to hear such remarks from students themselves,—for no one can be a good judge in his own case,—but when educators stoop to this popular prejudice, it is time that we stop and consider what is to become of us if we have no time for ideals. The classical method, which has always aimed at teaching, not so much what to know as how to think, is too thorough for this money-mad world of ours. We must not waste time, it would seem, inculcating ideals of life into our young students; we are rather to cram their heads full of practical principles in the shortest possible time, and then to send them out into the world as machines to grind out money (of which they themselves often receive only a very small share), without having developed their intelligence or given them an individual reasoning power whereby to form sound ideals. This repugnance, as often found in our modern educational system, extends itself to every field of endeavor. It is ubiquitous.

The desire for money is to be found in the heart of every man. True, its degrees of intensity vary, but traces of it seem to follow the nature of man. Doubt may be expressed whether this is a virtue or a vice; whether it was implanted in man before his fall or whether it is one of the evil inclinations consequent on Adam's disobedience. If we examine its relation to man's end, all doubt shall be readily dispelled, and we shall be obliged to denominate it unanimously an iniquitous trait of man's corrupted nature—so much so that Avarice, or the ill-regulated desire for money, has always been classed as one of the Seven Deadly Sins.

The ideal of happiness ever shines before all men. Happiness, however, in its true and ultimate signification, can never be attained in this life; its perfect realization can be found only in the full enjoyment of God's presence in the life to come. How-

* This essay won the prize of ten dollars offered by the Duquesne University Club.

ever, by holding this beacon light before ourselves in this world, we shall do nothing contrary to our ultimate happiness, and shall enjoy a participation of it on this side of the grave. Now, the way by which we are to arrive at ultimate beatitude often seems to our perverted perceptions full of thorns and brambles; but to him who properly understands his ideal, the knowledge, the love and the service of the Creator of the Universe are the only highway to happiness even in this world. Neither the love nor the possession of money has ever made any man happy. The craving for money never results in happiness; it is never satiated. Just as drinking often increases the thirst, so the desire for money grows with possession.

Furthermore, the fear of its loss ever casts a gloomy cloak over the aspect of life. Seneca cites the instance of Apicius, who, when he had squandered the greater part of his patrimony, committed suicide lest he should die of hunger. There can be no doubt, therefore, that they who are born with a silver spoon in their mouth are never happier for it, for, like the rich King Midas in the fable, they ever yearn for more; and even should they, like him, obtain an infinite power, they would still be unhappy because of the attending discomforts. Of old, a hoarder of money was called a miser, but to-day he is designated a millionaire. And are not the two words synonymous? Then look at the etymological signification of the word "miser" and you have conclusive argument to sustain the statement that money never brings happiness, but rather misery and wretchedness, to all who seek it as their chief goal.

One of the supreme ideals that man must sustain if he is to attain to his final end, is Duty. There must be no shirking of responsibility if we are to be successful in Life's battle; the deserter will die a despicable death. The idler,—he who does not realize his duty, or, realizing it, does not perform it,—is like a violin attuned to suit the Devil's bow, for Satan ever finds work for idle hands to do. Man's duties may be divided into three distinct classes; his duty to God, his duty to himself and his duty to his neighbor. These three stand as road signs along the path to Salvation; if they are obliterated, we shall lose our way and fall into the hands of enemies. The avaricious man, by daily practice, dims more and more these guide-posts, until he forgets—or tries to forget—the signification of duty. And how does he do this? His duty to God is to know, love and serve Him; but in his struggle for the Almighty Dollar, the image of a Creator is either infinitely dulled or entirely forgotten. Now without the

knowledge of a Supreme Being, it is an impossible task to love and serve Him, for one cannot serve God and Mammon. A man who strives for nothing but gold forgets himself spiritually and temporally, with the result that he dies prematurely, having lost his soul and left the dross which he adored to flattering relatives. The hoarder of money forgets the meaning of Justice. "By hook or by crook" he will gain every cent within range of his greedy eye. He forgets his duty to his neighbor, he casts aside the obligations of Justice and of Charity, and with Cain, the first sinner against the rights of his brother, he asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The greedy individual is constantly at war with two sister ideals that continually alleviate the trials of the burdened and sooth the minds of the defeated, Love and Friendship. There is no room in his soul for love, unless it be for gold; he has no friend, unless it be money. And what cold and unresponsive things on which to waste one's care and emotion! What return does gold offer for the solicitude wasted upon it? What comfort does it give for the days and nights of anxiety spent in its pursuit? Trouble, sorrow, disease, death and damnation are all that it can give, and with faithful gratitude it invariably offers them.

Another pair of twin ideals there is, that lose their elevating effect on man's soul through lust for gold,—Art and Science. The soft cadence of poetry, the enrapturing strains of music, the fascinating tints of painting and the graceful poise of sculpture are thrown aside by the avaricious man in his haste for gold. The secrets of the heavens, of earth, and of life itself have no concern for him. He knows no distinction between Life and Death, unless possession of money is Life, and its loss, Death. So completely obsessed is he in worship of his idol that even the most uplifting influences are cast aside by him as valueless.

Last comes the ideal of Gratitude, with which is linked that of Religion. Neither of these is of any importance to the greed-stricken man. You know it isn't so much that being happy makes a man thankful as that being thankful makes him happy, and to expect happiness without gratitude is as vain as expecting love without friendship. How can a man be thankful who is always greedily striving for more? An opinion lurks somewhere in his mind that no matter how great a favor has been done him, more still could have been done. Then, passing from his fellowman, he is not satisfied with what God has done. God created him, redeemed him and sanctified him, but because trials

and temptations, of which he himself is more often the cause; sometimes come, God is unjust and unmerciful, an ungrateful Tyrant. Thus, from ingratitude he drifts into irreligion and soon comes to the apex of atheism, where, if he die, he will be condemned forever.

Thus, it has been well said that money is the root of all evil; and again, that if ideals were cast out of the world, life would not be worth living. It would pay us better not to emphasize the avaricious side of our natures but to cultivate and to cherish ideals. Now, money as a convenient method of turning labor into the necessities of life is to be commended. But as soon as it is pursued for itself to the exclusion of the beautiful things in nature and the ideals of life, it becomes a detriment to man and an active tool of his greatest enemy.

JEROME D. HANNAN, B. A., '16.

In Midsummer.

THE woodland orchestras are lightly playing,
 And echoes answer from entrancèd glen;
 Gay, errant butterflies are idly straying:
 Old miracles of earth revive again!

O'er azure sky sail forms of fairy hazes,
 Soft blown as shrouding ermine Boreas wore.
 The silvery brook glides purling through the mazes
 Of reed and alder blooming on its shore.

Fresh odors from the flow'r-decked plains are blowing;
 Far, misty mountains lie in haunted sleep;
 Through leafy vales the silent streams are flowing,
 Past templed hills, unto the mighty deep.

Unceasingly, old Ocean's depths engender
 New wavelets that but dance and disappear:
 Revolving Earth renews her wonted splendor
 As flaming sun bursts forth from distant mere.

The loveliness of earth is a reflection—
 Though blurred, distorted, weak, imperfect, dim—
 Of Beauty's self: my yearning soul's affection
 Can find content and peace alone in Him.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Importance of Theory.

THIS is an age of specialization. In all the arts, in all the sciences, in study and in play, we find specialists—men who fix their whole attention on one particular branch of a subject. Their motto seems to be, "Attend to one thing and disregard the rest," with the result that things which are absolutely dependent on one another for their own mutual welfare, are often separated; and what nature has joined together, man too often sets asunder. Such, indeed, is the case with theory and practice. The majority of us assert that we are, first and always, practical; that we are not mere theorists, but specialists in practice and snubbers of theory. Unfortunately, however, practice can not be of any great value without the aid of theory, and the isolation of theory and practice is fatal alike to the individual and to society.

Theory—defined as the general or abstract principles of any body of facts, or as a group of hypotheses that have undergone verification—is the only explanation of the universe and the sole guide to action. Everything is explained by theory and nothing human is done without it. The movements of the planets, the growth of plant or animal life, the successive stages of war and peace, even the changes of taste and fashion, are explained by theory. Nay, the very man who scoffs at theory and boasts that he, at least, is practical, is himself a theorist, though his theory is the most inconsistent and self-destructive; it is the very climax of irrationality. For, to be consistent, such a man must maintain silence and never again speak or act with the aid of any ideas; in other words, he must reduce himself to the very level of the brute creation.

Fortunately, it is impossible for any one to be an anti-theorist in the absolute sense of the term. But still there is a danger of emphasizing too much the necessity of practice and too little the more important element of theory. This, indeed, is the special danger of a democracy, such as ours; for, unless the people are sufficiently educated to think and act independently of party leaders, there is the danger of mob rule, which follows to a certain extent the psychology of the crowd. That is, its intelligence can be no greater than that of its weakest member, intellectually, who certainly is least capable of theorizing or understanding theory.

It is well therefore to recall from time to time what theory has done for humanity, especially in the political and in the industrial world.

The laws of ancient Greece and Rome were derived, for the most part, from the theory that man can attain the full stature of his perfection, only in and by means of the State. See how for centuries the political character of Europe was molded by the rival theories of Empire and Papacy. Witness the titanic struggle of France, the streets of Paris full of barricades and flowing with blood, while on the lips of the lowest scum of the population were such abstract terms as Liberty and Equality of Man. Where, indeed, would be the flag of the Stars and Stripes were it not for the theory that taxation and representation should go hand in hand?

Look again at the Industrial World, the so-called laws of Economics, laws that affect the distribution of wages and the accumulation of capital; they are all theories. The very men who took part in the recent strike of Pittsburgh and its vicinity, were moved by the theory, that they should share in the general prosperity. In fact, we find the influence of theory everywhere, and even the most violent of the self-called practical men are precisely those who are mostly influenced by it, but alas, only too frequently, by a false theory.

Theory there must be, and if we despise it as far as lies in our power, then we limit and restrict our mental capacity, by affecting to ignore that which should be the guiding light of all our actions; and the result is, not that we escape theory, for that is impossible, but that we fall victims to false theories.

Accordingly, it is the aim of a university, to inculcate true theory and to do all in its power to counteract the influence of false theory. It demonstrates that, in physics, it is not the mere phenomena; in medicine, it is not mere experiment: but in all the arts and sciences, it is the theory, or the idea, that counts, and that, above all else, spells the true progress of society and the continual advancement of man, individually and collectively, to the goal of truth, virtue and happiness.

Thought is the seed of action. Nothing is more potent than thought. It is the philosopher who causes revolutions; it is the scientist, brooding over his little toys in the laboratory, that has given us steam and electricity; and it is the student who theorizes the most, that ultimately becomes the most successful and efficient leader in the conduct of human affairs.

THOMAS J. McDERMOTT, B. A., '16.

The Influence of Life Insurance Upon Systematic Thrift.*

"For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts all the day."

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE gigantic form of Mars that is devastating Europe's fair and fertile fields, that is bringing misery, sorrow and death upon her children has opened Fortune's thesaurus and poured the wealth of her coffers into the industrial fields of the United States. The result is a reign of prosperity that fortifies with impregnable breastworks the position as the wealthiest of nations even previously held by Uncle Sam. Few citizens of our noble country are ignorant of the fact that we possess one-third of the world's wealth and few of us are slow at grasping every opportunity to boast of that fact; yet we fail to realize that the gold which seems to insure our national supremacy for epochs to come is really a temptation and a test of character. A nation's success does not depend upon its wealth but upon the composite character of its constituent citizenship. Possibly the first and the worst sin to which wealth lays a nation prone is indolence. An indulgent spirit, desirous of present ease and unmindful of the future, is characteristic of the indolent man and indicates for him complete failure in life. It is this same spirit inherent in community life that has caused and will cause the downfall of states and nations. For the welfare of a nation is bound up not in the vastness of its material possessions but in the virtues of its individuals and the greatest virtue contributing to the success and progress of any community is thrift.

The word, 'thrift', has a somewhat expansive meaning, and though it is not capable of a strictly scientific definition, it may be adequately comprehended by description. So we may call it an acquitted quality or virtue whereby one becomes willing to sacrifice the value of present goods for their advantage in the future; or, in more concentrated form, it is a sacrifice of to-day for to-morrow. In other words, it is the virtue diametrically opposed to the vices of waste, indolence and indulgence. It is, therefore, upon thrift that we must depend for our greatness, for by it we obtain full value from material goods while looking forward to our opportunities in the future. Whoever has attained

* This essay won the second prize, fifty dollars in gold, in the First Inter-collegiate Literary Contest held under the auspices of the Edward A. Woods Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa

to an age where he may review the past actions of his life will almost infallibly attach his disregard for his many opportunities to sheer indolence. Men often depend upon Fortune to determine what Will ought to have fixed. It is indolence, too, that is the cause of much of the unemployment that sociologists attempt to treat as an economic disease, whereas it is, in reality, only the symptom of a more radical malady that must be remedied before its extrinsic result is eliminated. From what has been said it is not difficult to perceive that the gulf between men who succeed and those who fail is caused by the inequality, not of intellectual habit or power of thought, but rather of moral habit or mode of living action. The distinction between success and failure is the difference between alert observation and sluggish nonchalance; between incessant reflection and frivolous modes of thought; between anticipation of contingencies and implicit trust in Fortune; in fine, between active preparedness and idle indolence. Now, if thrift is the fruitful soil wherein alone success may grow and flourish—as is apparent from the foregoing,—it follows that it should be cultivated by all for the further progress of the nation.

From the use of the term "cultivate", we are to believe that thrift cannot be found in a day. It is an acquired virtue and, like all others of its kind, it must be attained by a constant and indefinite repetition of acts tending to its possession. The way to thrift is paved with acts of saving and the road is hard without the paving.

Now, the methods of saving may be reduced to three; namely, in private, through a bank, or by life insurance. Of the first, little need be said as it is falsely called a mode of saving and deserves rather to be designated as a miserly system of hoarding, and because it is generally considered an eccentricity rather than a virtue. But the other two are approved methods of provision for the future and it remains to show which of the two exercises the greater influence on the character formation of a man.

Life insurance is not a desultory but a systematic method of saving and, as such, affects principally the workingman, the wealthy man and the spendthrift. Let us first consider its effect upon the workingman. Life insurance places the man of small means in touch with a plan of statesmanlike proportions and, piercing our imaginations, leads us at least to the door of a new system of social life. Now, human life has a particular value,

especially to the workingman who has either parents or a family depending upon his physical ability, not only in the more or less spontaneous way that the law of self-preservation expresses, not merely from the mere sentimental view which considers only the affections existing between the individual and his associates in life, but even from a purely material standpoint. Life insurance has assumed to itself the duty of changing life into a material asset; it affords the workingman an opportunity of transmuting life from a character, fleeting and unstable, to a permanent state, virtually immutable. Surely, it requires sacrifices, but they are moderate and such as are easily endured when the thought of future benefit is present. And all the time, it is building the man's character, it is making him morally strong. With every payment, he realizes his duty to self, to family and to society; he appreciates his economic worth.

With the rich man it is much the same. He insures his life for many thousands of dollars, usually adopting the endowment or, at least, the ten or twenty-year payment plan. He, too, is practicing the virtue of thrift, and his character is being benefited by it. He sees in life insurance a banker for millions of people, who is fortified against panic, but who allows each insured man to draw on him at any time to the exact extent of his cash credit; he appreciates that life insurance is based on a solid foundation, that it is state regulated and that it has a large reserve fund and so, knowing with certainty the titanic strength of his investment, like the workingman, he provides for the payment of his economic debt to society in case of miscarriage of other less stable investments. And, so, realizing the necessity of thrift in his own case, he proceeds to his employes and inculcates in their characters a similar spirit, thus promoting thrift in all classes of society.

The spendthrift is a natural born fool or one who by the constant repetition of acts of folly has become foolish. He belongs to that peculiar class of men who do not realize the meaning of money and who have not character enough to save systematically. If, as an island in the middle of the sea, such a one were literally surrounded by savings banks, he would not patronize one of them. His mind is full of good intentions, the fruition of which he never sees. He neglects saving as long as possible and if, in one of his saner moments, he does open a bank account, the possibilities of its ever growing to any magnitude are very remote. Now when such a person takes out a life insurance policy, he is embarked on a permanent programme of

saving and is far more likely to persist therein than he would with the bank account, as is convincingly proven by comparative data on the point. In a certain Cleveland bank, it was found that from a number of deposits aggregating sixty millions of dollars, only two per cent. were left untouched, whereas, in a period of fifteen years, an average of two-thirds of the insurance policies were maintained. This wonderful record is, no doubt, due to the fact that the insured is voluntarily compelled to make a certain deposit every year or lose a portion of what he has previously paid. It is evident, therefore, that life insurance is the only method of teaching the spendthrift habits of systematic thrift.

Life insurance does more. It not only remedies a reckless spirit of wastefulness, but it actually prevents its acquisition in the case of young men. Such men, upon insuring their lives, become characterized by an increasing sense of self-respect and freedom. They become more and more imbued with the knowledge of their debt to society for placing them in their positions in the world, and their desire to discharge this debt leads to the practice of the virtue of thrift.

It follows that the only way to produce more than one spends is to adopt every advantage and overcome every disadvantage. And this is most surely done by capitalizing one's future earnings through the medium of life insurance.

JEROME D. HANNAN, B. A., '16.

(Contest name: J. LOWELL HOLMES).

Fireflies.

Lo! as dim evening deepens over earth

And night's rich dusk with planet shines and star,
Earth's flitting stars, the fireflies, twinkle forth

In rivalry of Heaven's bright lamps afar.

So with his feeble intellect would man

The vast intelligence of God outshine;

The creature mock the great Creator's plan

And with his spark outsplendor the Divine.

P. J. COLEMAN.

Corporations.

CORPORATIONS have been in recent years and are still at the present time acquiring such gigantic proportions, such vast expansion, and working such world-wide changes in the laws and industries, especially in our country, as to be of vital interest to every man of the present day.

But like all innovations and departures from old practices and from the methods of our forefathers, corporations are frequently looked upon with suspicion. There seems to be an idea, entertained by not a few, that a corporation is a kind of monster, having the ownership or control of so large a part of the market-supply or output of a given commodity as to stifle competition, restrict the freedom of commerce and control the prices. While such monopolies have been and are still existing, they are the exception, and it is no ground for condemning a class, that one or more of its members have abused their powers. So much good, however, has been accomplished by corporations that we can readily condone the detrimental elements, and consider only those that are beneficial.

A corporation is a distinct person created by law, composed of individuals united under a common name, the members of which succeed one another, so that the body continues always the same, notwithstanding the changes among its individual membership. With a little thought, its advantages become apparent. It is but one person with whom you are dealing, one person to whom you are responsible, one person who is liable to you, and not the various individuals, perhaps hundreds or even thousands, who make up the same. The stock-holders are not the corporation, as is almost universally assumed. Their shares merely represent an interest therein, a right to the earnings and profits of the general body.

Few men, if any, possess the financial ability to engage in a business such as is carried on by many of our corporations. The capital required for their operation is so immense that no individual would venture to furnish it on his single responsibility, even if he could. To obviate this difficulty a corporation is formed, in which any number of persons can invest to raise the required capital, without subjecting any individual to a greater burden than he voluntarily assumes. Men are willing to try, to experiment; they will risk something, but they will not hazard all. The latter is the inevitable result of a partnership. When such an agreement has once been entered into, and the undertak-

ing fails, every portion of a partner's property becomes subject to loss for the payment of debts. That is the reason why men will not form a partnership to engage in a business which does not promise definite success at the very outset; and if this had to be relied upon in every instance, we can all see what insignificant progress would be made. But by forming a corporation men can invest just as much as they wish, and forestall the harsh result of an unsuccessful partnership.

This limited liability of stockholders in a corporation has wrought the most salutary results. When a new undertaking is launched, the outcome is nearly always doubtful. Almost all our successful industries can be traced to such an origin. In their initial stage it was all risk with few points in favor of such an enterprise. But the men investing therein knew exactly, at the very beginning, what they were hazarding, and what their loss would be in case of failure. Every stockholder can in general lose only the value of his shares and nothing more. Without this limitation, our corporations' greatest achievements would have been stifled in their cradle, and the loss to commerce and industry would have been correspondingly tremendous.

One of the greatest factors responsible for the astounding results of a corporation's successful undertaking is its power of perpetual existence. No matter how many stockholders may die or withdraw, its corporate existence is not thereby affected. Right here lies one of the most obvious advantages it has over a partnership. How often does it not happen in the latter that an undertaking initiated with much time, labor and expense, is just beginning to bear fruit, when death or withdrawal causes dissolution! Or again, an enterprise—if ever there is such—created and executed by a partnership, is too great to be accomplished in a lifetime, and necessarily fails to reach completion. Such tasks are not for individuals; they are for corporations, for beings or moral persons that cannot die, but will complete an undertaking, if not in one or five, then in ten or twenty generations. Our railroads, the telephone system, the great iron and steel industries, are the result of such continuous up-building, and all owe their greatness to the fact of their being controlled by corporations. Can any one imagine the railroad to have grown to its present magnitude under the control of a mere partnership? Impossible! To make such an undertaking a success there must be but one purpose, one aim, one control, one governing center. By its charter, a corporation is so restricted that these elements must

be present, and any deviation from the path laid out for it is made impossible if it wishes to avoid immediate dissolution.

Corporations are at the present time the only means of doing extensive business. They are growing from day to day, not only in numbers, but also in influence, over a successful business world. We must have them in this progressive age, and their utility can be appreciated only by their absence, for no business of any magnitude, no enterprise involving any hazard, no undertaking that is state-wide or inter-state, has, in recent years, been executed save by a corporate body. Thus we may safely say that corporations have made the United States what it is to-day, the leader among the commercial and industrial nations of the world.

JOSEPH F. WEIS, LL. B., '16.

A Knight to His Queen.

I.

BEFORE thy shrine this blessed day
With love I kneel prostrate;
To thee, O gracious Queen of May,
My life I consecrate.

II.

To thee I offer all my deeds,
To thee my love I swear,
Since thou dost aid me in my needs,
For naught but thee I care.

III.

My sweetest pleasure it would be
Thy honor to defend,
From Satan's grip poor souls to free
And, e'er, thy reign extend.

IV.

When all life's battles have been fought,
I come for my reward:
Do thou, whose pleasure e'er I sought,
With love thy knight regard.

G. BILINNE.

The Mastery of Mind.

(Valedictory)

"And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity."

—HENRY V.

THE winding stream and the rolling plain, the rising hill and the grassy vale delight and mystify the senses of man. Not only do the works of nature surpass in beauty man's achievements, but their arrangement is more harmonic than the most delicate machine constructed by human hands. What pump has ever been made by man to work with the unwearied regularity of the human heart? What camera can photograph with the perfection of the human eye? Has ever a timepiece been constructed by the most skillful fingers to record the hours with the precision of the night-blooming cercus, the morning-glory, or the four-o'clock? Such order and such charm speak of a Supreme Intelligent Being causing and controlling all natural wonders. All things depend upon one another while they all tend to Him as to their last end. The inferior serves the superior and the superior assists the inferior. The sun, for example, around which the planets revolve, gives light and heat to them all. Every being, whether great or small, has a place in the scheme of creation; but take away their Divine Governor concurring in their mutual relationship, and chaos would result, a scene of disorder, confusion and destruction would supplant the present wonderful order that is everywhere apparent. The Divine Mind rules the material world.

Such, too, is the order of the intellectual system. All minds, in various degrees of perfection, revolve about the Omniscience of God. Hence, the foundation and the philosophy of unequal minds, unequal in power, in taste, in intelligence. One mind sports with worlds, another, with atoms; one mind subdues the sea, another, the air; one mind communicates with the stars, another delves in the earth for hidden treasure. A Newton perceives an apple fall and deduces the theory of gravitation; a Columbus reasons from sensible phenomena to the rotundity of the earth and discovers a new continent; a Franklin attempts to account for lightning and finds electricity; a Wright studies the principle of the bird's wing and subdues the air. So, it has been truly said that mind conquers matter, for there is nothing in the

whole world that can escape its grasp. The vista of time is but the shaft of a grand telescope, through which the mind examines the sensible things of the material universe and sees therein the exemplary archetypes in the Eternal Wisdom of God.

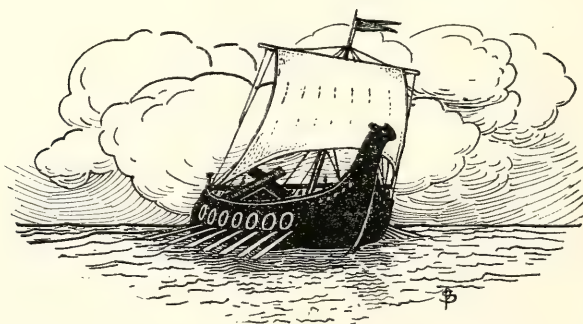
This mastery of mind is not a matter of abstract philosophy alone, but of common sense as well; it consists not merely in specialization, not in limiting the mind's eye to a drop of water or a grain of sand, but in a certain totality of mental vision, in a widening of interests, so as to include, as far as possible, the whole universe. It is in a mistaken concept of this principle that modern intensive education is at fault. There is no doubt, therefore, that premature vocational training is more often detrimental than expedient. Such instruction limits the education of the mind to one narrow channel, and, so far from developing the full powers of the mind, often causes atrophy therein, especially if the particular branch of study is not adapted to the peculiar construction of the individual intellect. In this regard, a liberal education is ever to be esteemed of greater value than vocational development, prematurely begun—possibly not so from an absolutely practical or materialistic standpoint, which limits its vision to a consideration of dollars and cents, but certainly from the viewpoint which regards the mental enjoyment of the countless beauties of the intellect. Certainly, vocational training is necessary for a career in life, but it is only when such education is superimposed on the firm foundation of a liberal course of study that it can exert itself to its utmost and make the mind one to be felt in its proper sphere of activity.

We have, this evening, received from our Right Reverend Chancellor the testimonial of our successful completion of such a course of liberal training. Our situation is one that we have anticipated from the very first year of our academic endeavor. And, truly, the anticipation was more pleasurable than is the actual realization. For, to-night, our joy of graduation is not unmingled with sorrow: sorrow at leaving our *Alma Mater*, at severing the bonds of affection between ourselves and our beloved professors, at breaking the ties that bind us to our fellow-students among the undergraduates and, most of all, at leaving one another to pursue our various ways in life. For us this is a true commencement; till now, we have walked the paths of scholastic life, sharing each other's trials and alleviating each other's burdens; but, henceforth, we shall look in vain for the handshake of a classmate to encourage us, the plaudits of our fellows to

inspirit us, the cheering smiles and heartening words of our masters to spur us on.

But, lest we be too pessimistic or too morose at a time like this, let us remember that life cannot be one long, grand song, and that if *we* must go forth into the world to fight its battles, it is but what every other man must do; and when we consider the great advantage we have been given through the liberal education we have received, we must feel that our activities are already well on the way to success. And now, while we stand here, after running the glorious race, surveying from the lofty summit of our success the cumulative results of a studious and zealous boyhood developed in the light of intellectual achievement, we must acknowledge that the pain of parting is greatly lessened by the thought of further future success, and though we must say farewell, yet that word we will speak with the voice of the brave soldier leaving home and dear ones, ever determined to make the best of defeat, ever hoping for victory.

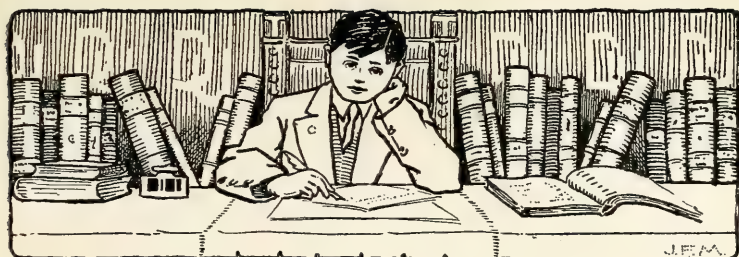
JEROME D. HANNAN, B. A., '16.



Dare not.

Dare not to falter when the wave rolls in
That beckons you to action strong and grand,
For it may pass and leave upon the sand
A shipwrecked life that dared not to begin.

CLARENCE HAWKES.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Good-Bye 'Sixteen!

WE have passed our final tests, received our honors, and closed our accounts for the year. We bid good-bye to the dear old school, some of us for a long two months, some of us forever. Commencement day is no gentle reminder that youth and its levities are transitory and unstable as the blossoms of yester-year. On such occasions it is customary to speak of regrets; but the sighs of the class of '16 are very real indeed. Like their predecessors, they seemed to grow fonder of old Duquesne as their course neared its termination; but their extreme youthfulness is an additional reason why they would wish to spend yet a longer time under *Alma Mater's* fostering care. They have seen the auspicious beginnings of her career as a University; they have witnessed and aided the growth of an unprecedented college spirit among her students, whose numbers are now exactly double what they were when this class entered on the study of the classics. They must leave for other fields of scholarly endeavor, but their hearts and hopes are still with old Duquesne.

The MONTHLY staff must also make its adieux. In view of the fact that journalistic experience is not presupposed in them, but that their duties are intended to supply it, the editors are not wholly dissatisfied with the volume now closing. It has not the bulk they would wish for it; its critics see a lack of imagination in its articles, forgetting it hails from the Smoky City! The staff are willing to avow their shortcomings, and hope their successors will profit by them. In retiring they wish also to reassert their lofty ideals, passing them on with confidence to the men that will direct the destinies of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY in the coming year.

Exchanges.

DURING the course of the year, the exman discovered several notices of our MONTHLY in contemporary college journals and takes advantage of the opportunity, afforded him in the closing issue, to reproduce some of the same.

One of the most pleasing exchanges received by us during the month of February was the *Duquesne Monthly*. The article on "The Influence of Legend on Modern Literature" first attracted our attention and a close perusal of its contents revealed a work of admirable thought and diligent research. Its author brings forth in a clear and smooth rhetorical style the part played by Mediaeval Christian legends in furnishing themes for modern literary masterpieces. We see at once the motive which inspired Tennyson's "Idylls", Wagner's opera "Lohengrin" and the immortal "Faust" of Goethe, and we can not but feel that the author has contributed no small share toward arousing a latent appreciation of the beauty of virtue portrayed by a gifted pen. "An Act of Providence" is a short story well narrated, but somewhat lacking in originality of plan, while its companion, "The Surfeited Duelist", makes up for this deficiency, being exceedingly original. The short story writers of *Duquesne*, however, bid fair, to accomplish great things in the future by giving closer attention to plot development. Among its poetical contributions, "The Tide" and "Promise" appealed to us in particular, both displaying poetical thought skillfully expressed. The editorials, though no doubt of greater interest to residents of the "Smoky City", are short and pointed, while the news of the various departments is chronicled in a snappy, efficient manner. Subsequent issues of the *Duquesne Monthly* will find a big "Welcome" written on our mat.—"The Laurel" of St. Bonaventure's.

The October number of the *Duquesne Monthly* contains in the "Attributes of Good Citizenship", a work of unquestionable merit. "The Champion", a short story, gives us at least a vague idea of the mediaeval life, and the story of the "Wienerwurstanfäng" makes us think again of the pleasure that was ours on our first reading of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig".

The *Duquesne Monthly* for December, is a well arranged number, and the treatment of its articles is, on the whole, meritorious. The absurdity of the theory upheld by present day materialists, that, primarily, organic or living matter sprang from inorganic or non-living matter, is logically proved in "Abio-

genesis". This article displays sincere research and deep thought on the part of the writer.—"*The Manhattan Quarterly*".

The January *Duquesne Monthly* presents a pleasing array of prose and poetry, the bulk of which is rather serious, but all of which is decidedly worth reading. The one short story, "Behind the Fog" is bright and attractive. But we would call especial attention to the "Sanctum"—a department often somewhat neglected in other school journals. Here the editorials are all on alive, up-to-date questions, and written in a fluent scholarly style; the department notes show care, precision and wit; and the chronicles and athletic announcements declare the honor of the school as well in their style of write-up, as in their commendable content.—"*Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly*".

The oration, "Total Abstinence, the Cure for Alcoholic Excesses", in the *Duquesne Monthly's* November issue, is well worth reading. However it would have been far better if the author had not quoted so frequently from literature. The quotations are good; but it is unattractive and not good taste to prove so many points by them. "Who is My Neighbor?" is very fine. The sentences are well balanced and the general form is good. It deals with the ties that bind man to his neighbor, the family, the neighborhood, business and religious ties. "The Rivals' Agreement" and "In a Trance" have thin plots and are poor as compared with your other material. All the departments are handled well and especially in the Exchange department has the editor caught the real purpose. More concise, specific and better written criticisms are given than in any other college magazine the editor has reviewed.—"*The Trinitonian*".

The February *Duquesne Monthly*, with its formidable array of officers, compels more than passing notice, as does also the excellent material it contains. Its two poets possess the charm of originality; the editorials are varied and up-to-date and the "Exchanges" are treated with exemplary courtesy. "An Act of Providence", a well told tale, carries a timely admonition, and "The Surfeited Duelist", ingenuity and French phrases. In "The Influence of Legend on Modern Literature" the writer shows a close study of the subject and presents his thoughts in a clear, concise style, summing up as a telling conclusion: "Sooner or later these themes will revive; for the truth, the moral beauty, the heroism, the chastity and the other Christian virtues which these old legends typify are eternal in their nature, and will

reappear in the literature and art of every century until time shall be no more."—"St. Mary's Messenger".

In the *Duquesne Monthly* for October are to be found some interesting papers. The essay entitled, "The Authentic Attributes of Good Citizenship", brought out its many points very clearly and is well deserving of its prize.—"*The Loretto Magazine*".

"Beneath the Snow" is the beautiful poem which introduces the reader to the January number of the *Duquesne Monthly*. "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy" is a pleasing biography of "this illustrious musician and composer". The treatise is rendered more interesting by an excellent criticism of his more important compositions. Biographical, too, is "The Most Prominent Pennsylvanian". Two well-composed poems, "Concerning Story Books" and "Memories" dispose the reader to continue his perusal of the pages. "Behind the Fog", though not superior to the ordinary short story, conveys an instructive lesson on charity. The editorials are good, and the various departments well handled. However, we had hoped to receive a larger magazine as representative of the University. Perhaps we expected too much. At all events, our hopes have been similarly shattered by other university publications, notably one whose exchange column roars like the Falls of Niagara.—"*The Alvernia*".

And now, lest we impose too much upon your good will, we shall conclude with these few, as sufficiently typical. And as we are about to pass our pen on to our successor, we express the hope that our department has upheld the reputation of our journal to the full extent of its power and that we have done something for true constructive criticism during our incumbency.

JEROME D. HANNAN, B. A., '16.



Commencement Day.

THE exercises that marked the closing of the University's thirty-eighth year took place on Tuesday, June 20. Appropriately, the first event of the day was the solemn Mass of Thanksgiving, celebrated by Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., at which the under-graduates, and the graduates of all departments, received holy communion.

The baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. William A. Kane, Director of Schools in the diocese of Cleveland, who had come back to his *Alma Mater* to receive an honorary degree. His address was a gracious plea for more of that culture for which the Catholic school of higher education stands. In this busy world, wealth, power, luxury, seem to be the aim of all. And in the absorbing pursuit of wealth minds are left uncultivated and souls are wrecked. Men have no appreciation of culture, no use for the things of the mind and of the heart. The State recognizes the evil, and tries, with partial success, to remedy it. The Church bends every effort, makes every sacrifice, to cope with the tendency of the times. The course that the young men who graduate to-day have received is an evidence of her success. They ought to make themselves felt in the world as men of culture.

UNDERGRADUATE EXERCISES.

After an interval, the faculty and undergraduates gathered in the University Hall, where the Very Rev. President made his closing remarks to the student body and distributed the marks of distinction in the class room and on campus during the past year. One hundred and nineteen students of the high schools and the college received Certificates of Excellence for the whole year, and fifty-three others were awarded Honors in the finals. Valuable prizes were presented to students who had shown loyalty by bringing others to the University, or selling exceptionally large numbers of tickets for the annual play. Finally, amid lusty cheers "letters" were bestowed on graduating members of the University High and 'Varsity baseball teams.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

In the evening the immense auditorium of the Soldiers' Memorial Hall was filled with a vast throng of the friends of the institution and of the graduates, who had come to celebrate therein the Thirty-eighth Annual Commencement Exercises. The officers of the institution, surrounding the Chancellor, Right Rev. Regis Canevin, D. D., and the Very President, Rev. M. A.

Hehir, C. S. Sp., LL. D., besides the graduates about to receive their degrees in course, and the gentlemen on whom honorary degrees were to be conferred, occupied prominent seats on the stage. Ranged about them, in tiers, were the undergraduates that had won distinctions and medals in the various annual contests, and the members of the University orchestra and glee club—the whole producing a striking effect, viewed in a background of American Flags and college bannerets.

The graduates and post-graduates represented all the courses in the university, college and high school departments. Almost all the learned professions were recognized in the conferring of honorary degrees upon gentlemen of Pittsburgh, of the east and the west, thus emphasizing the fact that Duquesne University is more than a mere local institution.

The programme was elaborate and dignified, well worthy of such a solemn occasion. It was not, however, in any sense of the word, dry or uninteresting; for the addresses, admirably delivered, were replete with practical applications.

The instrumental music, under the direction of Professor C. B. Weis, both in the set pieces, as well as in the orchestral accompaniment of the Glee Club's choruses, was highly creditable to the young musicians and their experienced and well-known director. The vocal selections were of a high order of merit; they manifested careful training and masterly handling on the part of their instructor, the Rev. Dr. Dewe.

REMARKS OF FATHER HEHIR.

Naturally, the address of the Very Rev. President, in presenting briefly his annual report, was listened to, not only with interest, as embodying the summary of the manifold operations of a numerous and busy faculty, but, on the part of some, with surprise, as they thus learned for the first time of the marked progress made, in enrollment and efficiency, by every department of the University.

The college of Arts and Sciences, he said, is overcrowded, so that the most imperative of the University's present needs is a new building to accommodate students. The faculty had conducted extension courses, intended principally for teachers, in various parts of the city during the school year. Altogether over 800 students had been enrolled, which he considered a large number in view of the many free schools in our city, supported by public taxes and State appropriations, or endowed by wealthy

citizens, while Duquesne University has to depend on the small income gotten from the tuition of students.

The Very Rev. President then spoke of the widespread infidelity of our day. The remedy, he pointed out, is to make and keep our schools more Christian, to have only Christian men in the faculties, to maintain Christian discipline among students, to preserve a Christian atmosphere and Christian ideals in every school. It is better to send a hundred Christian men into the world's work than a thousand who lack knowledge of God, no matter how well schooled they are in purely secular ideals.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

Right Rev. Bishop Canevin spoke as follows: "The honored men whom Duquesne University has presented for degrees this evening, have had an opportunity of addressing the public. But now I feel that it is proper for me, as the representative of the public, to address a few words to the graduates themselves. The ceremony of which we are witnesses this evening can not fail to impress upon our minds that those who receive the academic honors and degrees of Duquesne University, enter into a solemn and public engagement to acquit themselves in a manner worthy of the high distinction which is conferred on them. This distinction is conferred, not merely in the name of the faculty of the University, but in the name and by the authority of the State of Pennsylvania; and to this Commonwealth and to the Republic, both the University and those who hold its Diplomas are responsible.

"When the State invests the faculty of a school with discretionary power to bestow academic distinctions, it has a right to expect that men so honored should show themselves on all occasions exemplars of noble citizenship in word and deed, friends of law and order, defenders of truth and justice, supporters of religion and sound morality. 'Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports,' was the solemn affirmation of the Father of our country. 'And,' he continued, 'let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion.'

"The State of Pennsylvania, like the United States, rests upon the intelligence and morality of the people. Monarchies and Empires may be preserved by the wisdom and the patriotism of a few; or by servile obedience inspired by armed legions and

imposing police systems; but an ideal system of self-government by the people must depend on the intelligence and morality of the multitude.

"In the religion of American citizenship, love of our country and loyalty to its institutions are akin to love of God. Patriotism is a duty which we owe to His commandments, a sacred obligation which we owe to one another. It imposes upon us respect for the flag; obedience and reverence to civil authority; fidelity to a free-man's trust, and readiness to make sacrifices for the nation's welfare. Every citizen ought to do a citizen's part. Education and opportunity increase responsibility. It has been truly said that one of the most serious perils of democracy is the indifference of educated, respectable, honest men to the political life and interests of the country. It is therefore a stern duty of men who have been judged worthy of college and university degrees to show themselves worthy of academic rights and honors, conferred by the authority of the State, by faithful performance of all the duties of American citizens. They should stand forth in peace and war ever ready to do their full share with those who are most active and unselfish in their devotion to the public welfare. It is well for us, on occasions like this and in national crises, to turn towards the flag and consider the solemn obligations we owe to the aegis of civil and religious liberty which that flag symbolizes.

"Our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor are pledged to that country opened to Christian civilization by Christopher Columbus in 1492; dedicated to civil and religious liberty by the patriots of 1776; its flag preserved, its union perpetuated, its liberties enlarged by the heroes of the conflict which closed at Appomattox in 1865. It is ours to preserve this splendid heritage and to make this nation still greater by making our personal citizenship more positive and our lives measure up more and more to the greatness and dignity of our civil rights and our religious duties to God and country."

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

March	The Trumpeter	<i>Mascha</i>	Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory	.	.	Edward J. Nemmer
Sacred Song	Why Do the Nations Rage So Furiously, from		
	"The Messiah", <i>Handel</i>		Students' Glee Club
Oration	The Value of Theory	.	Thomas J. McDermott
Pizzicato Polka for String Instruments, from "Sylvia"			
	<i>Delibes</i>	.	Students' Orchestra

Oration	Corporations	.	.	.	Joseph Francis Weis
Idyl	The Glad Graduate		<i>Lampe</i>		Students' Orchestra
Master's Oration	The University and Its Graduates	.	.	.	
	Joseph A. Burns				
Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment					Sympathy, from
	"The Firefly"		<i>Friml</i>		Students' Glee Club

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND CLASS MEDALS.

Address	.	.	.	Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh
Valedictory	The Mastery of Mind	.		Jerome D. Hannan
Exit March	.	.	<i>Weis</i>	Students' Orchestra
	Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis			
	Vocal Director, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, M. A., D. Litt.			

GRADUATES.

COMMERICAL—Diplomas for Accounting were awarded to Eugene John Boyle, Victor Stephen Butch, Simon Joseph Codori, Anthony Matthew Gunkle, Elmer Augustine Hayes, Francis Anthony Hughes, Joseph Anthony Lackner, John James Loulan, Regis Elliott Malone, George Henry McKenzie, Francis Aloysius McManus, John Joseph Pastorius, Victor Matthew Schorr, Ralph Regis Strobel, Augustine Edward Swan, James John Sweeney, Francis Thomas Toole, Lawrence Frederick Wagner, John Joseph Walsh.

Diplomas for Stenography were awarded to Victor Stephen Butch, George Patrick Costello, Thomas Patrick Ford, Anthony Matthew Gunkle, Elmer Augustine Hayes, Edward Robert Horen, Walter Thomas Hughes, John James Loulan, Celestine Victor Morgan, John Joseph Pastorius, John Joseph Walsh.

The Degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science was conferred on Francis Paul Anton, Elias Alonzo Ford Barnes, C. P. A., '13, Michael Charles Conick, John James Lappan, B. A., '12, Charles Cyrus Sheppard, C. P. A., '15.

The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics was conferred on Lewis Paul Collins, C. P. A., '12.

ARTS—The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Sister Mary Gregory Farrell, Jerome Daniel Hannan, Michael Peter Hinnebusch, Francis Martin Hoffmann, Rev. Herman Joseph Killmeyer, Robert Augustine Liehr, Sister Mary Teresa Monahan, Thomas Joseph McDermott, Thomas Patrick Nee, Edward Joseph Nemmer, Edward Lawrence O'Connell.

LAW—The Degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on Harry Edward Bratchie, B. A., '08, Leo Patrick Gallagher, M. A., '15, Lewis Rowlands Glass, B. A., '05, Leon John Korpanty, Ralph John Lucksha, Meyer Benjamin Teplitz, Joseph Francis Weis.

HONORARY DEGREES—The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Joseph Aloysius Burns, B. A., '14, William Hayden Kelly, B. A., '03, Rev. John Francis Malloy, C. S. Sp., B. A., '04, Michael Francis McManus, B. A., '14, Dennis Joseph O'Connor, B. A., '14, John Regis O'Keefe, B. A., '14, Rev. Michael Stanislaus Retka, C. S. Sp., B. A., '94, Albert Francis Yunker, B. A., '13.

The Degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on William Alexander Martin, M. A., '08.

The Degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on William Calvin Hoover Slagle, C. E., '92.

The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Reverend James Francis Doyle, Reverend Edward Patrick Griffin, Reverend William Aloysius Kane, Reverend Cornelius Davis O'Shea, C. S. Sp., Honorable Ambrose Bernard Reid, LL. B., '78, Reverend Stephen Joseph Schramm.

MEDALISTS.

UNDERGRADUATE MEDALISTS—Silver Medal for Elocution, Class I., Charles S. Donnelly; Silver Medal for Elocution, Class II., Francis J. Fisher; Silver Medal for Elocution, Class III., C. Herbert Dyson; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in the High School Classes, Justin J. Gallagher; Gold Medal for Oratory in the College Department, Charles J. Deasy.

GRADUATE MEDALISTS—Gold Medal for English in the Commercial Department, George H. McKenzie; Gold Medal for Accounting, John J. Loulan; Gold Medal for Stenography, Walter T. Hughes; Gold Medal for Excellence in the Commercial Department, J. Anthony Lackner; Gold Medal for Mathematics and Science, Edward J. Nemmer; Gold Medal for Philosophy and Classics, Thomas J. McDermott; Gold Medal for General Excellence in College Course, Jerome D. Hannan.

CHRONICLE

The graduating classes were examined during the month of May. All of the College men and Law students came through with flying colors, and so did the great

The "Finals" majority of the senior commercials. The undergraduates' fourth quarter examinations occupied only three days, June 14, 15 and 16. The following stood at the head of their classes after these tests: Judior, Philip N. Buchmann; Sophomore, Dudley J. Nee; Freshman, Stanislaus M. Zaborowski; Prep. Law, B. J. Taszarek; Prep. Medicine, Michael A. Hodgson; Fourth High, Justin Gallagher; Third High, Martin N. Glynn; Second High A, Lawrence J. Mueller; Second High B, Andrew J. King; First High A, James B. Cunningham; First High B, Theodore W. McBride; First High C, Robert G. Reilly; Fourth Scientific, Harold Greene; Third Scientific, Clarence W. Robertshaw; Second Scientific, William McCarthy; First Scientific, Raymond A. Etzel; Second Commercial, Gerard R. Henne; First Commercial, Robert Merkel; Second Prep., Joseph Rozenas; First Prep., Edward P. Draus. Several noteworthy facts show that the "spring fever" germ had very little to do at D. U. in his regular season. Rivalry was so keen that in eight classes the highest average was 92 per cent. or over; in seven classes the student who had held first place for two or more terms was displaced; and in thirteen classes over half the students carried off certificates of excellence for the whole year.

Three important prizes were awarded on Commencement Day. Justin J. Gallagher, of the Fourth High, won the Gold Medal for the best paper in the Christian

Prize Winners Doctrine contest held June 2. Students in the High Schools Academic, Scientific and Commercial, took the examination, which covered practically the whole course and was a stiff test for the embryo theologian.

The second annual prize essay contest of the Duquesne University Club open to all students of the College Department, was won by Jerome D. Hannan, honor man of the graduating class. The subject assigned was "Ideals and Money". The editors of the MONTHLY are happy to be able to reproduce the prize-winning essay in the pages of the present issue.

Another contest to which our students were eligible was the First Intercollegiate Literary Contest, held under the auspices of the Edward A. Woods Insurance Agency, from February to May. Undergraduates of all the colleges of Western Pennsylvania entered essays in the contest, whose subject was "The Influence of Life Insurance upon Systematic Thrift". Prizes aggregating \$275 were offered. The contestants were known to the judges only by *nom-de-plume*. We are proud to record that the second prize, \$50 in gold, was awarded to Jerome D. Hannan, '61, whose essay we reproduce. The first prize went to Bethany College, the third to Dickinson, others to students of Pitt, Grove City, Westminster, etc.

The Duquesne University Commercial Club, which is composed of the graduates of the Commercial High School Department, held its second annual banquet at the Fort Pitt Hotel, June 21. Mr. Paul Madden, president of the Club, presided and acted as toastmaster. After making a few preliminary remarks he introduced the speakers of the evening.

Rev. A. B. Mehler, Dean of the Commercial Department, dwelt upon the necessity of developing still further the knowledge they had already acquired in order to succeed in the business world, and pointed out the opportunities that are in store for the wide-awake and efficient young man. The Rev. L. J. Zindler, dean of the school of stenography, drew their attention to the great demand for expert stenographers. Mr. W. H. Kelly, M. A., spoke on the "Modern Office Clerk"; E. T. Mooney, gave a comical description of "My First Year's Experience"; W. F. Malone made a few pertinent remarks on "Loyalty to our Alma Mater". J. A. Lackner, James Sweeney and W. Hughes also made short addresses.

The following officers were then elected to serve during the coming year: P. Madden, president; F. Toole, vice-president; E. T. Mooney, secretary; R. Malone, treasurer.



' VARSITY.

On Commencement Day the red letter D was bestowed on the following 'Varsity men: Manager Popoff, Captain J. Harenski, Morrissey, Obruba, Marsula, A. Harenski and Sweeney. It was a "red-letter day" for the Dukes.

The following members of the University High received a blue monogram, D. U. H., viz.: Manager Koch, Captain Garahan, Whalen, E. Hayes, R. Hayes, Hogan, Flanagan, Follet and McGonigle.

During the presentation of the letters in the University Hall there was a splendid manifestation of college spirit under the able direction of cheer-leaders, Baum and McCloskey.

After the Duquesne University baseball squad had assembled Tuesday morning, and, as a part of the commencement programme, its members were presented with the "D" monograms they won while battling for the Red and Blue this year, one of the most successful baseball seasons in the history of the school was over officially. Leo Zitzman, the big first baseman who fielded so well and swatted so consistently in the "cleanup" position, already had been chosen as captain for next year.

Jinx-ridden and storm-tossed, the Dukes came through a season of 12 games with nine victories, and one of the three defeats was administered by the best team that could be made up by Duquesne's alumni, for the special purpose of drubbing the 'Varsity. And, most impressive of all, the nine victories came in in a row.

When Coach Bernard and his advisors called for candidates, 40 men responded. This squad was presently cut down when the coach cut all of the infielders and some others adrift because of poor hitting. He preferred to fill the nine positions in the field with stickers, and let the other departments take care of themselves. In the first game with Buffalo, his infield, composed of pitchers, catchers and outfielders, made eight errors and blew away the game. It looked as if he had the wrong dope.

But then the Dukes, after losing the opener, got away to a

string of nine straight wins, and it began to appear that there was method in his madness.

The Dukes have been heavy, consistent hitters, and six of the lot have hit .300 or better. They had the power of concentrating their hits, as shown in both Indiana games in which they batted out ninth-inning victories. In their three defeats they managed to tie the score late in the game through consistent hitting, only to lose out later.

The nine will lose three men next year. Captain Joe Harenski, the pitching standby; Catcher Sweeney and Infielder Popoff are through. But the rest are expected back next spring and, in addition to Whalen, a pitcher, and McGonigle and Hayes, infielders, three men ravished from the University High nine by the coach to sit with the 'Varsity and gain experience, will help plug the gaps.

Injuries to ankles and arms, and sickness tackled the club hard and at almost all times one or more men were on the hospital list, but the club proved its versatility, harmony and geniality by keeping on playing ball under fire. Zitzman, Marsula and O'Malley were the three lone players who either weren't hurt or sick at some time or other.

Captain Joe Harenski, the mound veteran, did most of the hurling, and won the greater number of victories, four, but also lost two tough games. Marsula and Page had clean records, but Andy Harenski dropped a game.

It was Joe Harenski's best year with Duquesne. His spitter was breaking right, and he held Muskingum to a single hit. His brother has a strong arm, and is rapidly gaining in experience and judgment. He may take his brother's place next year. Marsula's speciality is control, and he has lots of smoke for a little fellow. Smiling Joe Page has lots of stuff and a wicked drop that fools the batters.

The Duke's record for the season follows: April 20, D. U. 2, Buffalo 3; April 29, D. U. 4, Juniata 2; May 4, D. U. 3, W. & J. 2; May 6, D. U. 12, Waynesburg 10; May 12, D. U. 15, Grove City 5; May 17, D. U. 5, Westminster 3; May 20, D. U. 4, Grove City 1; May 25, D. U. 8, Muskingum 0; May 27, D. U. Rain, Bethany; June 3, D. U. Rain, Westminster; June 8, D. U. 7, Indiana Normal 6; June 10, D. U. 8, Indiana Normal 4; June 12, D. U. 3, Waynesburg 10; June 13, D. U. 7, Alumni 11.

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Coming from behind with a rush and scoring two runs in the ninth inning, Duquesne defeated the fast Indiana Normal team. The visitors had things all their own way early in the game, but later the Duke batters got to Harick and pounded out a victory.

The Dukes, in another whirlwind finish, walked away with the return game at Indiana with the Indiana Normal team 8 to 4.

Brickley, the Indiana star, was invincible until the ninth and the locals were leading 4 to 1, but in the last frame he blew and the Dukes got to him for four hits, which, mingled with three walks, a sacrifice and two infield errors, netted them seven runs.

Waynesburg, Pa., June 12—The Dukes suffered defeat at the hands of the Waynesburg College nine, 10 to 3, in a fantastic contest, which evened up for the locals, who had lost to the Dukes in Pittsburgh six weeks before.

If Duquesne University, present, in the last game of the season, expected to beat the Alumni on the 'Varsity campus they were sadly disappointed, as the old boys had their batting eyes trimmed for the occasion and were in a most receptive mood, both in the infield and outfield, when grounders and flies came their way.

The 'Varsity outbatted the Alumni, but the latter were more fortunate in bunching their hits, especially in the fatal seventh.

THE JUNIORS.

During the baseball season of 1916 the Juniors played twelve games and lost only two, and these by a very close margin to the Ingram Juniors. That the Juniors won so many contests from the best teams in their class and now have such an excellent record, is largely due to the untiring efforts of their manager, Rev. Leo J. Zindler, and Captain Vitt, ably seconded by Marecki, Krantz, Schorr, Doyle, Sheran, Gujski, Fuchs, Burgman, Kronz, Davies and Gaffney.

The record of the games: D. U. Jrs. 5, St. Thomas High School 4; D. U. Jrs. 8, Munhall H. S. Jrs. 6; D. U. Jrs. 7, Ingram Jrs. 10; D. U. Jrs. 13, Young Pirates 11; D. U. Jrs. 23, Moon Run Jrs. 1; D. U. Jrs. 16, Munhall H. S. Jrs. 1; D. U. Jrs. 8, Moon Run Jrs. 3; D. U. Jrs. 5, Holy Rosary Jrs. 4; D. U. Jrs. 8, Holy Name Juniors 3; D. U. Jrs. 18, O'Neil Jrs. 1; D. U. Jrs. 9, St. Mary's Jrs. 6; D. U. Jrs. 3, Ingram Jrs. 4.

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